

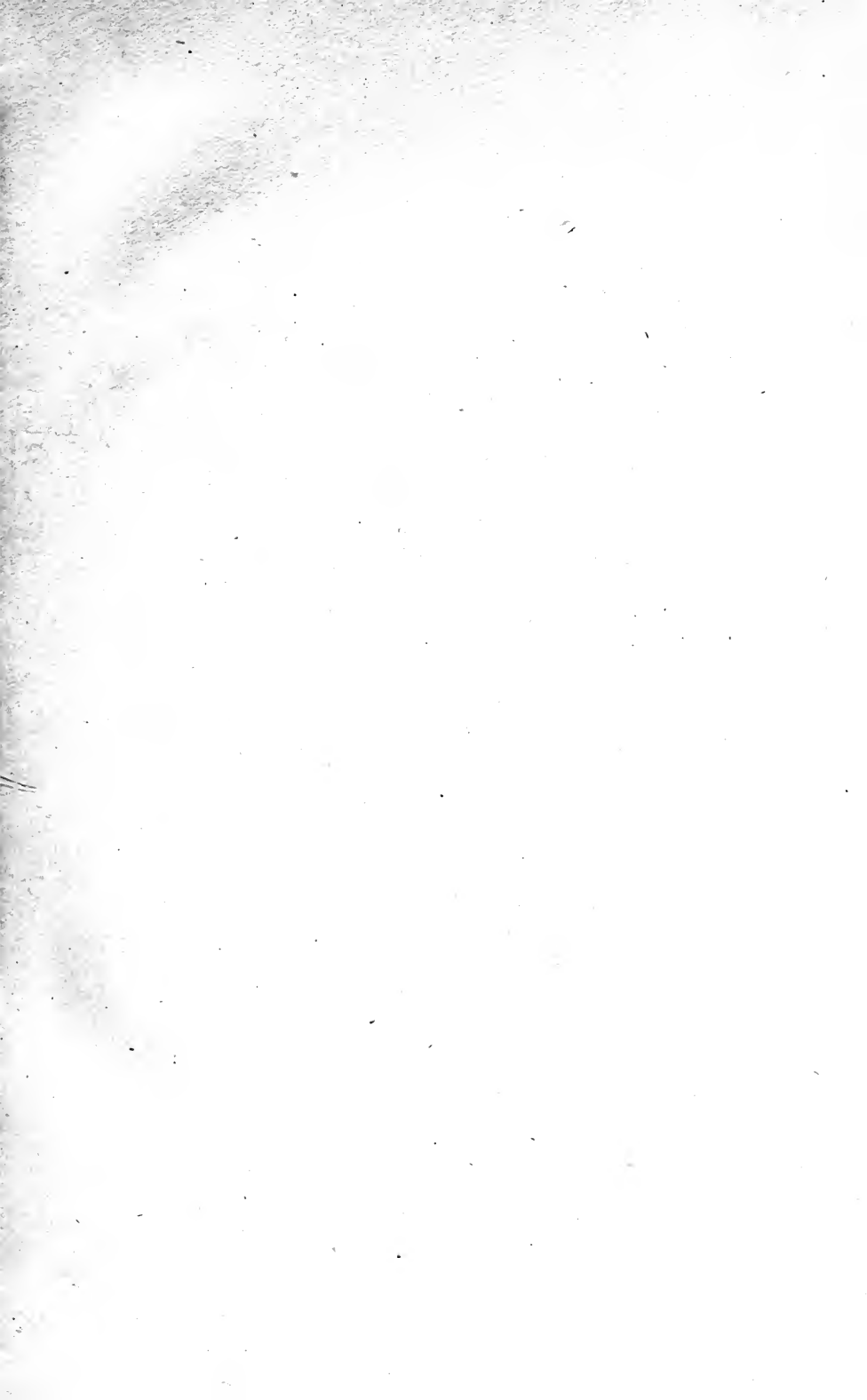
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THE DOLPHIN.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1905.

NO. I

IRISH CHURCH MUSIC.

IV.—THE MEDIEVAL PERIOD.

IN the opening years of the eleventh century, Irish monks were still imbued with the fervid love of making pilgrimages, and planting the gospel of Christ all over the Continent. The musical sons of St. Patrick, St. Columcille and St. Gall, availed of the mistress of the arts to win souls to the true Church. Our Irish St. Helias, a native of Monaghan (diocese of Clogher) was elected Abbot of Cologne in 1015. He was the bosom friend of St. Heribert, and ruled the two monasteries of St. Martin's and St. Pantaleon's from 1015 to 1040. Mabillon tells us that not only was St. Helias a most distinguished musician, but that he was "*the first to introduce the Roman chant to Cologne*," and he is, most probably, "the stranger and pilgrim" to whom Berno of Reichenau dedicated his well-known musical work, *The Laws of Symphony and Tone*.¹

I have previously mentioned that the old Irish ogham scale suggested the one-line stave, and, about the year 900 we find the Irish monks of St. Gall employing this simple device which determined the *intervals* with greater exactness. This Irish invention consisted of drawing a red line horizontally across the parchment over the words which demanded a musical setting, and the letter "F" was placed at the beginning of it, meaning an F line, that is to say, indicating the nomenclature of all the neums on the line as F, thus affording a basis for musical pitch. From this was naturally evolved the four-line staff or stave, the "C" and "A" lines having been added in the eleventh century.

¹ Mabillon, *Annales Benedictinorum*, tom. IV, p. 297.

The famous Guido of Arezzo (born in 995, and died on May 17, 1050), Benedictine Prior of the Monastery of Avellina, perfected the gamut of twenty sounds, and improved diaphony. He devised the hexachordal scale, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*, from the first syllables of the Hymn to St. John the Baptist, commencing "Ut queant laxis." It is not a little remarkable that the melody to which this hymn was sung before Guido's time was not an original one, but had been, years before, composed for an Ode of Horace, commencing "Est mihi nonus," and which is to be met with in a Montpellier MS. of the tenth century. It is admitted that the oldest manuscripts of Horace were glossed or annotated by Irishmen,² and the melody in question is shot through and through with the dominant characteristics of old Irish folk-music. This interesting fact strengthens the view previously put forward that many Irish melodies were similarly utilized or "adapted" by Irish scribes in various copies of the service books from the eighth to the twelfth century.

In a rare vellum manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin (H. 3, 18), there is an extract given from an *Irish* tract written about the year 1215, which exhibits a full knowledge of the Guidonian system, and discusses at great length the etymology of the syllables *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*. A translation of this extract is given by Dr. W. K. Sullivan, in his introduction to O'Curry's "Lectures."

As the Irish influence seems to have been felt in the making of the Montpellier manuscripts, I give here a facsimile page from a rare music score of the eleventh century.

O'Curry says that we have Irish lyrics of the ninth century that will sing to some of our old melodies; and he quotes a boat-song by Cormac MacCullenain, Prince Bishop of Cashel, who was slain in 908, which was apparently written for the melody *Ar Eirinn ni neosainu ce hi* ("For Ireland, I would not tell her name"). Let me add that the first Ode of Horace sings admirably to the Irish melody *Tainse am chodhla 'sna duisig me* ("I am asleep and don't waken me"), the tune of which was printed by Playford in 1651.

² Cicero expressed his regret that his youth did not permit him to hear the Gallic Plotius, the famous rhetorician. He wrote some verses modelled on Irish verse-structure.

The great monastery of St. Peter, at Ratisbon, was established by Muredach (Marianus) Mac Robertagh in 1076. This Ulster family were the ancestral custodians of the Cathach or "battler" of St. Columcille,—the book for which, as Dr. Hyde writes, "three thousand warriors fought and fell in the Battle of Coal-dreona." Muiredach was a marvellous scribe, and he copied Graduals and Psalters with musical notation. He died on February 9, 1088.³

Another Irish monastery, St. James's, was founded at Ratisbon, an offshoot from St. Peter's, in 1090, with Duima, or Dominus, a monk from the South of Ireland, as first abbot. It was built, as is stated in the *Chronicon Ratisbonense*, "by funds supplied from Ireland to Denis, the Irish Abbot of St. Peter's at Ratisbon." This was in 1128. In time, Würzburg was colonized from St. James's, Ratisbon, and its history has been told by Trithemius of Spanheim, who died as Abbot of Würzburg. Macarius, a distinguished Irish monk, was first abbot, at whose death, in 1153, "a choir of angels sang in sweetest harmony." Needless to add that the "Celtic note" at Ratisbon and Würzburg was for long much in evidence.⁴

At the close of the eleventh century it became the fashion to adapt a second or contrapuntal melody to the *canto fermo*. As amply and conclusively supporting this view, I may confidently quote the "organized" arrangement of *Ut tuo propitiatus*, written by an Irish scribe about the year 1095, now in the Bodleian Library (Bodley, 572). Professor Wooldridge says this Irish "ground" is one of the earliest known examples of "irregular organum" in *contrary movement*, employing, too, "an independent use of dissonances." It is written in alphabetic notation, a system which dates from the tenth century, of which Gevaert gives six forms. The hymn itself is a portion of the hymn to St. Stephen, and was very popular, especially in England and Scotland, a variant of it being found in the Sarum Antiphony. In 1897 Professor Wooldridge was of opinion that the musical setting was of the tenth century, but, in 1901, as the result of a

³ *Acta Sanctorum*. Febr., t. II, pp. 365-372.

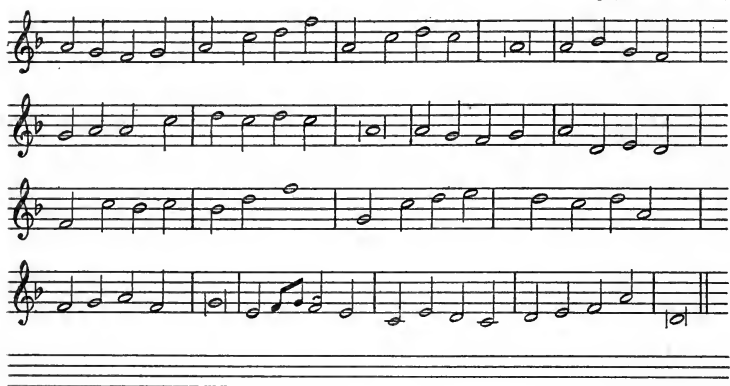
⁴ Otfried, the introducer of rhyme into High German, in the ninth century, was taught by the Irish monks of St. Gall.

more critical examination, he agrees with the experts who assign its composition as of the eleventh century, or certainly not later than the year 1100.

The score of the "organal," or contrapuntal part, as stated in a learned article by Dr. Oscar Fleischer, in the *Vierteljahrsschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (1890), is really an adaptation, or setting, of "a Gaelic folk-song, afterwards worked upon by a learned composer of that period," the melody being "in a scale of the pentatonic character." Reproduced here will be found a *fac-simile* page of the translated modern version of this ancient Irish melody, from the reconstruction as given by Dr. Fleischer.

Ut Tuo Propitius

CIR. 1095. BODL. MS.



In 1096, Gillebert, Bishop of Limerick, sought to bring the Irish Church discipline as far as possible into conformity with that of Rome. He was appointed Papal Legate by Blessed Urban II, and wrote two tracts, *De Usu Ecclesiastico* and *De Statu Ecclesiae*. In the former work he tells us that there was a great diversity and variety in the Church offices in Ireland, so much so that even a learned cleric, accustomed to one particular form of liturgy, would be quite bewildered in a neighboring diocese, where a different *use* obtained.

It is merely necessary to remark that the Scandinavian troubles of nearly three hundred years had left very little oppor-

tunity for the cultivation of Church Music in Ireland. All our ancient writers are at one in describing the terrible vandalism committed by the Danes in the Island of saints and scholars. Keating distinctly assures us, in his *Forus feasa ar Eirinn*, that the Norsemen sought to destroy all learning and art in Ireland. His words are terse: "No scholars, no clerics, no books, no holy relics, were left in church or monastery through dread of them. Neither bard, nor philosopher, *nor musician* pursued his wonted profession in the land."

Gillebert, however, did not succeed in persuading the various churches to adopt a uniformity in liturgy, and the intrusion of *erenachs* into the primacy caused much sorrow in the Irish Church, as St. Bernard testifies. At length, in the year 1111 a great Synod was held, under the joint presidency of Cellach (Celsus), Archbishop of Armagh, and Maelmurry O'Dunan, Archbishop of Cashel, at Usneagh, Westmeath. Several disciplinary canons were enacted, but the liturgical chant was not legislated for. Nine years later, however, namely in 1120, St. Moelhmaadhog⁵ O'Morgair, or St. Malachy, who had been ordained priest by Archbishop Cellach (Celsus), made several reforms in Church Music, notably the *uniform singing of the canonical hours throughout the Archdiocese of Armagh*. St. Bernard assures us that as a boy St. Malachy had learned music from St. Ivor O'Hagan, of Armagh, and, in the first years of his priesthood, he instructed numerous disciples in plain chant. His own father had been "chief lector at Armagh and of all the west of Europe" (as the *Four Masters* state), whose death occurred, in 1102, at the Monastery of Mun-gret County, Limerick.

The erection of the Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, for the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, at Armagh, was a notable landmark, inasmuch as St. Ivor sedulously cultivated Church Music therein. The first stone church (*damliag*, Anglicised duleek) of the abbey was consecrated by Primate Cellach on October 21, 1126. This prelate died at Ardpatrik, Limerick, on April 1, 1129, and was interred at Lismore, Waterford, three

⁵ The Irish name Moel Mhaadhog means "dedicated to Mogue"—(literally "the tonsured of Mogue"), as the child was dedicated to St. Mogue (Mo-Aedh-og), first Bishop of Ferns.

days later, in the *Reilig episcoporum*, or cemetery of the bishops. Four years later, Ivor O'Hagan, Abbot of SS. Peter and Paul, Armagh, went to Rome on a pilgrimage, and died in the Eternal City, on August 13, 1134.

Meantime, from 1121 to 1123, St. Malachy spent two years at the famous University of Lismore, under St. Malachus, an Irish monk, who had studied at Winchester, and was Bishop of Lismore. Naturally, St. Malachy learned the *Roman chant* as sung at Winchester from St. Malachus, and thus it happened that he was enabled to introduce the glorious chant of St. Gregory at Bangor and Armagh. In 1124, being then Abbot of Bangor, St. Malachy was consecrated Bishop of Connor, and ruled his See from the ancient abbey hallowed by memories of St. Comgall, St. Columbanus, and St. Gall. In order to perfect himself in the science of the saints, and also in Gregorian chant as sung at Winchester, St. Malachy paid a second visit to St. Malachus, at Lismore, in 1127; and whilst there acted as the confessor, or "soul-friend" (as the Irish annalists beautifully express it) of King Cormac Mac Carthy, of Cashel, Prince of Munster. Finally, in 1132, St. Malachy was appointed Archbishop of Armagh, but did not enter the primatial city till the death (after "the victory of penance") of the intruder Murrough, on September 17, 1134. He immediately made a visitation of Munster and obtained the customary tribute given to the Primate of Armagh. Owing to various troubles St. Malachy resigned the primacy in 1137, in favor of St. Gilla Mac Liag, or Gelesius, Abbot of Derry, and he himself retired to Downpatrick, being content with the bishopric of Down, after he had consecrated one of his disciples as Bishop of Connor.

The Roman chant had now been adopted in the dioceses of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, Limerick, Down, Connor, Waterford, Cork, and Lismore. Moreover, at this date (1134) the bishops of Dublin, Waterford and Cork—being Dano-Celtic Sees—acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and hence adopted the Anglo-Norman form of the Gregorian chant.

At the consecration of the exquisite church known as "Cormac's Chapel," at Cashel, in 1134, a copy of the Winchester *Troparium* is said to have been used. It may be therefore of inter-

est to reproduce here a leaf from the Winchester Troper of the eleventh century,—which Troper is now preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

St. Malachy had, during nineteen years, that is, from 1120 to 1139, done much to further plain chant, yet he longed to visit Rome to hear for himself the purest traditions of the song of St. Gregory. Accordingly, in 1139, he set out for the Eternal City by way of Scotland and York and France, visiting Clairvaux, as St. Bernard relates. Pope Innocent II, however, not only declined to allow him to resign his See, but appointed him Apostolic Legate in Ireland,⁶ and granted his request to confirm the metropolitan rank of the see of Cashel. On his return journey St. Malachy left five of his Irish disciples, including Christian O'Condoirche at Clairvaux to be brought up as Cistercians, and at the close of 1141, he dispatched another band to be trained by St. Bernard.

The year 1142 is memorable for the foundation of Mellifont Abbey (County Louth) for Cistercians, and Christian O'Condoirche was appointed first abbot. This foundation gave an impetus to Gregorian chant, as Christian had been a fellow-novice with Pope Eugene III. This impetus was strengthened by the filiation of the Abbey of Bective (County Louth), in 1144, and that of Newry, in 1150, as also by the fact that the Benedictines of Dublin became Cistercians in 1148.

As a result of the Synod of Holmpatrick (County Dublin) in 1148 St. Malachy was commissioned to go to Rome to obtain the privilege of palliums for the four Sees of Armagh, Cashel, Dublin, and Tuam. Before setting out he consecrated (as Legate) the Abbey Church of SS. Peter and Paul, at Knock (County Louth), a foundation due to Bishop O'Kelly, of Clogher, and Prince Donogh O'Carroll. He arrived at Clairvaux, in October, 1148, and died in the arms of St. Bernard on November 25th of the same year.

Although St. Malachy died before the fulfilment of his mission, Pope Eugene III granted the four palliums to Ireland in 1150, and sent Cardinal John Paparo with them, at the same time

⁶ Gillebert, Bishop of Limerick, who had been Legate from 1100 to 1139, resigned the office through old age.

appointing Christian, Abbot of Mellifont, as Bishop of Lismore, and Papal Legate in Ireland. St. Christian presided at the historic Synod of Killo, which opened on March 6, 1152, at which assisted Cardinal Paparo, and thirty seven Irish prelates, including the Primate, Gelasius. The boundaries of the dioceses were more clearly defined, and the number of Sees were fixed at thirty-eight.

During the first half of the twelfth century Irish missionaries were full of activity on the Continent. Erfurt was founded by them in 1136; Oels in Silesia, in 1140; Konstanz in 1142; Heggbach, in 1144, Vienna, in 1158; Memmingen, in 1166, etc. Henry, Duke of Austria, when inviting the Irish monks of Ratisbon to open a house at Vienna (St. Mary's), expressly laid it down that it was to be governed and inhabited solely by Irishmen.⁷

In the new organum of the eleventh century we find in use dissonances of the major and minor third and major sixth, and even the second and the seventh, as well as concords. At the close of this century and during the first half of the twelfth century, many examples are preserved of hymns and songs containing "imitation" passages, which gave rise to the Rondel. Unfortunately, this new organum opened the way for grave abuses, as the contrapuntal themes and the very themes themselves were taken from secular songs, and interwoven with the *canto fermo*, such that it was often impossible to recognize the original melodies. No wonder that, in 1150, the Cistercians and others endeavored to put down these abuses. Let me quote the following vigorous condemnation of such innovations by Aelred, Cistercian Abbot of Rivaulx, in Yorkshire,⁸ whom Professor Dickinson of Oberlin College incorrectly styled "Oelred, the Scottish Abbot of Riverby"—who died in 1166: "One man sings bass, another alto, a third treble, and a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certain notes. At one time the voice is strained, at another it is subdued, now again it is bellowed forth, and again with a still louder sound. Sometimes, I am ashamed to say, it is as the neighing of a horse, and sometimes again, the masculine vigor being laid aside, it becomes as shrill as a female voice, whilst anon

⁷ "Sub monastica regula ad eandem nostram fundationem novellam solos elegimus Hibernienses."

⁸ British Museum MSS., Reg. S. B 9. (*Speculum Charitatis.*)

GENESIS IONAMINIS PEC

US ADPLANT. I. hmed. V. nde

siluaf. fuyecunt degnata

uiaz. f. e impleo. Hocque docente

partit docuit uerbum caro factum.

SOLA. V. lerta part. AD RE PETI:

FONS ET ORIGO SAPIENTIAE

adpropagando fiae diuinitatis

ardua. I. hmed. Quisflama

euangelii de ipso facit pectore

humer. f. e impleo. V. ingenuitatis

quoque ueritas hacti uirgini

filium conferant. S. sola. I. uisui

ut Palam hie ad hie troitio:

non uiselo. f. e uisui sita.

positus uisum de hie troitio:

medo. Quo panderetur conatus

lar genibus uerbi de. f. e impleo.

E t hanc ad ueritatem hie troitio:

con uisum. S. sola.

AD DE RIORI:

QUOD DOMINI CAUS MEAUIT

pollamur auctor. I. uisui

ut hanc quissam ueritatem depre

laris orbi. f. e uisui. S. uisui uis

fiat uisum de ipso. f. e uisui.

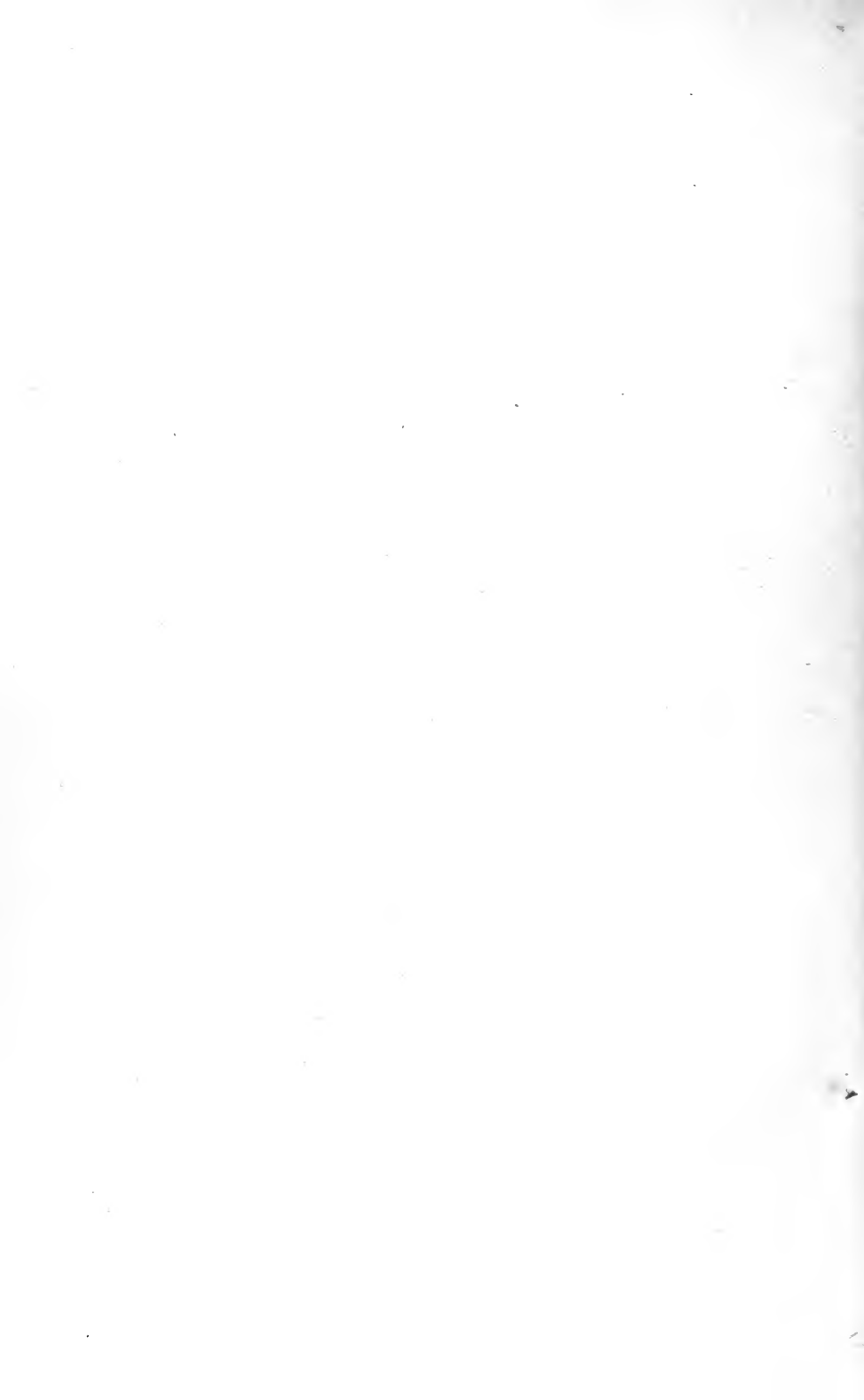
NALAP. A. E. U. F. R. S. C. M.

uic a uisui pateris uisum uisui.

uic pateris. B. uisui de. C. uisui

uic uisui uisui uisui uisui.

uic uisui uisui uisui uisui.



with a certain falsetto it is completely transformed. Not infrequently do you see the singer with open mouth, not to sing, but, as it were, to breathe forth his last gasp, by holding in his breath, and by a certain ridiculous movement to threaten silence, as it were, and now again to imitate the agonies of a dying man or the tortures of a suffering person."

The great St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, dissatisfied with the Dano-Celtic system of liturgical chant, introduced the Arroasian Canons of the Order of St. Victor—a reform of the Augustinians—into Dublin, in 1165. These monks sang the Divine Office daily, presided over by the Archbishop himself.

In 1165, at the Irish Abbey of Knock, County Louth, we read of the excellent music and singing of the monks. Donogh O'Carroll, Prince of Oriel, the founder of this abbey, also supplied a complete set of liturgical books, Antiphonaries as well as Missals, copied by an Irish scribe. This prince died in January, 1170, as is stated in the *Annals of Ulster*.

At a Synod held at Clane (County Kildare) in 1162, it was decreed that no person should be admitted to be a lector of divinity who had not been a student of Armagh University; and, in 1169, Roderic O'Connor, King of Ireland, gave an annual grant of ten cows from himself and from every king after him in perpetuity to the Lector of Armagh. Music was an especial feature in the school of the Culdees, at Armagh, as has been amply demonstrated by the late Bishop Reeves. Even after the formation of a chapter in the Cathedral, the Prior of the Culdees was invariably Precentor, or Chief Chanter, whilst the brethren of the *Colidei* acted as Vicars Choral. These Culdees were the representatives of the old Columban order of monks; and their school at Armagh lasted from the close of the ninth century to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The Synod of Cashel was held in 1172, presided over by St. Christian, Papal Legate; here several canons relating to church discipline were passed. The Primate Gelasius was not present, and his death is chronicled on March 27, 1174. His successor, St. Cornelius MacConcaille, went to Rome on a pilgrimage, but died on his return journey at St. Peter's of Lemenc, near Chambery, in Savoy, where he is venerated as "St. Concord." His

obit is on June 4th, and a special Office was written for him. A beautiful Latin hymn in his honor was found by Father Papebroche, S.J., the Bollandist, in 1689, on an ancient tablet in the chapel of the saint, at Chambery.

Six Irish prelates, including St. Lawrence O'Toole, were present at the Third General Council of Lateran, in March, 1179, and St. Lawrence⁹ was appointed Papal Legate in Ireland, replacing St. Christian, who had retired to the Cistercian Abbey of Odorney (County Kerry), where he died, March 16, 1186.

Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald Barry), who came to Ireland in 1183, is almost extravagantly eulogistic as to the musical powers of the Irish people,—clerics as well as laymen. His tribute to Irish music is quoted in every history of Ireland, and therefore need not be here repeated. As regards bishops and priests and their love of the harp he writes: "Hinc accidit, ut Episcopi et Abbates, et Sancti in Hibernia viri citharas circumferre et in eis modulando pie delectari consueverint."

Brompton and John of Salisbury (d. 1180) are at one in extolling the high state of cultivation of music in Ireland, but Cambrensis clearly points to the Irish free organum of the diatessaron (fourth) and that of diapente (fifth), including the discord of the Imperfect Fifth interval.

Our Irish annalists, under date of 1224, chronicle the demise of Maurice O'Connor, a Canon (son of King Roderic O'Conor), "one of the most eminent of the Irish for learning, *psalm-singing*, and poetry." In the following year we meet an interesting entry in the *Annals of Loch Cé*: "A. D. 1225. Aedh, son of Donlevy O'Sochlann, Vicar of Cong, *a master of vocal music and harp tuning, the inventor of a new method of tuning*, a proficient in all arts, poetry, engraving, and writing, and other arts, died this year."

In 1217, Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, who was also Viceroy of Ireland, convened a Synod, in which it was decreed that the singing of the Canonical Hours should be rendered "distinctly and clearly, with due reverence and devotion," and that "there should be no skipping or slurring the notes of the liturgical chant." Archbishop de Londres had attended the Council of Lateran, in 1215, and was appointed Papal Legate. He erected

⁹ St. Lawrence died at the Monastery of Eu in Normandy, November 14, 1180.

St. Patrick's collegiate church as a Cathedral, in 1219, and founded the dignities of Precentor, Chancellor, and Treasurer. Thus Dublin could boast of two Cathedrals—an anomaly which survives to the present day. In 1221, he ordered that the *Use of Sarum* should be observed. He died in 1228.

My next paper will deal with the subject of Pre-Reformation Church Music in Ireland.

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Enniscorthy, Ireland.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER VIII.—WAIFS.

GLENANAAR, the glen of slaughter, is a deep ravine, running directly north and south through a lower spur of the mountains that divide Cork and Limerick. The boundary line that separates these counties, and also the dioceses of Cloyne and Limerick, and the parishes of Ardpatrik and Doneraile, runs right along the top of the glen, and close to that boundary line on the southern side was the farm of Edmond Connors, one of the men who had been put back on the second trial in the Doneraile Conspiracy, of which we have just written. His farm lay along the slope of the valley, facing directly east. It extended right over the slope, and was terminated there by the wild heather of the mountain; and it stretched downwards to the river, always full even in summer, but a fierce, angry torrent in winter; and which took its name, Avon, or, as it is pronounced, Own-anaar, from the same terrific battle after which the glen is named. The house, a long, low building, thatched with reed, fronted the south; and, although very remote from village or town, the whole place—farm, field, and river, were as cozy and picturesque as could be found in Ireland. Edmond Connors, the proprietor, was, as we have said, a man of Herculean strength, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-limbed; but you needed only to look at that calm, clear face, and those mild, blue eyes, that looked at you with a

half-pitying, half-sorrowful glance, to see, as every one said, that Edmond Connors "would not hurt a child." He was, in fact, a superb type of a very noble class of peasants, now, alas! under modern influences, dying away slowly in the land. They were all giants, largely formed, strongly thewed. They rarely touched meat. At Christmas and Easter it was a luxury. Their dietary was simple and ascetic—meal, milk and potatoes. But their constant exposure to rough weather, their incessant labor, and the iron constitutions they inherited from their forefathers and conserved by the purity and temperance of their lives, were more than the feeble helps civilization gives to create a hardy and iron race. It was of such men and their forefathers that Edmund Spenser, a rabid exterminator, wrote in despair to Queen Elizabeth, that they were quite hopeless—these attempts that were made to destroy or root out such a people; for they were so hardy, so fearless of death, so contemptuous of fatigue and wounds, that even the savage efforts of Elizabethan and Cromwellian freebooters failed to destroy what Providence evidently intended to maintain and preserve. With these strong peasants, too, modern worries and vexations had no place. They had their trials; but they relied so implicitly on the maxims of their religion, which was also their philosophy, that they bore every reverse of fortune, and sickness and death, with the most profound and tranquil equanimity. A few times during their long and laborious lives, they might flash out with some sudden flame of anger, and then it was bad for those who crossed their path. But that died away in remorse immediately, and the old, calm, patient way of life was resumed again. It was really pathetic the way these gentle giants used look out from their clear blue eyes, in which there was always a depth of sorrow hidden under their strong bushy eyebrows; and how patiently they took the events of life, and calmly the wildest vagaries of destiny. You could not disturb their equanimity. Tell them of the most wonderful or dreadful thing, and they accepted it without surprise or alarm. They would be the despair of a dramatist. He could not astonish them, or excite their enthusiasm. To sleep, to wake, to work, to pray, to die—that was the programme of existence. To wonder, to admire, to be angry, to be enthusiastic—they knew not the secret of these things. All

things are ordered by a Supreme Will, of whom we are the puppets—that is all! Who does not remember them in their strong frieze cutaway coats, their drab or snuff-colored vests and knee-breeches, the rough home-woven stockings, and the strong shoes—all made, like themselves, for hard work and wild tempestuous weather? No Wordsworth has yet sung the praises of these Irish dalesmen; but this, too, will come in the intellectual upheaval that we are witnessing just now.

Since the time of the trial, and his merciful escape from a horrible death, old Edmond Connors was accustomed to remain even more alone than was his usual wont. Always of a solitary turn of mind, he began now to haunt the mountains continually. Sometimes he was seen sitting on the low parapet of a bridge that crossed the mountain stream, sometimes on a great boulder deep down in some primeval valley, visited only by sun and moon and stars; and sometimes his great form was seen outlined against the wintry sky, as he knelt and prayed on one of those immense stones that form cairns on the crest of the hills looking down into the glens and dales of Limerick. What were his thoughts no one knew, for like all his class he was a silent man, and rarely spoke but in monosyllables.

There was a heavy fall of snow a few days before Christmas of this year; and, as the weather was intensely cold, there were none of the usual thaws, but the frost knit the snow-flakes together and crusted them all over with its own hard but brilliant enamelling. The whole landscape was covered with this white, pure ermine, except where the river, now blackened by the contrast, cut its cold, dark way between the clefts it had made for itself out of the soft sand of the hills. The bleak, dreary appearance of the landscape, however, did not deter Edmond Connors from his daily ramble in the mountains. His strong gaiters and boots defied the wet of the snow-clad heather; and he trudged along through slushy bog and across wet fields, only stopping from time to time to look down across the white, level plain that stretched its monotone of silver till it touched the sky-line, and was merged in it. One evening, just as dusk fell, about four o'clock, and the atmosphere became sensibly colder, he turned his footsteps homeward. His way led across the little bridge down beyond the plantation

of fir-trees on the main road. As he came in sight of it he saw in the twilight a woman sitting on the low parapet, with a child in her arms. His footsteps were so completely muffled by the soft snow that she was unaware of his approach, until he came quite close to her, and she woke up from her reveries and stared at him. She was quite young, but the child in her arms told that she was married. Her face would be very beautiful, except that it was now drawn tight as parchment; and two great black eyes stared out of the pallor, as if in fright at some undefined but yet unrealized sorrow that was haunting her with its shadow. On seeing the great, tall figure near her, she drew up her black shawl hastily and covered her head, and turned away. The old man seeing this, and thinking that she had been suckling her child, and had turned away in modesty, approached and said, kindly:

"God save you, honest 'uman! Sure 'tis a cowld evening to be out; and a cowld rest you have got for yerself."

The woman did not answer.

"Wisha, thin, me poor 'uman," said the old man, kindly; "you ought to seek shelter to-night, if not for yerself, at laste fer yer little child."

The woman remained silent, with averted face. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a silver piece.

"Here, me poor 'uman," he said, extending the coin toward her. "I haven't much; but the Lord has been good to me, and we must be good to every poor crachure that wants it."

She put the hand aside with an angry gesture; and rising up to her full stature, she looked at the old man with blazing eyes.

"Edmond Connors," she said, "I know you, and you don't know me. But you go your ways, and lave me go mine. It will be better for you in the ind."

"Wisha, thin, agragal," he said, humbly, "sure I meant no harm; but I thought it 'ud be murdher intirely to see you and your little *goelach* on the road a night like this."

"Why do you talk to me of murdher?" she said. "Haven't you murdher on your own sowl? And isn't the rope swinging for you a-yet?"

"I have not murdher, nor any other crime on my sowl," he

said, meekly, "though, God knows, I am a sinful man enough. But you're out of your mind, me poor 'uman, and you don't undershtan' the words you're spakin'."

"I wish 'twas thrue for you, Edmond Connors," she said. "I wish to God to-night that I was mad out intirely; and thin I could do what I was goin' to do, whin God or the divil sint you across my path."

"I don't know what you mane," said the old man, now very anxious, "but if you wor thinkin' of doin' any harrum to yerself or yer child, may God and His Blessed and Holy Mother prevint you. Sure that's the last of all."

"Wouldn't it be bettther for me to be dead and buried," she said, somewhat more calmly, "than be harried from house to house, and from parish to parish, as I am, wid every dure slammed in me face, and a curse follyin' me on me road?"

"That's quare," said the old man, "sure, haven't you the ring on your marriage-finger as well as the best of thim?"

"I have so," she said. "More bad luck and misfortune 'tis to me. 'Tis I'd be the happy 'uman if I could brake that ring, and put the pieces where they couldn't be found."

"At laste," said the old man, compassionately watching the blue eyes that stared up at him from the pinched, starved face of the child, "you should consider the child that God sint you; and if you cannot do anything to help yourself, or if you wor thinkin' of somethin' bad agin it —."

"What could I be thinkin' of?" she said defiantly. "If you have murder in your own heart, Edmond Connors, that's no rayson ye'd suspect me of the same."

"I see, me good 'uman," said the old man, moving slowly away, "you're not from this neighborhood, tho' ye seem to know me name. No body in this parish 'ud spake as you have done. And," he said, with some little temper, "it 'udn't be safe for them if they did."

It seemed to touch some latent sensibility in the wretched woman, for after some hesitation she called after him.

"I ax your pardon," she said, "for the hard words I said agin you just now. You didn't deserve them; and no wan knows that bettther than me. If I could say all I like to say, Edmond Con-

nors, there 'ud be short work wid your next thrial. But me mout' is shut. But only for this little crachure, me Annie, me only tie on airth, I'd very soon put the says betune me and thim you know. An' I suppose 'twas God sint you this cowl'd, dark night, to save me sowl from hell; for, Edmond Connors, the murdher I said wos on your sowl, and 'twas a lie, was very near bein' on me own."

The old man looked at her sorrowfully in the growing twilight. There was something in her aspect, something in her words with their mysterious allusions, that attracted and interested him. And the blue eyes of the child seemed to haunt him, and ask for protection.

"Now, me poor 'uman," he said, "you're back in yer sinsis agen. Sure I know well how the hardship and distress dhrove people out of their mind sometimes. But it may come on ye agen; and remimber this is a Christian counthry, where any wan would be glad to take from ye that purty, weeshy little crachure in yer arms, and save it from the cowl'd river. Here, now, take these few shillings, and buy somethin' warm for yourself, for ye need it; and keep God and His Blessed Mother ever afore yer sight."

She stretched out her hand, and it lingered long in his great rough palm, whilst she fixed her glowing eyes shaded with anxiety upon him. Then, in a sudden impulse, she raised the big, strong hand to her lips; and, dragging her wretched shawl more closely around her, strode away. The old man stood and watched her tall, girlish figure, as it swayed along the road, darkly outlined against the white background of the snow. Then he moved slowly homeward. As he reached the crest of the hill through a short cut across the heather, he turned round, and looked back. The woman's figure stood forth clearly outlined against the darkening sky. She, too, had stood still, and was looking toward him. Seeing him still watching, she raised her hand, and waved a farewell, and passed out of his sight as he thought for ever.

He was more than usually silent, as he sat by the fire that night, and watched the red turf and blazing wood, as they poured from the open hearth great volumes of smoke up through the

wide chimney that yawned darkly above. The eyes of that little child haunted him. He was troubled in conscience about it. He thought he should have asked the poor, loné woman to allow him and his vanithee to be her protector. One mouth more was not much to feed; and He who giveth food to the sparrows on the house-top would help to feed a little child. He was quite angry with himself, and once or twice he was about to rise and go out, and follow the waifs. But he argued, they are gone too far on their way now. Yet when he came to the Fifth Joyful Mystery, as they recited the Rosary that evening, the remorse came back, and choked his voice with the emotion.

CHAPTER IX.—NODLAG.

Christmas morning came round; and the snow was still heavy in cleft and hollow; whilst on the open roads it had been beaten by many feet of men and horses into a sheet of yellow ice that made walking very troublesome and dangerous. The great white sheet was yet drawn across the landscape to the horizon; and on distant mountains it shone clear as amber in the light of the wintry sun. The eyes of men were yearning for the more soothing green color of field and copse; for in this country, where we are so unaccustomed to snow, the eyes soon begin to ache at the dazzling whiteness, and seek relief in little spots or nooks of verdure under the shade of trees, or in hidden places, where the great crystal flakes could not penetrate.

The family had gone to early Mass, some to Ardpatrik or Ballyorgan, some down to their own parish church; for, despite the inclement weather, there was some pleasure in meeting friends on such a day, and exchanging Christmas greetings. The boys who had been home early from Mass went out with their sticks to hunt the wren; and *Hy, Droleen! Hy, Droleen!* echoed from copse and thicket, as the young lads shouted the hunting cry far away across the mountains. The rest of the family got back early from Mass also, and the deep hush of a Christmas Sabbath fell swiftly down over the entire land, for it was a matter of honor in Ireland that each family should have their fireside consecrated against all intrusion on that day. So far is this rigid tradition

maintained that it is most rare to find any one sitting down to the Christmas dinner who is not an immediate member of the family circle; and the happy-go-easy intimacy of other days, when a neighbor might freely cross the threshold with a "God bless the work!" is sternly interdicted on that day. The strict privacy of each household is rigidly maintained.

When night fell, all gathered together around the table, where smoked the Christmas dinner. This, too, was invariable in every Irish household. The roast goose, stuffed with potatoes and onions, the pig's head, garlanded with curly cabbage, a piece of salt beef, and an abundance of potatoes was, and is, the never-changing *menu* in these humble, Christian households. In places where there is a little more pretension, a rice pudding, plentifully sprinkled with currants, or a plum pudding, is in much request. And then the decks are cleared for action; and the great Christmas cake, black with raisins, is surrounded and steamed by smoking tumblers of punch; and all relax for a cozy, comfortable evening of innocent mirth and enjoyment around the glowing fire of turf and logs, on the sacred hearths of Ireland. And there are songs and dances galore, and absolute fraternity and equality, for servant boys and girls mix freely with the family on this great holiday of Christian communism; and many a quaint story is told and many a quaint legend unearthed, as the memory of the old travels back into the past and the hopes of the young leap forward to the future. And all then was limited between the four seas of Ireland. America had not yet been discovered, and the imagination never travelled beyond the circle of the seas. And so there was nothing but Ireland to talk about; nothing but Ireland interesting; the Ireland of the past so dark, so tragical; the Ireland of the future so uncertain and problematical.

Late in the evening, or rather night, in this little home of Glenanaar, the thoughts of the family took a melancholy turn. The song had been sung, the story told; the girls and boys were tired after jig and reel, and the whole family circle were gathered around the fire now smouldering down in hot cinders and white ashes. The dim, crimson light predisposed them to meditation and even gloom, as the huge giant shadows were cast on the walls and upwards where the blackened rafters glistened under the dark,

smoke-begrimed thatch. After a long silence, the vanithee, Mrs. Connors, with her hands folded upon her lap, said, looking intently at the fire :

"I hope we'll all be well and happy, this time twelve-month ! Sure, 'tis little we know what's before us ! Who'd ever think last Christmas that we'd see what we saw this harvest ? "

"There's no use in dhrawin' it up to-night, Bess," said the old man. "The comin' year and every year of our lives, is in the hands of God !"

"Thru for you," said the vanithee. "But, sure how can we help talkin' about what our hearts are full of ? "

"'Tis all over now," said her husband, spreading his hands before the embers. "At laste, we may hope so. As long as the Counsellor is to the fore, the people are safe."

"You never know," said his wife, whose feminine instincts inclined to despondency. "It's clear as noonday, that there's thim in the counthry still that 'ud swear black was white, and night was day."

"Ontil they're made sich an example of," said a deep voice from the settle, "that no wan of their seed, breed, or gineration shall be left to swear away honest lives agin."

"They say," added another of the boys, "that Croumper Daly¹ is sperrited away already ; but the other ruffian is under thrainin' agin be the police in Dublin to swear harder the next time."

"They're to be pitied, the poor, misfortunate crachures," said Edmond Connors. "It must be hard times that drove them to sich a trade."

"Wisha, thin, father," said one of the girls, who could make bolder on her parents than her brothers, "I wish you'd keep your pity for them that deserve it better. Hard times, indeed ! As if anything could excuse wholesale perjury and murder !"

"You have your feelings, Kate," said the old man, "and sure I don't blame you. 'Twould be a lonesome Shrove for you, if Willy Burke hadn't done what he done."

This allusion to Kate's approaching marriage with John Burke only exasperated her the more.

¹ "Croumper Dawley" is the name by which the famous informer is still spoken of in the parish.

"Yes, father," she said, "but as Donal here sez, what purtection have anny of ye, so long as anny of that dirty spawn of informers is left in the counthry?"

"'Twas a brave ride, surely," said the old man, not heeding. "I hard Dr. O'Brien say from the altar, that in a hunder' or two hunder' years' time, there'll be ballads and songs about it."

"You hard him say, too," said Kate, flushed and excited with the dance and the thought of her lover's peril thus brought back to her mind, "that he hoped every approver and informer would clear out of his parish, and lave no trace behind them in wife or child."

"Go out, Donal," said the old man, not relishing this turn the conversation was taking, "an' bring in a creel of dhry turf and fagots for the fire. Sure we have some hours yet before bed-time, and the sight of the fire is good. And," he continued, turning around, as Donal promptly obeyed, "take a look at the cows in the stalls, and see they're all right agin the night. It is as cowl'd for thim crachures as it is for ourselves."

Donal, a "boy" of thirty-five or forty, went out into the keen frosty air; and first approached the outhouse where the wood was kept. Having collected a goodly bundle, he went over to the great long rick of black turf, now blanketed under a heap of frozen snow. He could not find the usual creel; so, lighting a stable lantern, he went over to the byre where the cattle were stalled for the night. Three of the beasts were comfortably asleep in their stalls; the remaining three bent down their wet nozzles, and breathed on something that lay on the floor. Surprised beyond measure, Donal went over, and stooping down saw his turf-creel, and lying therein, warmed and saved by the breath of the dumb oxen, was the sweetest and prettiest child he ever saw. The little creature opened its blue eyes at the lantern light, and stared and smiled at its discoverer. The cows drew back. Their services were no longer wanted. But one came back from the stalls; and, as if loath to leave its little charge, put down its wet nose again, and breathed the warm vapor of breath on the infant.

The big Donal was so surprised that, as he said, you could knock him down with a feather. But, leaving the lantern on the floor, he came over leisurely to the house, smiling at the surprise

he was going to give the family. Then he stopped a moment, debating with himself what would be the most dramatic form in which he could make the revelation. Like a good artist he finally decided that the simplest way would be the most effective; so he pushed open the kitchen door, and said :

"Come here, Kate, I want you a minit."

"Wisha, thin," said Kate, reluctant enough to leave the warm house and go out into the frosty air, "'tis you're always wantin' somethin'. What is it now?"

When they were in the yard, Donal said to her :

"Keep yer sinses about you, Kate; for you'll see the quarest thing you ever saw now!"

"Yerra, what is it," said Kate, now quite excited, "is it a ghost or wan of the 'good people'?"

"'Tis a fairy whatever," said Donal, going over and letting the light fall down on the smiling face of the child. "Did ye ever see the likes before? what'll they say inside?"

Kate uttered a little scream of surprise, and clasped her hands.

"Glory be to God! Did any wan ever see the likes before? I wandher is it something good, or——"

The dumb beast rebuked her superstition, for again she bent down her wet mouth over the child and breathed softly over her. And the infant, as if appealing against the incredulity of the girl, twisted and puckered its little face, as if about to cry.

"Here," said Donal, "ketch a grip of the creel, and let us take the crachure into the fire. And I suppose she's starving."

The brother and sister lifted the basket gently, and, leaving the lantern behind them, took the infant across the snow-covered yard, and pushed open the kitchen door.

"Here's a Christmas-box for ye that we found in the stable," said Donal, with great delight. "Begobs, whoever sint it made no mistake about it. She's a rale little jewel."

The whole family rose, except Edmond Connors, who kept his place by the fire. He was always proof against sudden emotions of all kinds. They gathered around the basket which Donal and Kate brought over to the fire; and there was a mingled chorus of wonder, surprise, anger, pity, as the little creature lay there before them, so pretty, so helpless, so abandoned.

"Glory be to God this blessed and holy night, did any wan ever hear the like before?"

"'Twill be the talk of the three parishes before Sunday!"

"Wisha, who could it be at all, at all? Sure that child is six months old."

"Sweet bad luck to the mother that abandoned ye, ye poor little angel from heaven! Sure she must have a heart of stone to put ye fram her breast this cowl'd, bitter night!"

"Wisha, I wandher who is she?" Did ye hear of anny child about the neighborhood belonging to anny poor, misfortunate crachure?"

The only member of the family who did not evince the least surprise was Edmond Connors himself. He continued staring at the little waif that lay at his feet, blinking up at him with her clear, blue eyes, as the ruddy flames from the wood and turf now leaped up merrily again. He at once recognized the child whom he had seen in the arms of the half-demented creature who had accosted him on the bridge; and he remembered, and smiled at the remembrance, how earnestly he had implored her to commit that child to the care of some Christian household, who, for the love of God, would preserve the little life and cherish it.

The vanithee, at last, impatient at his silence, said:

"Wisha, thin, Edmond Connors, wan would think ye warn't in yer own house, ye're so silent, sittin' there and twirlin' yer thumbs, and with yere 'Well! well!' Can't you say somethin' to relieve our feelin's?"

"I think," said the old man, deliberately, and with a little chuckle of amusement, "that it 'ud be no harrum if we warmed a little sup of milk and gave it to the crachure——."

"Thru for you, faith," said his wife. "You always sez the right thing, Edmond Connors, if you don't say much!"

The milk was warmed; and the little creature drank it eagerly, and brightened up after its simple supper. And then began an eager search in its little garments for some sign or token of its birth or parentage. This was unavailing. The little garments were clean, and sound, and warm; but no scrap of paper nor sign of needle afforded the least indication of who the child was, or whence it had come. And the uncertainty gave rise to a warmer

debate—about the religion of the child, and whether she had been christened, and what might be her name.

"Av coorse, she's christened," said one of the girls. "Av she was the blackest Prodestan' in Ireland, she'd have her child baptized."

"Begor, that's true," said another. "An' faith, it might be some fine lady that's tired of her little baby——"

"Nonsense," broke in Mrs. Connors. "There's not a dacent woman in the land would abandon her child like that."

"Take my word for it," said one of the servant girls, "the mother that carried that child is no great things. Perhaps 'twas that mad 'uman who was around here a couple of weeks ago."

"The mad 'uman!" said Edmond Connors, for the first time turning around. "What mad 'uman?"

"Some poor angashore of a crachure, that kem round here a couple of weeks ago; and asked wos this where Edmond Connors lived," said his wife. "We tried to be civil to her; but she cursed and melted us all, yourself in the bargain."

"And had she a child wid her?" asked the old man innocently.

"We don't know. She had some bundle in her arms whatever. But we thought she wos gatherin' up for the Christmas time. But whoever she wos, she wos no great things. We wor glad when she took her face off av us."

"But what are we to do with the child, at all, at all?" asked one of the girls. "And why did her misfortunate mother pick us out to lave her with us?"

"I suppose she thought we'd keep her," said her mother.

"And won't you?" said the old man, looking at the child and the fire.

"Won't we? Did any wan hear sich a question?" said Mrs. Connors. "Faith, I'm sure we won't. Nice business we'd have rearing a child that might be ill-got. We've enough to do, faith, these times to keep ourselves, with everythin' threatenin' around us. We'll take her down, next Sunday, plaze God, to the priest, and let him see afther her."

"And why should the priest do what Christians refuse to do?" said the old man. "Why should he have the burden of rearin' her?"

"He can put her in somewhere," said his wife. "An' perhaps, there may be some lone crachure who'd take her off his hands for a thrifle."

"Thin you won't throw her out amongst the cows to-night?" said the old man sarcastically.

"That's a quare question," said his wife. "Yerra, what's comin' over you at all? Sure you used to be as fond of children as their mother. But we'll keep her a few days; and thin——"

"What night is this, Bess?" asked the old man, rising up, and speaking solemnly, his back to the fire and his hands clasped tightly behind him.

There was something in the tone assumed by the old man that hushed the whole place instantly into silence. He so seldom manifested any sign of temper, or even assumed a tone of authority that, when he spoke as he now did, his words came weighted with all the earnestness of a power that was seldom asserted. His wife, who, in ordinary every-day life, was supreme mistress and ruler of the establishment, bore her momentary dethronement badly. She shuffled about uneasily, and affected to be very busy about household affairs.

"I suppose 'tis a Christmas," she replied without turning round, and in a very sulky tone.

"And do you remember what happened on this blessed night?" he said, now removing his hat and placing it on the sugan chair where he had been sitting.

"I suppose I do," she answered. "The Infant Jaysus was borned in the stable of Bethlehem. Have ye anny more of the Catechism in yer head?"

"And I suppose," said the old man, "that if that poor woman and her husband (God forgive me for speaking of the Blessed Vargin and holy St. Joseph in that way) kem to the dure with their little Child a few nights after and asked Bess Connors to take the baby from them for a while, Bess Connors would say: 'Next dure, honess' 'uman!'"

"You know very well, Edmond Connors," said his wife, now thoroughly angry, "that Bess Connors would do nothing of the kind."

"I know you long enough, Bess," said the old man, "to know that. But whin God sint this little crachure," here he stooped down and took the smiling child up in his great arms, "do you think He sint it as a sign and token of nothin'? And whin the same all-merciful God saved me from the gallows and a grave in Cork gaol, where I might be rotting to-night, instid of bein' here amongst ye, wouldn't it be a nice return to throw out this little orphan into the cowl, hard wurruld outside? No!" he said with emphasis. "If God has been good to us let us be tindher wid wan another."

There was no reply to this. The young men would have liked to side with their father, but they were afraid of their mother's keen tongue. The girls were bolder; and the elder, Joan, or Joanna, a very gentle, spiritual being, said meekly:

"I think father is right, mother. We mustn't fly in the face of God."

"Here," said the mother, completely conquered, "let ye nurse her betune ye. I wash me hands out of the business intirely."

"Take the child, Joan," said the father, handing the infant over to his eldest daughter. "So long as there's bit, bite and sup in the house, she shall not want, until thim that owns her, claims her."

"Do so, and nurse her betune ye, and may she bring a blessing on yer house, Edmond Connors," said his wife. "But av it be the other way, remimber that ye got yere warning."

"What will we call her?" said Joan, taking the infant from her father's arms. "We must christen her agin be some name or anuther."

"We'll call her Bessie for the present," said the old man. "The laste honor we can pay yer mother ——"

"Be this and be that ye won't," said his wife in a furious temper. "I had always a dacent name, an' me family before me wor dacent, an' I never brought shame or blame on thim ——"

"Here, here," said Donal, to end the discussion, "anything will do. Call her *Nodlag*,² afther this blessed night."

And *Nodlag* remained the child's name.

² Pronounced *Nulug*—Irish for *Christmas*.

CHAPTER X.—THE MIDNIGHT OATH.

The defeat of the Crown in these half-political, half-social trials had been so utter and complete, that it was generally regarded as the merest formality that the prisoners, let out on bail, should be again summoned before the Judges. Besides, the belief in O'Connell's great forensic abilities, so well manifested before the Special Commission, created the hope that amounted to certainty in the public mind, that no matter what pressure was brought to bear by the Crown, no jury could convict on what had already been proved to be the perjured and suborned evidence of approvers. In fact, it was fully believed by the general public, that the Crown would not renew the prosecution. Hence, during the months of January and February, great contentment reigned in the humble cottage at Glenanaar. The early spring work went on as usual, and no apprehensions darkened the brightness that always shone around that peaceful Christian hearth. Nodlag, too, was a ray of sunshine across the earthen floor. Gradually she grew into all hearts, and even the *vanithee*, struggling a long time against her pride of power so rudely shattered on Christmas night, yielded to the spell of enchantment cast by the foundling over all else. The men of the household never went out to work, or returned from it, without a word or caress for Nodlag; the girls went clean mad about the child; and often, when no one was looking, the *vanithee* would remain a long time by the child's cradle, talking motherly nonsense to it, and always winding up with the comment:

"'Twas a quare mother that put you among the bastes a Christmas night, alanna!"

Edmond Connors, too, was completely fascinated by her childish charms. He would often go in and out of the room where her cradle lay to caress her, and when she was brought near the fire, and he could look at her, long and leisurely, he would plunge into a deep meditation on things in general, and wind up with a "Well, well, it is a quare wurruld sure enough!" But the secret of her abandonment and her parentage was jealously guarded by him. He knew well that if he so much as hinted that that winsome child was the daughter of the perjured

ruffian, Daly, who had tried to swear away his life and who had sent decent men to transportation, not even his supreme authority would avail to save the child from instant and peremptory dismissal from that house. When he found the secret safe, for all the inquiries made in the neighboring parishes had failed to elicit any information about the child or its parents, although it was still the common talk of the people, he often chuckled to himself at the grim joke he was playing, and he could hardly help saying in his own mind, as he saw his daughters fondling the child and his sons kissing her—"If ye only knew!" Then, sometimes, there would come a sinking of heart as he thought of the possibilities that might eventuate from his approaching trial, and the significant hint from the wretched woman:—

"An' isn't the rope swinging for ye a-yet?"

At last, the Spring Assizes came around; and the three men, Connors, Wallis, and Lynch, were ordered to Cork for trial. It was a surprise; but still regarded as a mere matter of form. The Solicitor General, Doherty, was again to prosecute; and he came, flushed from his triumph over O'Connell in the House of Commons, and determined to prove by the conviction of his prisoners that the famous Conspiracy was as deadly and as deeply spread as he had represented. Public interest was not so keen as on the first trials at the Special Commission; and therefore that secret and undefined pressure of public opinion did not lean so heavily on judges and jury. The prisoners were not aware of this; but came into court with hope high in their hearts that this was but a mere formality to be gone through to comply with the law. They would be acquitted by the Solicitor General himself in his opening speech.

As they passed into the dock to surrender to their bails, Edmond Connors was aware of the dark figure of a woman, clad in black, and with a black shawl tightly drawn about her head, as she stood so close to the door that her dress touched him lightly. The yeoman on guard apparently did not notice her, or made no attempt to remove her from a place usually occupied by officials. As her dress touched the old man, he looked down; and she, opening her black shawl, revealed the pallid face and the great wild eyes of the woman he had accosted at the bridge. At first

he shuddered at the contact. Then, some strange influence told him that it was with no evil intention she was there. Yet, his thoughts began to wander wildly, as his nerves sank under the fierce words of the indictment, charging him with intent and conspiracy to murder; and the words of the woman would come back:—

“An’ isn’t the rope swinging for ye a-yet?”

To their utter dismay and consternation, too, O’Connell, their champion, their deliverer, did not appear; but there was the arch-enemy, Doherty, “six feet three in height, and with a manner decidedly aristocratic.” On went the dreadful litany of their imputed crimes; on went the appeals to prejudice, sectarian and political; on went the smooth, studied language, all the more terrible for the passionless tones in which it was uttered; and alas! there was no stern friend here to cry, “Stop! That is not law!” Counsel exchanged notes, looked up, hesitated; but it needed the fearless and masculine to block that stream of deadly eloquence. Overawed by the position and personality of the Crown Prosecutor, and afraid to get into close contact with him, they were silent. And then the approvers came on the table.

It would seem to ordinary minds that the evidence of these ruffians, completely disproved on the score of self-contradiction, and rejected by the mixed jury at the Special Commission, should even be demanded again. But it was. The scene in the tent at Rathclare, the document of assassination duly signed, the supplementary evidence that was furnished to support and buttress a tottering cause, were all paraded again, until Daly, turning around to identify the prisoners, surprised the court by affirming that he could not swear to Edmond Connors; that to the best of his belief he was not there. Nowlan succeeded Daly, corroborated every word sworn to by that worthy, and wound up his evidence by the solemn declaration:—

“But there’s wan pris’ner there, that shouldn’t be there; and that’s as innocent as the babe unborn; and that is Edmond Connors. He had nayther hand, act, or part in the Doneraile Conspiracy!”

There clearly then was but one course. Jury consults; and hands down a paper to the Judge. And Edmond Connors is

dismissed from the dock—a free man. As he passed out with a courteous, but dignified :—

“ I thank ye, gintlemin !”
he felt a cold hand touch his own. He pressed it tightly, as much as to say :

“ Yes, I understand. I owe my life to you, for having protected your little child.”

Such is the strange magnetism that flashes from soul to soul in this world, when the mighty current is directed by kind thoughts, helpful deeds, and divinely-human sympathies.

He whiled away the day in handskakings from friends, and weeping congratulations from those who were dear to him. For the friends of all the other prisoners were there ; and where there was a common cause, there was a common triumph. He lingered around the city, though anxious to get home to his little paradise beneath the black hills. He felt himself bound in honor to wait and share the certain triumphant acquittal of the men whose shoulders touched his in the dock. But, as the evening shades closed in, and no news came from the court-house, he decided to get out the common cart, with its bed of straw and quilt, in which the peasantry then, and now, used to travel from place to place, and he made all his preparations for his night-journey homewards. Donal, his eldest son, was just turning his horse's head from the city, when a wild shout arrested them.

“ We might as well wait and be home with thim,” said the old man.

A few of the crowd came up. There was, alas ! no triumph on their faces, but the pallor of great fear.

“ What is it ? how did it turn ? ” asked the old man.

“ Wallis acquitted ; Lynch, convicted and sentenced to be hanged,” was the reply.

“ God preserve us ! ” said the old man. “ 'Tis only the turn of a hand between life and the grave.”

The crowd melted away ; and the two men, father and son, passed out beneath the stars.

After a good many exclamations of fear, anger, pride, joy, they both sank into silence, as the horse jogged on swiftly enough, for his head was turned to home. A thousand wild

thoughts chased one another through the old man's brain—the thought of his narrow escape from death, of the loyalty of that poor woman, of the strange instinct that had made him adopt her child—a deed of charity now requited a hundredfold. Then he looked forward and began to calculate the chances against the child. If the least whisper of the truth were known—and why should it not transpire at any moment?—he felt he could not retain the child, and this would be a breach of faith not only with the woman, but with all his own most cherished principles. He felt he needed an ally, and that ally should be his son, who had first discovered Nodlag, and who, when his father died, should succeed to the duty of her protector and father. But how could he break the terrible revelation? and how would Donal take it? Would he have manliness enough to rise above the traditions of his class and do what would be most noble and generous? Or would the inborn instincts of the Celt revolt at the thought that the child of such blood should be harbored as one of their family? It was really a cast of the die, how Donal would take it; but it was absolutely necessary to make the revelation, and, with a silent prayer to Him who sits above the stars, the old man coughed, and said:—

“Are you awake, Donal?”

“Yerra, why wouldn't I be awake?” said Donal, rubbing his eyes; for he had been dozing. “Where are we?”

“I knew you were dozing,” said his father; “and sure small blame to you. We're between the half-way house and Mallow.”

“The night is so dark,” said Donal, illogically, “I didn't know where we were. Did we pass the half-way house?”

“An hour ago,” said his father. “Don't you see the owld castle of Ballinamona over there on the height?”

“Sure enough,” said Donal. “We'll be in Mallow in an hour. I wandher what time is it?”

“Betune three and four in the mornin', I think,” said his father. “We'll have the light soon.”

“'Tis mortial cowl'd,” said his son, whipping up the horse. “Why didn't you stop at the half-way house? Sure any wan would want a dhrink to-night.”

The old man was silent. The occasion was not auspicious. Then he resolved it must be done.

"Donal?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I have somethin' to say to you that's on me mind. Did you notice annythin' in the Coort to-day?"

"Nothin' but the usual blagardin' and ruffianism," said Donal. "I'm glad we're done with judges, juries, and informers forever."

This staggered the old man; but he knit his brows and went on.

"Thin you didn't remark the evidence of Daly and Nowlan?"

"I did," said Donal, dryly. "Maybe the grace of God is tetching the ruffians; or, begobs, maybe they got a bribe."

"That's it," said the old man, gleefully. "They did. Daly was bribed."

"I didn't think you used do much in that way, sir," said Donal, half joking, half resenting. "An' it must take a big bribe to get thim ruffians to spake the truth."

"No, thin," said his father. "It was a little, weeshy bribe enough; and 'twas God sint it."

"I'm glad you're left to us, sir," said his son; "but, be all that's holy, I'd rather swing than tetch the palm of these thraitors to creed and counthry."

The omens were growing more inauspicious; but the old man was determined.

"Donal," said he, "can you keep a saycret?"

"Did you ever know me to blab anything you ever tould me?" said his son.

"No!" was the reply. "An' that's the raison why I'm goin' to tell you somethin' that I wouldn't tell to any wan livin', excep' the priest and yourself."

"It must be a grate saycret out an' out," said his son. "Perhaps you would want to sware me?"

"Yes, I do," said his father, "although the word of sich a son as you have been, Donal, is as good to me as if you kissed the Book! Pull up the horse for a minit!"

Donal drew the reins; and they came to a standstill on the hump of a little bridge that crossed a brawling river.

"Where are you?" said the old man, feeling for his son's hand, like the blind patriarch of old.

"Here, sir!" said Donal, placing his strong, rough hand in the palm of his father's hand, which instantly closed over it.

"I want you to swear by the Gospels which we haven't wid us, and by Him who wrote thim Gospels, that you'll never breathe to morchial bein' what I am tellin' ye now; do you swear?"

"I do," said the young man, rather frightened at the solemnity of the place and scene.

"Will you also swear that whin I am dead and gone, you will be a father to that child you found in the cowhouse a Christmas night?"

"Nodlag?" said Donal, utterly amazed.

"Yes, Nodlag," replied his father grasping the son's hand more tightly.

"Av coorse, if you wish it," said the son, reluctantly. "Whatever is there is yours; and will be mine only because you giv' it to me."

"An' I do give it to you, Donal, my son," said the old man affectionately. "For never did man rear a better boy than you. An' now go on, an' I'll tell you all. 'Twas little Nodlag whom you brought in from the cows that cowl'd, bitter night, that saved me from the gallows to-day."

Wondering, fearful, not knowing what to think, Donal whipped on the horse, and his father, sitting by him, commenced his dramatic tale.

"Do you remimber the women talkin' that night about the mad crachure who was carryin' about a bundle wid her at the Christmas time?"

"I do well. I saw her meself; and the devil's own bad tongue she had, especially for yerself," said Donal.

"Did you see her in Coort to-day?" said his father.

"No!" said Donal. "I can't say that I did."

"She was there thin," said the old man. "She bribed Daly and Nowlan in my favor; and Nodlag was the bribe."

"Thin she is Nodlag's mother?" cried Donal in amazement.

"She is," said his father, trying to suppress his excitement. "And now remember your oath, Donal. *She—is—Daly's wife!*"

The young man was so stunned by the information that he

remained speechless for some minutes, trying to piece things together. He was dazed by the information. Then, suddenly, the horror of the thing seemed to smite him, and he said, in a suppressed but terrible way :

"Thin, be all that's holy this blessed night, out she'll go on the road the minit I crass the thrishol."

"Is that the way you keep your oath?" said the father pleadingly.

"I'll say nothin' to no wan," replied his son. "But out she'll go; and may the divil fly away wid her an' all belongin' to her."

"There's more ways of breakin' an oath than by shpakin'," said his father. "You can't do what you say you'll do, but which," he added determinedly, "you *won't* do without tellin' what you know."

"Thin, who's to prevint me?" said his son sullenly.

"I'll prevint you, and God will prevint you," said the old man solemnly. "Glenanaar is mine till I dhop; and no wan will tetch that child so long as my name is Edmond Connors."

Donal knew well the iron determination of his father when he had made up his mind to a particular course of action; so he dropped his threatening manner, and pleaded with his father on another side.

"The Connors of Glenanaar were never disgraced till now," said he. "I never thought I'd see the day whin me father would bring shame and sorrow upon us."

"Dhop that, I say," said the old man, "or maybe only wan of us 'ud see your mother to-night."

"To think," said the young man, sullenly, "that the house that sheltered a dacent family for four ginerations should cover the child of an informer—oh, my God! how can we ever shtand it?"

"By houlding your tongue, and keeping your oath," said his father."

"And do you mane to say, or think, that this won't be known?" said Donal. "I tell you 'twill be known before a week's out; for there never yet was dug a grave that could keep a sacret deep enough from *thim we know*. And thin—thin they'll burn down the house before our eyes."

"The saycret is in God's keepin' and yours," said his father. "And *He* won't tell it."

There was a long silence between father and son, for now the day was breaking beyond the hills; and very soon the sun would be peeping above the dark shoulder of Knockroura. They soon entered the suburb beyond Mallow Bridge. Not a soul was stirring. Dogs barked at them from behind stable gates, as the deep wheels of the cart rumbled over rough stones; but these sounds of life were soon quiet, as they rolled over the wooden bridge that spanned the river, and heard the deep murmur of the waters beneath. Here, a sudden thought seemed to strike Donal; for he suddenly reined in the horse, and confronted his father.

"Father," said he in a trembling voice, "forgive me for what I said agen you just now. Sure I never thought that you were to blame. What could you know more than me that night you sint me to the cowhouse? Sure, I ought to know that if you knew that night who it was we were bringin' in to our house, you'd have towld me to thrun her out in the pit. Father," said he dubiously, noticing the silence of the old man, "say you never knew that it was an informer's child you were bringin' in upon a dacent flure that night; an' I'll forget all."

"I knew it well," said the old man solemnly. "'Twas I asked the mother to lave her child wid us."

Donal said not a word, but whipped up his horse. In the afternoon of that day, he made up his mind that his father had gone mad. The terrors of death and disgrace had unhinged his mind. It was all a pure fabrication of a demented mind. And he felt he could now keep the secret well. Time would reveal everything, if there was anything to reveal. Meanwhile he would watch and note all things carefully. And—Donal felt a real glow of pleasure as the thought occurred to him—they could keep *Nodlag*, who, unknown to himself, had really grown into his great, big heart.

Edmond Connors felt a sensible relief when, as they jogged along the road homewards, Donal manifested the greatest concern about him; and, once or twice, whistled softly to himself the *Cailin deas Criúidhte nam-bó*.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

NOTES ON THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRAE."

STANZAS I-III.

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

AS has been already announced in these pages, THE DOLPHIN has obtained from Mr. Orby Shipley, the veteran Catholic hymnologist, who has recently become the literary heir of Mr. Warren, the copy of Mr. Warren's MS. work on the English versions of the *Dies Irae*. This MS. was subsequently enlarged by its author to include additional quotations from recent translations of the hymn, and formed thus the basis of his published volume. Instead of enlarging the MS. work as Mr. Warren thought proper to do for the sake of completeness, it is proposed, in this issue and the following issues of THE DOLPHIN, to condense it into narrower limits by omitting much of the illustration borrowed from the vast number of English versions of the hymn, and retaining almost exclusively the valuable lessons to be derived from a study of those versions. Despite the great industry of translators of the hymn, it is evident that there is still room for the conscientious and cultivated labors of those who would desire to see it rendered adequately into English verse; and perhaps one of the best means to such an end is the study of the faults into which previous translators have fallen. While Mr. Warren discusses this phase of the *Dies Irae*, the Rev. Dr. Henry, in his accompanying articles, discusses the more general phases of the literary history of the Hymn. It is thus planned, within the limits of these papers, to furnish our readers with a conspectus of the *Dies Irae* which shall satisfy all the lovers of "the greatest of all uninspired hymns." The hymn naturally divides itself into two parts: the "epic" or descriptive stanzas (i-vi) and the "lyric" (vii-xvii). The remaining six lines, beginning with *Lacrimosa dies illa*, are evidently not a part of the original poem, comprising as they do two rhymed and one unrhymed couplet, while the hymn is written exclusively in triplets. In the present issue of THE DOLPHIN the first three stanzas will be treated; and in the following issues the remainder of the hymn.—EDITOR.

The Hymn.

1. Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

The Sibyl quoted in the third line is supposed by Mohnike to be the Erythræan in those well-known lines ("Orac. Sib.," viii, 216 *et seq.*) forming the acrostic *Ἰχθὺς* on the name of our Saviour. Eusebius gives the Greek original in the "Constantini Oratio," chap. xviii, and St. Augustine has them partly in Latin in the "Civitas Dei," xviii, 23, thus beginning—

"Judicii signum tellus sudore madescet."

That this is the genuine third line of the hymn there can be, if any, little doubt: but the Mantua Marble, at least as given by Charisius, reads *Teste Petro*, and the Parisian Missal substituted without any authority a new line altogether, *Crucis expandens vexilla*, placing it between the two original ones.

There has been a very general disposition among translators to fight shy of the *Sibyl*: for though few besides those mentioned above have boldly taken the *Crucis* line, many while keeping the original, like Sylvester and Drummond, have, like them, turned it generally so as to shirk the word *Sibyl*. There are, in fact, fewer than fifty who have used the word itself, of whom five have made it plural, one uses it with the *indefinite* article, "a Sibyl," and three versions, singularly in authorship, the Rosarists', the *Bona Mors* version, and the Quakers', strangely have it in the original form of *Sibylla*, *David and Sibylla say*. There seems, however, authority for thus using the word in English: see Bingham (Orig. Eccl. I, ii, 7), where he uses the phrase, "Sibylla their own prophetess."

On this head two curiosities are to be found in American versions: the use of the word *priestess* in one which is marked in my note-book as "altogether worthless;" and more singular still, the replacing of David by *Virgil* in another by the Rev. Charles Rockwell, which I have been unable to procure, though this first stanza is quoted by Dr. Schaff. It is thus—

"Day of wrath, O direful day,
Earth in flames shall pass away,
Virgil and the Sibyl say,"

and the writer must of course have had in his mind the famous lines where Virgil quotes the Cumæan Sibyl in the fourth Bucolic—

"Ultima Cumaei venit jam carminis aetas,
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo :
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto."¹

Still, he can hardly have supposed this the passage alluded to by Thomas of Celano, and his reference to Virgil is thus somewhat unaccountable. Virgil is used in mediæval mysteries as a heathen witness to Christ.

Of those versions which turn the original line generally, almost all use such words as *seer* or *prophet*; one or two turn it more generally still, as Dean Disney's *Great theme of inspiration's lyre*; while there are again one or two who so dilute the verse that they cannot be said to have taken either reading. Of this class Worsley is a specimen, whose verse—

"Day of anger, day of wonder
When the world shall roll asunder,
Quenched in fire and smoke and thunder"—

can only be described by the favorite modern word *sensational*. But all this will be more fully set out in the tabulation of renderings at the end of the remarks on each verse; and any repetitions, sometimes perhaps unavoidable, must, and it is hoped will, be pardoned.

Many translators appear to have set before themselves no very distinct idea whether they shall be as literal as possible, or more or less paraphrastic: thus you shall see verses here and there absolutely literal, and anon you shall find others departing from their text to all appearance uncompeled. Of this an example may be seen in this very first verse. The plain prosaic translation, such as Lord Macaulay's school boy or any other would give, is simply "the day of wrath, that day, shall dissolve the world in ashes;" but the vast majority of translators, instead of simply taking *dies irae*, *dies illa*, as two nominatives in apposition governing the verb *solvet*, have made an apostrophe of

¹ "The virgin has returned again,
Returned the old Saturnian reign,
And golden age once more."

one or both of them ; with in the latter case this result, that they appear (I trust it is only appearance) to take *saeclum* as the nominative to *solvet*, and *solvet* as a neuter verb, which it never is ;² and thus they alter the idea in a way which, if justifiable in a paraphrase, is hardly so in a literal version. Nor is it for the better ; for though it is a bold thing, and demands an apology, to differ from so many, I can hardly think that the majesty of the poem is increased by an apostrophe. Thomas of Celano thought none to be necessary ; why should we think otherwise ? In the third verse of the Mantuan text there is perhaps one in the weak inversion, *Dies illa, dies irae* ; but even that text is not improved by it.

Another point which demands consideration, and which partly depends upon the former, is the liberty which many writers have taken of changing the tense from the future to the present throughout. No doubt the present tense may be managed as a historical present, so as clearly to shew forth the future meaning which is to be given to it by the reader ; and Dr. Dobbin has skilfully managed this by beginning with the following emphatic verse—

“Cometh the day, that day of ire,
When melts the universe in fire,
By Sibyl sung and David’s lyre.”

The prominence here given to the word *cometh* marks the sense which the present tense is to have throughout ; but without some such note of meaning as this it seems better to preserve the future. Thus the familiar Dr. Irons, in his version in H.A.M., hardly brings out enough in his first verse the notion of the *coming* of the day of wrath ; apostrophizing a day is not to say the day will come ; if he had used the future tense it would have been different ; but when he goes on *O what fear man’s bosom rendeth* all seems vague, the occasion of the fear seems insufficiently defined even by the succeeding line, and the use of the present tense hardly gives so much force and vigor as the writer probably intended it should give.

But I must not find fault too liberally ; and a really good translator will hardly need such warnings as he might get from ungrammatical first verses like Dr. Coles’—

² The American, Dr. Stryker, has actually made this blunder in a literal prose version which he has printed, but which I have thought it needless to reproduce.

"Day of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning"—³

or from far-fetched participles entailed on a man by the exigencies of double rhyme.

No; it will be a pleasanter task to call attention to a few really good first verses. And as it has hitherto been necessary to speak rather badly of the American versions, one of those shall be put first, which is as good as any that I have seen.

"The day of anger, ah that day,
Shall melt the world in flames away,
This David and the Sibyl say."

In this, by Mr. Henry MacDonald, *ah that day* must be taken as a parenthesis, and then the simplicity of the wording and the emphasis of the last line are both very good points in its favor.

Of those which are now commonly inserted in hymnals, the best is perhaps Isaac Williams'—

"Day of wrath, that awful day
Shall the bannered cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away."

These following vary somewhat from the ordinary style—

"Nigher still and still more nigh
Draws the day of prophecy,
Doomed to melt the earth and sky."

—*Caswall.*

"Dawns the day, the day of dread,
Fast the fires of ruin spread,
David with the Sibyl said."

—"Messenger of the Sacred Heart," 1875.

Before passing on it may be well to point out a singular mistake made by another Roman Catholic translation, which is believed to be an early one of Father Aylward, in the "Crown of Jesus," 1862—

³ The writer probably intended a relative to be supplied, "Day of wrath concerning which Seer and Sibyl speak;" but it is hardly a fit case for such an omission.

“Day of wrath, that day of woe,
Doomed to melt all things below,
Psalms and Sibyl-songs foreshew.”

The translator's difficulty for a rhyme has caused him to restrict the day of judgment to the earth—all things *below*—forgetting that “the *heavens* being on fire shall be dissolved.” (Dorian N.T.)

In the tabulated views⁴ of which I am now about to give the first, it will be seen, first, that they relate chiefly to words, phrases, and turns of expression, and therefore if any line does not admit of insertion in such a table it is omitted; and, secondly, I have to premise that slight differences in the order of the same words are occasionally disregarded; thus, for instance, *David and the Sibyl* and *The Sibyl and David* would be placed under the same head. The versions also not in triplets are sometimes, not admitting of insertion, left out; and in short, though the tabulations may be considered correct as far as they go, they are not to be taken as altogether exhaustive.

Line i.—Wrath, 40; anger, 7; ire, 6; vengeance, 4; judgment, 2; fury, horror, doom, each 1.

Dread, dreaded, dreadful, 12; awful, 6.

Line ii.—World, 25; heaven, 2; earth, 19; heaven and earth, 10; earth and sky, 2; earth and time, 1; time, 2; ages, 2; universe, 2.

Ashes, 31; dust, 3; dust and ashes, 2; fire, 12; flame, 10; smoke, 1; embers, 2; *crumbling* fire, 1; fire and smoke and thunder, 1.

Melt, 17; consume, 4; dissolve, 4; lay (in ashes), 11; turn (to ashes), 3; burn, 3; expire, 2; fade, flee.

Line iii.—Reading *Sibylla*. David and Sibyl, 27; Seer and Sibyl, 9; Seer and Psalmist, 6; Sibyl and Psalmist, 3; Oracle and Psalmist, 1; Sibyl and Prophet, 5; Psalm and Sibyl, 6; David and Seer, 4; Saint and Seer, 3; David (alone), 1; Seer (alone), 2; Seer and *heathen*, 1; *all* Seers, 1; Prophet and Priestess, 1; Zion, 1; Scripture, 2.

Reading *Crucis*. Bannered cross, 3; banner of the cross, 1; cross (simply), 3; sign, 1.

⁴ Many of the latter versions are not included.

2. Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

As indeed all through the Hymn, a simple rendering is here the best; "weird horrors," for instance, should be avoided, which a Roman Catholic writer (Mr. Charles Kent, Barrister-at-Law) in the *Month* of November, 1874, has inserted. The additional idea of some is not only useless, but wrong, as this line of Mr. Samuel Watson (*Belford's Magazine*, Toronto, May, 1878)—

"When the Judge shall come *in glooming*;"

the writer probably remembered that our Lord will come in a cloud, which is no doubt true, but the cloud will be a bright one.

The verse is not one of the most difficult to turn, but yet most translators seem to have diluted it more or less, and some unfortunately by sinking the last line, which is just what should be prominent; so Archdeacon Rowan of Ardfert, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal* for June, 1849—

"Lo, that solemn Advent nearing,
How the nations mazed and fearing
Wait their Judge's reappearing."

The point in this last line is of course in the word *discussurus*, not so much to judge as to search and thoroughly, *stricte*, lay bare. To express the idea, the word *assize* is not a bad one; I do not, however, find that many translators have used it here, though there are examples in James Dymock, 1687, and in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, 1875; and others have used the word in the fourth verse and at the end of the hymn. Mr. Copeland's version—

"What a trembling far and near,
When the Judge shall straight appear
Winnowing all with fan severe"—

is the only instance of an allusion to the text, "Whose fan is in His hand," though it is not very uncommon to introduce a kindred idea by the use of the word "sift." Another metaphor, as might be expected, is sometimes suggested by the use of the word "weigh."

Line i.—Fear, 24; trembling, 17; terror, 14; tremor, 4; dread, 6; horror, 2.

Of several other words, such as fright, agony, distress, there are solitary instances.

Line ii.—Judge, all but universal; avenger, 1; “judgment sign,” 1. Christ, Christ Jesus, Redeemer, each once used.

Epithets. Great, 3; severe, 3; dread, dreadful, 2; impartial, 2; sore, strict, high, righteous, tremendous, omniscient, potent.

Line iii.—So very variously dealt with as to hinder classing.

3. Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.”

The trumpet gives a wondrous sound, but there is no need to say that it “blares,” as Dr. Macgill, 1876, and two or three writers of America do.

“Blares aloud that tramp of thunder,
Crashing, waking death in wonder,
Citing all the white throne under.”

—*Dr. Macgill.*

One is reminded of Lord Tennyson's line, “Warble, O bugle, and, trumpet blare”—the word may do very well for military music to welcome the Princess of Wales, but it cannot suit the trumpet of the last day of judgment. Of the Americans who have used it, one is Dr. Coles, who in another version calls the sound a “reverberating roar;” this is even worse. The word itself, *trumpet* or *trump*, is used almost without exception; W. J. Blew turns it into an “unearthly clarion”⁵ in a verse which is an example of what I have called the sensational style; and two or three others simply speak of “the blast.”

“Hear the unearthly clarion knelling
Through dim vault and charnel dwelling,
All before the throne compelling.”

—*Blew.*

If this characteristic of the sound is to be emphasized, a simple way of doing it is “with loudest crash” (*The Lamp*, 1856), and if the

⁵ The word *clarion* had been used before in the “Bona Mors” version.

blast is to be attributed to any agent, it should be to the Almighty Himself—"the voice of the archangel and the trump (*tuba*) of God"—it would seem that to give the trump to the archangel, as is sometimes done, is a sort of confusion arising from the seven apocalyptic trumpets. Still, Dean Stanley and other writers have made the trump an angelic one; and it is indeed very few who have made it divine. Among these few are the Rosarists, and, later, Dr. Coles, in two of his versions; in his freer version in couplets he has taken the fuller idea of St. Paul as above—the lines, except the "dreadful shrieks," are good—

"What dreadful shrieks the air shall rend
When all shall see the Judge descend,
And hear the Archangel's echoing shout
From heavenly spaces ringing out.
The trump of God with quickening breath
Shall pierce the silent realms of death
And sound the summons in each ear,
Arise, thy Maker calls: appear."

While another American, calling himself "Somniator," though also introducing both the Almighty and the angel, has curiously enough exactly reversed St. Paul's expression, and written of *The archangel's trump, the voice of God*.

The other points to be noticed are the force of *regiones* and *coget*. The *regions* being, of course, in strictness the four quarters of the earth—the four corners, as Dr. Coles in one version has it—this idea, or a kindred one, should be preserved (but let no one go after Mr. Justice O'Hagan and rhyme *regions* with *obedience*), whereas such generalities as *tombs of earth, death's dominions, caves sepulchral, earth's myriad graveyards, dark and dusty dwellings (sic)*, lose sight of it; also to translate the *regiones* into kingdoms, or as Mr. Copeland has it, *empires*, is an error—the word has not, that I can find, this sense at all; a good general rendering is perhaps "death's valley" (Miss Pearson, an American lady). *Coget*, too, must not be watered down into a mere statement of the fact that the dead will come—the blast brings them. But to find a word is difficult; *summon* and *bid* are perhaps hardly strong enough, for a summons and a bidding may be disregarded. So indeed may a citation, but we know at once that if it be, further steps are often taken; and though this is true also, and indeed more universally true, of a "summons" in the technical

sense, yet this sense is not so evident in the word *summon* as in *cite*; *cite* therefore has more of the required force, and is preferable. Of other words which have not this technical sense about them, *force* and *hale*, though quite strong enough, seem not sufficiently dignified; *compel* is probably as good a word as can be found; *bring up* is less common, and thus perhaps better still. It should be said that unless otherwise stated all words suggested are actually found in at least one version. A fine, solemn line is the Rev. A. T. Russel's (1851), *To the tomb the trumpet calleth*.

On the whole, then, some of the best and simplest renderings of this third verse appear to be these—

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>“The trumpet’s wonder-working tone Through graves in every region blown Shall hale us all before the throne.”</p> | <p>“Hark the trumpet’s wondrous tone Through the tombs of every zone, Summons all before the throne.”</p> |
|--|---|

—*Dr. Philip Schaff*, 1869.

—*H. F. Macdonald (America)*.

For its singular metre and word in the last line, this, of which a specimen has not yet been given, must be quoted—

The dismal trumpet with sad tone
Sounds to the grave of every one
To rise and rendez-vous before His Throne.”

—*Anon.*, 1694 (“*Thomas à Kempis*”).

Line i.—Trumpet, 56; trumpets in plural, 1; trump, 32; clarion, 3; “trump of clarion,” 1; blast (alone), 2; *other additional words*: tone, 18; sound, 13; voice, 3; blare (noun), 3; blare (verb), 1.

Epithets. Wondrous, 18; awful, 6; thrilling, 4; dreadful, 3; startling, 2; thundering, fearful, unearthly, shrill, hoarse, terrific, astounding, mysterious.

Line ii.—Cannot well be classed.

Line iii.—Verbs representing *coget*: Summon, 15; compel, 11; call, 10; bid, 5; gather, 6; cite, 3; bring, 3; force, 4; drive, 3; muster, 2; hale, command, constrain.

COMMENT ON THE "DIES IRAE."

STANZAS I-III.

I.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

I.

The day of wrath, that day
Shall reduce the world to glowing ashes,
So saith David, with the Sibyl.

All lovers of the great hymn will probably find Mr. Warren's "Notes" quite as interesting as they undoubtedly are valuable. Assuredly, the task of the translator is herculean. His many failures are so many confessions: "I am haunted," we can almost hear him say, "by the subtle melody of the Latin original, by the triple verse of the strophe, by the cadenced rhyme falling upon my ear with the rhythmic insistence of sledge upon anvil:—

' Could I but speak it and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should once more have a poet
Such as it had'
In the ages glad
Long ago'—

that is, such as it had in the humble Franciscan friar in that marvellous age known to the ecclesiast, the schoolman, the artist, the poet, as the Thirteenth Century of the Christian Era. But English is a rugged speech, and Latin a mellifluous tongue; trochaic verse singularly accords with the genius of a syntax not hinged upon the unavoidable particles of my own language, but moving upon the oiled courses of inflectional speech; continuous trochaic rhyming, so natural to a vocabulary that knows no accent on the final syllable of a word, is a practical impossibility—so declareth Mr. Warren—in English. So much for the mere external form that thus, 'baffles and lures me so.' But the crystalline condensation of the idea possible to the Latin, the amber-like solidity yet lucidity of the phrase—how shall I imitate that? *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*, in my forced acceptance of the intractable trochaic opening of each verse. English expression lends itself so naturally to iambic metre that nearly all of our verse is iambic;

but how dare I sacrifice to such a necessity the incomparable melody of the Latin masterpiece?"

The particles and accents of English do indeed make iambic the most facile of all metres and trochaic (and for a similar reason, dactylic) the most difficult. But the difficulty of the double rhyming essential to pure trochaic lines is well-nigh insurmountable. Mr. Warren has demonstrated this difficulty *a posteriori* in such an admirable fashion as to leave nothing to be desired. But it is not *de trop* to quote in this connection General Dix's rather humorous allusion to the difficulty, in his comment on his own translation of the first stanza:

(1863.)

Day of vengeance without morrow,
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow.

"It is this stanza," wrote the General, "which has always proved most troublesome to translators, and it is the one with which I was dissatisfied more than with any other in my translation when I allowed it to go to the press. My dissatisfaction was greatly increased a few years later on finding in one of Thackeray's novels—I do not at this moment recollect which—a passage somewhat like this: 'When a man is cudgeling his brains to find any other rhymes for "sorrow" than "borrow" and "morrow," he is nearer the end of his woes than he imagines': I felt instinctively that any one familiar with this passage would, on reading my translation, be conscious, at the very commencement, of a sense of the ludicrous altogether incompatible with the solemnity of the subject. I therefore resolved, at my earliest leisure, to attempt the production of an improved version of the first stanza; and in doing so I remodelled several others, to make them conform more nearly to the original . . . How successful I have been in the change I have made in the first two lines of the stanza I am at a loss to determine. I can only say that, after an elaborate effort, it was the best I could do."¹ This is General Dix's revision of the stanza:

¹ *Memoirs of John A. Dix*, II, pp. 233-4.

(1875.)

Day of vengeance, lo! that morning
 On the earth in ashes dawning,
 David with the Sybil warning.

Quite apart from the question of the bad rhyming of "dawning" with "warning" and "morning," the revision has dropped out of sight the important future tense of the Latin—a tense faithfully reproduced in the first draft; and in addition to this distinct loss, there is in the whole stanza an uncomfortable suggestion of the "ablative absolute" construction which is found only in the first line of the first draft. The old wine was the best, and the General has but added one more to the many illustrations of the thesis maintained by Dr. Coles² (who translated the hymn eighteen times), that no single version can reflect the totality of the original:

"To preserve, in connection with the utmost fidelity and strictness of rendering, all the rhythmic merits of the Latin original,—to attain to a vital likeness as well as to an exact literalness, at the same time that nothing is sacrificed of its musical sonorousness and billowy grandeur, easy and graceful in its swing as the ocean on its bed,—to make the verbal copy, otherwise cold and dead, glow with the fire of lyric passion,—to reflect, and that too by means of a single version, the manifold aspects of the many-sided original, exhausting at once its wonderful fulness and pregnancy,—to cause the white light of the primitive so to pass through the medium of another language as that it shall undergo no refraction whatever,—would be desirable, certainly, were it practicable; but so much as this it were unreasonable to expect in a single version."

Dr. Coles thus apologizes for his *tour de force* in making so many versions. It is doubtful, to say the least, whether the success of his effort can be considered as having justified it; and his *apologia* is quoted here merely as a rhetorical summary of the difficulties crowding hard upon the translator. The untranslatableness of the hymn is also testified to by the Rev. Mr. Duffield, who confessed that he thought his sixth version had not carried him "one inch" beyond his first.

² *Dies Irae in Thirteen Original Versions*, 5th ed., p. 33.

I.—DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA.

Doubtless one of the elements of difficulty found in translating the first stanza arises from the startling suddenness with which the poet ushers in his theme : *Dies irae, dies illa*. Without premonitory hint of any kind, "as in the twinkling of an eye" (as St. Paul strikingly puts it), we are brought face to face with the one thing we would have farthest removed from our thoughts. The awful pageant of convulsed nature³—the roarings

³ The "signs and wonders" heralding the Day of Judgment are very strikingly set forth in W. G. Palgrave's poem (written in 1844, when the full tide of British versions of the *Dies Irae* had set in but a few years) entitled "The Eve of the Day of Judgment." Our readers will pardon us if we quote it entire in this connection, partly as a vivid description of the preludings of the Last Trumpet, partly as an introduction to the great hymn itself, and partly as an illustration of a curious stanzaic and rhymic scheme—the last word of each stanza rhyming with the four lines of the succeeding stanza, while the last word of the last stanza rhymes with the four lines of the first, a complete cycle of rhyme being thus completed :

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| When he comes Who died on Tree | Ships that mid the waters fare |
| Signs and wonders there shall be | Sink tho' smooth the waves and fair, |
| In the earth and air and sea, | Birds shall fall through yielding air, |
| Horror and perplexity | Earth the tread refuse to bear |
| On the quick and dead. | And asunder start. |
| Darkness o'er the earth shall spread, | Wearied all, amazed, apart |
| Earth shall reel beneath the tread, | Shall remain with speechless smart, |
| Strange amazement overhead, | Failing eyes and sickening heart, |
| Round them shall be fear and dread | Longing till the shadows part |
| As a troubled dream. | And the darkness hie. |
| All shall strange and altered seem, | They for death aloud shall cry, |
| As from some unwonted gleam, | But before them death shall fly ; |
| Plain or mountain, marsh or stream, | Ever present to their eye, |
| Other shew than we did deem | Yet their prayer shall he deny, |
| Mid the mist and rain. | Mocking at their moan. |
| Forms the eye may not retain | Rock and water, wood and stone, |
| Shall be seen and lost again, | With a lamentable groan, |
| Sounds be heard of broken strain, | Him Who sits upon the Throne |
| Frequent on the shaded plain | Call to haste and take His own, |
| Or the lonely way. | And no more delay. |
| Near when draws that wrathful day | Yet ere dawn the eternal day |
| Nature's bonds shall all decay ; | Such long night must wear away ; |
| Stone from stone shall drop away, | <i>If before it such dismay,</i> |
| Wood from wood and clay from clay, | <i>What shall be that very Day,</i> |
| Nought be constant there. | <i>What that Judgment be ?</i> |

of the sea, the stars falling from heaven, the darkened sun and moon, and the moving of the powers of heaven—prophesied by our Saviour, was no doubt in the poet's mind when he wrote ; but none of these terrors does he picture for us—nor even the fore-heralding of these in the moral convulsions in the nations of the earth—as an introduction to the Day itself. With a frightful abruptness the theme is announced ; but the Scriptural text—a classical one in Latin—on which the hymn is built made that abruptness not inartistic in the Latin, while the absence of a similar classical text in English allows the translator to stumble blindly for an opening line that shall, like the original, seem like a blast blown from the very "trump of God" itself. The Latin text, namely, was that of the prophet Sophonias (I, 15 : 16) :

Dies irae, dies illa
dies tribulationis et angustiae,
dies calamitatis et miseriae,
dies tenebrarum et caliginis,
dies nebulae et turbinis,
dies tubae et clangoris

Such is doubtless the inspirational text of the hymn, furnishing it at once with the *motif* and the first utterance thereof. The "tuba" is heard throughout ; but what similar classic and conventional text do we find in English ? "That day is a day of wrath" is the rendering of the text into English. Its Biblical use would fit it for the office of "first line" in an English version of the hymn, and no other rendering could be anything else than a weak dilution of its simple, direct strength. It must be the final English rendering ; but, unfortunately, that rendering is not rhythmical, and no amount of tortuous ingenuity can make it rhythmical.

It would be a curious and interesting experiment to give a paraphrase of the *Dies Irae* in a similar series of rhyme-coupled stanzas. The metre—trochaic 7s—is a favorite one with translators of the hymn. The marvellous triple trochaic rhyming of the original would indeed be lost ; but its absence could in a measure be atoned for by a certain soberness and solemnity found in the repetition of the fourfold rhyme :

O that day, the day of ire,
When in vast consuming fire
Earth and Time at length expire,
David's psalm and Sibyl's lyre
Did of old foreshow.

Ah, how many a dying throe
Heaven and earth shall undergo
When the Judge of weal and woe
Comes in flaming after-glow
All their deeds to try ! etc.

"Stat difficultas" for the translator; and the difficulty stares him in the face at the very commencement of his task—is indeed the very threshold of the mansion he would enter. If at least an approximate conformity to the original rhythm were not so desirable as it is in such a hymn, it would indeed be possible to translate the opening line with absolute literalness:

The Day of wrath—that day
Shall melt the earth away,
As Saint and Sybil say.

An interesting illustration of the startling suddenness of the opening line is furnished by Sir Walter Scott's fragment of the hymn introduced into the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Even with an introductory warning, how suddenly the grand line bursts upon the ear!

"The mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song:
Dies irae, dies illa!
Solvat saeculum in favilla:
While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung:

That day of wrath, that dreadful day!
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When shrivelling like a parched scroll
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet and yet more dread
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

The author of the Mantuan Marble text apparently shared the same feeling that the abruptness of the first line of the hymn demanded some kind of introduction; and accordingly he begins with a quiet warning:

Cogita, anima fidelis,
Ad quid respondere velis
Christo venturo de coelis,—

Think, O Christian soul, and sigh—
Unto what thou must reply,
When Christ cometh from the sky!
—Version of DR. IRONS (1848)—

and follows on with the three stanzas already printed in the November issue of *THE DOLPHIN*. Doubtless for the same reason a certain Stephanus Proisthinius, who attributed the authorship of the hymn to St. Bernard, includes for the hymn the following prologue:

Cum recordor moriturus
Quid post mortem sim futurus
Terror terret me venturus
Quem expecto non securus.
Terret dies me terroris,
Dies irae ac furoris,
Dies luctus ac moeroris,
Dies ultrix peccatoris,
Dies Irae, dies illa, etc.

When I, doomed to certain death,
Think what follows my last breath,
Grips me now that coming terror
Shadowed forth as from a mirror:
Day of tumult and of clangor,
Day of vengeance and of anger,
Day of grief and tears and wailing,
Day of vengeance all-prevailing,
Day of wrath, that awful morning, etc.

These verses, however, antedate the hymn, and are found in a MS. of the twelfth century, where they form part of a long hymn of nearly 400 lines which was published for the first time in complete form by Edélestand du Meril in his *Poésies Populaires du Moyen Age*, and afterwards by Mone.

So, too, Goethe in the Church Scene in *Faust* makes Mephistopheles suggest the unhappy earthly future of Marguerite, before the choir utters the terrors of the unearthly future in the words:

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla.

It is an interesting fact that the two grandest of all the mediæval hymns should have had for their first lines almost startlingly abrupt quotations from the Scriptures. Thus the *Stabat Mater*, by another Franciscan, Jacopone da Todi, commences with a quotation from St. John (19: 25). The quotations from Sophonias and St. John are only two out of the well-nigh innumerable illus-

trations of the splendid familiarity of the world of the Middle Ages with the Scriptures of both the Old and the New Testament. How could D'Aubigné and Milner have written as they did on this subject?

II.—SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA.

Mr. Warren notes that some translators make an apostrophe of the first line, and are thus forced to render *solvet* intransitively: "They appear to take *saeclum* as the nominative to *solvet*, and *solvet* as a neuter verb, which it never is." He thinks that if such a rendering is ever justifiable in a poetic paraphrase, it can not be so in a literal translation. Apropos, a certain M. W. Stryker published, some ten years after Mr. Warren's essay (not then elaborated into the volume which he afterwards published) was written, a little volume on the *Dies Irae*, which served the purpose of printing the Latin text with a "Literal Prose Translation," and two versified renderings of his own. It is one of the latest volumes which have appeared on the subject, and on consulting it, I find the first stanza translated literally just in the way Mr. Warren deprecates:

Day of wrath! that day!
The age shall dissolve in glowing embers,
David with the Sibyl being witness.

The exclamation-points indicate clearly that the translator is indirectly apostrophizing the "Day." The confusion of ideas in rendering *solvet* sometimes transitively, sometimes intransitively, perhaps arises from the fact that the English *dissolve* may be used in either way, while the Latin *solvet* can be used only transitively. Mr. Stryker evidently makes *saeclum* the subject of *solvet*, instead of the object. The word *solvet* is taken directly from II Peter 3: 10-12: "Adveniet autem dies Domini, ut fur: in quo coeli magno impetu transient, elementa vero calore *solventur*, terra autem et quae in ipsa sunt opera exurentur. Cum igitur haec omnia *dissolvenda* sint . . . properantes in adventum diei Domini per quem caeli ardentes *solventur*, et elementa ignis ardore tabescent—(But the day of the Lord shall come as a thief: in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the

elements shall be melted with heat, and the earth and the works which are in it shall be burnt up. Seeing then that all these things are to be *dissolved*," etc.).

Mr. Warren remarks that out of his collection of versions, 31 render the word *favilla*, ashes; 3, dust; 2, dust and ashes; 12, fire; 10, flame; 1, smoke; 1, embers; 1, fire and smoke and thunder; 1, crumbling fire. Of all these, "embers" would seem to be the best translation—but glowing embers would be a better one. For the poet chose a strikingly vivid word in *favilla*, which does not merely mean "ashes," but "glowing" ashes or embers. The world shall indeed be destroyed; but the whirlwind of fire shall scarce have consumed it ere the judgment begin.

III.—TESTE DAVID CUM SYBILLA.

The Mantuan text has *Petro* instead of *David*. The testimony of Peter is found in his second Epistle (chapter 3, verse 7): "But the heavens and the earth which now are . . . are . . . reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of the ungodly men;" and again (verse 10): "But the day of the Lord shall come as a thief: in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the elements shall be melted with great heat, and the earth and the works which are in it, shall be burnt up." While such texts as these would naturally suggest the name of Peter, it is probable that they were not in the mind of the singer, who had found in his daily psalmody so many allusions of David's to the great Day: "He shall rain snares upon sinners; fire and brimstone and storms of winds shall be the portion of their cup" (Ps. 10: 7); "God shall come manifestly, our God shall come, and shall not keep silence. A fire shall burn before him; and a mighty tempest shall be round about him. He shall call heaven from above; and the earth, to judge his people. Gather ye together his saints to him; who set his covenant before sacrifices. And the heavens shall declare his justice; for God is judge" (Ps. 49: 3-6); and finally: "In the beginning, O Lord, thou foundedst the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou remainest; and all of them shall grow old like a garment. And as a vesture thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed" (Ps. 101: 26-28).

Mr. Warren notes the various renderings of the line. Let us add that General Dix had first translated it

“As from saint and seer we borrow,”

but revised it into

“David and the Sibyl warning,”

for the curious reason that “it was not quite orthodox to style King David a saint, though he was in his latter days a model of true penitence. Besides, I believe there is a Saint David in the calendar, and there is danger of confounding them.”

A few French missals have omitted the line and have introduced an entirely new one—

Crucis expandens vexilla,—

which is placed in the middle of the stanza. The omission attempts apparently to avoid a reference to the Sibyl. Dean Trench accounts for the change by the supposition of “an unwillingness to allow a Sibyl to appear as bearing witness to Christian truth;” and he thinks the reference to the Sibyl “quite in the spirit of the early and mediæval theology. In those uncritical ages the Sibylline verses were not seen to be that transparent forgery which indeed they are; but were continually appealed to as only second to the Sacred Scriptures in prophetic authority; thus on this very matter of the destruction of the world, by Lactantius, *Inst. Div.*, vii, 16–24; cf. Piper, *Method. d. Christl. Kunst*, p. 472–507; those, with other heathen testimonies of the same kind, being not so much subordinated to more legitimate prophecy, as coördinated with it, the two being regarded as parallel lines of prophecy, the Church’s and the World’s, and consenting witness to the same truths. Thus is it in a curious mediæval mystery on the Nativity, published in the *Journal des Savans*, 1846, p. 88. It is of simplest construction. One after another patriarchs, and prophets, and kings of the Old Covenant advance and repeat their most remarkable word about Him that should come; but side by side with them a series of heathen witnesses, *Virgil*, on the ground of his fourth eclogue, *Nebuchadnezzar* (Dan. 3: 25), and the *Sibyl*; and that it was the writer’s intention to

parallelize the two series, and to show that Christ had the testimony of both, is plain from some opening lines of the prologue:—

‘ O Judaei, Verbum Dei
Qui negatis, Hominem
Vestrae legis, testem Regis
Audite per ordinem.

Et vos, gentes, non credentes
Peperisse virginem,
Vestrae gentis documentis
Pellite caliginem.’

And such is the meaning here—‘That such a day shall be has the witness of inspiration, of David,—and of mere natural religion, of the Sibyl—Jew and Gentile alike bearing testimony to the truths which we Christians believe.’ All this makes it certain that we should read *Teste David*, and not *Teste Petro*.” We may not enter upon a discussion of the authenticity or genuineness of the Sibylline books. Billuart remarks that while some reject the books and oracles as Christian figments, and others accept them, perhaps the juster opinion is that neither are the oracles Christian figments nor are they genuine and incorrupt (*Tract. de Incarn.*, Diss. II, Digr. II). For a somewhat extended discussion, the volume *Prophéties* of Migne’s *Encyc. Theol.*, article *Sibylles*, may prove acceptable. The author despatches the question of the authenticity, etc., of the oracles in a concluding summary: “Le lecteur . . . fera bien de ne conserver les vers sibyllins que comme un objet de pure curiosité, nous ne disons pas de littérature, et sans y attacher une plus grande importance.”

Mohnike thinks that the author of *Dies Irae* had in mind the verses of the Erythraean Sibyl, which Eusebius gives in Greek (forming the well-known acrostic, Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ υἱὸς σωτήρ—Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour) and which St. Augustine quotes, in a Latin translation which attempts to preserve, poorly enough, the transliterated Greek acrostic.³ Mystical-minded, St. Augustine calls attention to the fact that there are just twenty-seven lines in the extract, and that twenty-seven is the cube of three; and that “if you join the initial letters of the five Greek words” you will get the word ἰχθῦς, “that is, ‘fish,’ in which word Christ is mystically understood, because He was able to live, that is, to exist, without sin in the abyss of this mortality as in the depth of waters.” The saint also points out that in the Latin

³ *De Civ. Dei*, xviii, 23.

verses "the meaning of the Greek is correctly given, although not in the exact order of the lines as connected with the initial letters." The translation, with the acrostic rectified, appears in another rendering:

Judicii adventu tellus sudore madescet ;
 E coelo veniet princeps per saecula futurus,
 Scilicet ut carnem praesens ut judicet orbem ;
 Omnis homo, fidusque deum infidusque videbit,
 Una cum sanctis excelsum fine sub aevi.
 Sede sedens animas censebit corpora et ipsa,
 Chersos erit mundus, spinas feret undique tellus.
 Reiciunt simulacra homines et munera Ditis, etc.

The last two lines just quoted preserve the "Ch" and the "Re" of the Greek, as well as obviate the difficulty alluded to by St. Augustine. The acrostic has been rendered several times into English; by Dr. Schaff, in his edition of "The City of God," by a writer in the *Christian Remembrancer* (Oct., 1861), by an old translator of St. Augustine, J. Healey (1620), whose version, "very much forced and labored," begins:

"In sign of Doomsday the whole world shall sweat :
 Ever to reign, a King in heavenly seat
 Shall come to judge all flesh."

The following translation⁴ similarly preserves the acrostical form in English:

I
H
S
O
C
R
S

"Judgment shall moisten the earth with the sweat of its standard,
 Ever enduring, behold the King shall come through the ages,
 Sent to be here in the flesh, and judge at the last of the world.
 O God, the believing and faithless alike shall behold Thee
 Uplifted with saints, when at last the ages are ended.
 Sifted before Him are souls in the flesh for His Judgment.

X
P
E
I
S
T
O
S

Hid in thick vapors, while desolate lieth the earth.
 Rejected by men are the idols and long hidden treasures ;
 Earth is consumed by the fire, and it searcheth the ocean and heaven ;
 Issuing forth, it destroyeth the terrible portals of hell.
 Saints in their body and soul freedom and light shall inherit ;
 Those who are guilty shall burn in fire and brimstone forever.
 Occult actions revealing, each one shall publish his secrets ;
 Secrets of every man's heart God shall reveal in the light.

⁴ *The City of God*. Translated by the Rev. Marcus Dods. Edinburgh. Vol. II, p. 242.

ΘΕΟΤ

Then shall be weeping and wailing, yea, and gnashing of teeth ;
Eclipsed is the sun, and silenced the stars in their chorus.
Over and gone is the splendor of moonlight, melted the heaven.
Uplifted by Him are the valleys, and cast down the mountains.

ΤΙΟΖ

Utterly gone among men are distinctions of lofty and lowly.
Into the plains rush the hills, the skies and oceans are mingled.
Oh, what an end of all things ! earth broken in pieces shall perish ;
Swelling together at once shall the waters and flames flow in rivers.

ΣΥΤΗΡ

Sounding the archangel's trumpet shall peal down from heaven,
Over the wicked who groan in their guilt and their manifold sorrows.
Trembling, the earth shall be opened, revealing chaos and hell.
Every king before God shall stand in that day to be judged.
Rivers of fire and of brimstone shall fall from the heavens."

Strikingly suggestive though these lines be of the theme and content of the *Dies Irae*, Daniel in his *Thesaurus*⁵ is inclined to think that the mediæval singer caught some of his suggestions rather from portions of the Sybilline Oracles other than the *locus classicus* just quoted in translation from the *City of God*. He gives five quotations in Chateillon's Latin version, and not inappropriately asks : "Sed unde Saul inter prophetas ? Quid Sibylla in carmine ecclesiae ?" The Sybilline prophecy is indeed so explicit as to justify anyone in wondering how Saul should be found amongst the prophets ! Daniel, however, does not ask his questions reprovingly, but quotes Staudenmaier,⁶ who, apparently crediting the Sibylline Oracles, extols their profound and lofty assertion of the providence of God over His creation, shows how the supernatural revelations of the prophets have their counterpart in the Sibylline Oracles that enlightened the pagans, while both declare the justice of God in language which culminates in the grand description of the consummation of all things.

In deference to the critical thought that declares the Sibylline Oracles to be spurious, or at least corrupt, should the line be changed, as we have found some of the French texts doing ? The task would be a long one to eliminate the Sibyls from the works of the Fathers, the hymns of the Middle Ages and from such masterpieces of Christian Art as the five Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel, the

⁵ II, p. 124.

⁶ Geist des Christenthums, etc., II, p. 483.

Delphic Sibyls in Van Eyck's altar-piece at Ghent, the eight in Ulm Cathedral, not to speak of the series of twelve which once existed at Cheyney Court in Herefordshire. Once we begin tampering with the text of the *Dies Irae*, we shall have the French "Crucis expandens vexilla" to get rid of the Sibyl, and the German "Petro" to get rid of the "David." "The old wine is the best."

The Protestant Dr. Schaff remarked that "the mythical Sibyl, which, as the representative of the unconscious prophecies of heathendom, is here placed alongside the singer and prophet of Israel, has long since lost the importance which it once occupied in the apologetic theory of the fathers and schoolmen. Yet there is a truth underlying this use made of the Sibylline oracles, and the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, inasmuch as heathenism, in its nobler spirits, was groping in the dark after 'the unknown God,' and bore negative and indirect testimony to Christ, as the Old Testament positively and directly predicted and foreshadowed His coming." (*Christ in Song*, p. 374.)

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

II.

What trembling there shall be
When the Judge shall come
To investigate rigidly all things.

Little need be added to Mr. Warren's interesting analysis of this stanza. It recalls the words of our Lord in St. Luke: "And there shall be signs in the sun . . . and upon the earth distress of nations . . . Men withering away for fear, and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world . . . And then they shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud with great majesty."

Many editors and translators of the hymn have indulged in rhetorical appreciations of the hymn as a whole, but in very few instances have undertaken to analyze any verse of the hymn in detail from a poetical standpoint. An approach to such analysis is found in Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, where the editor says, apropos of the Mantuan prologue and Haemmerlin epilogue (which he thinks are "feeble, lumbering excrescences, and are fastened to it in such an external way as to destroy the unity of the poem if left as they

stand"): "The text in the Missal gives us a new conception of the powers of the Latin tongue. Its wonderful wedding of sense to sound—the *u* assonance in the second stanza, the *o* assonance in the third, and the *a* and *i* assonances in the fourth, for instance—the sense of organ music that runs through the hymn, even unaccompanied, as distinctly as through the opening verses of Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' and the transition as clearly marked in sound as in meaning from lofty adoration to pathetic entreaty, impart a grandeur and dignity to the *Dies Irae* which are unique in this kind of writing." Here attention is directed to a poetic value—that of assonance—in the hymn; and the quotation from Duffield is made in this place, as the illustration of the assonance begins with this second stanza.

III.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

III.

The trumpet scattering a wondrous sound
Through the sepulchres of the earth
Shall gather all before the throne.

I find in Saintsbury's *Flourishing of Romance* (p. 9) an interesting word on the first line: "It would be possible, indeed, to illustrate a complete dissertation on the methods of expression in serious poetry from the fifty-one lines of the *Dies Irae*. Rhyme, alliteration, cadence, and adjustment of vowel and consonant values,—all these things receive perfect expression in it, or, at least, in the first thirteen stanzas, for the last four are a little inferior. It is quite astonishing to reflect upon the careful art or the felicitous accident of such a line as

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,

with the thud of the trochee⁷ falling in each instance in a different vowel; and still more on the continuous sequence of five stanzas, from *Judex ergo* to *non sit cassus*, in which a word could not be displaced or replaced by another without loss."

An old abecedary on the Last Judgment, ascribed by some to the Venerable Bede, refers to the trumpet:

Clangor tubae per quaternas
Terrae plagas concinens
Vivos una mortuosque
Christo ciet obviam.

Clangor of the trumpet sounding,
Unto earth's four quarters spread
Shall before the Judge advancing
Summon both the quick and dead.

⁷ Of course no one of the four is a pure classical trochee: but all obey the trochaic rhythm.

The justness of Mr. Saintsbury's admiration for the line

Tuba mirum spargens sonum

is obvious when we compare *concinens* with *spargens sonum*, or *per quaternas terrae plagas* with *per sepulchra regionum*, or *ciet* with *coget*. *Coget*, by the way, recalls a somewhat similar word *coerces* used by Horace in his address to Mercury (Bk. I, ix, 5):

Tu pias laetis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
Aurea turbam, superis deorum
Gratus et imis.

The coercion (*coerces*) used by Mercury is as gentle as it is insistent—the rod he uses is a golden one, yet the airy flock of the blest souls must attain their happy thrones. The idea suggested is that of a shepherd shepherding his fleecy flock into happy pastures. Now with respect to the hymn's use of the word *coget*, it has several times occurred to me that the singer had in mind a similar metaphor; for afterwards, in a more formal way, the figure is elaborated:

Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

The souls of men, standing before the tribunal of God, shall be dealt with after the parable of our Saviour; and the sheep of the Gospel picture must be separated from the goats. Virgil uses *cogere* in this sense: "Cogite oves pueri." Those whom the last trumpet must bring before the judgment seat comprise not alone the wicked, but as well the "beloved of my Father"; and the Horatian metaphor of the flock shepherded by Mercury might perhaps be applicable to the picture of the trump that is to gather 'all,' "the good and the bad, the just and the unjust." Force is implied by both words, *coerceo* and *cogo*; but just as Horace adds to the idea of "force" that of gentleness in its exercise, so it may be that in the hymn, too, a similar implication would not prove amiss. Mr. Warren thinks it difficult to find a good word for *coget* in English, for "*summon* and *bid* are perhaps hardly strong enough;" and he prefers the stronger word *cite*. And yet, in such an interpretation, *cite* is not strong enough; for

although we know that, as Mr. Warren argues, a citation, if unheeded, will be followed by stronger measures of the law—still it *may* be disregarded, whereas the last trumpet shall be of all-compelling power. On the other hand, the shepherd's crook, however gentle in its suggestion, is always effective for its purpose. Would not the verb *shepherd* answer the requirements of *coget*?

Then shall the trump's resounding tone
Scattered through graves of every zone
Shepherd all souls before the throne.

An additional reason for such an interpretation is furnished by the text of St. Matthew describing the last trumpet (24: 31): "And he shall send his angels with a trumpet, and a great voice: and they shall *gather together* his elect from the four winds, from the farthest parts of the heavens to the utmost bounds of them." Here the effect of the trumpet is that of "gathering together," or shepherding from all parts into one fold. St. Paul (I Cor. 15: 52) lays no stress on the legal citing power of the trumpet, but describes its effect merely: "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible: and we shall be changed." So, too, in I Thess.⁸

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BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

AFTER my departure my sister's disease began to develop with alarming rapidity. She failed visibly from day to day. Sleeplessness, night-sweats, an unconquerable aversion to food, soon exhausted her little remaining strength. Fine thread-like lines of blood began to show in the expectorations, and then hemorrhages, more and more severe, announced the fatal progress of the malady which was fast undermining a constitution naturally vigorous but worn out before its time by the pious excesses of charity. Marguerite was only thirty-two years old.

⁸ 4: 15.

At this juncture Charles was ordered to Senegal as Lieutenant-Governor. This was a hard blow for him under the circumstances. That he would never see Marguerite again was almost certain, and, to add to his hardships, he was forced to leave for his new post quite alone. For several years past his wife's health had caused him great anxiety, and it was out of the question to take her to such a place. The unwholesome climate would have proved fatal in a few months. Lucie, on the other hand, could not bear to be left behind. The very idea upset her completely, and she was also much distressed because she could not go to Anjou and be with her sister-in-law. The physicians absolutely forbade it. Indeed, she could not have done much good at the Hutterie, and would have been more of a hindrance than a help, as the little woman did not know the first thing about taking care of a sick person.

So it seemed that our dear Guitte was to be left to the care of Cillette and Lexis at the Hutterie. They were faithful and devoted servants, without doubt, and had been with their mistress ever since their childhood, and fairly worshipped her, but the poor creatures were clumsy and incapable of giving the poor invalid the care and attention which her condition demanded.

When I heard of Charles' orders, and knew that Lucie could not go to Anjou, I at first thought of going home myself and staying until the end came; but Providence ordered all for the best. A great friend of Marguerite's, Mademoiselle de la Croix, volunteered to go and live with her and take charge of the house-keeping. This proposal was most gratefully accepted, and Mademoiselle de la Croix was soon established at the head of affairs. Her companionship was a great boon to my sister, for she not only relieved her of all external responsibilities, but cheered her, and helped her to bear the trying ordeal of her illness.

The good country people were in a state of utter consternation when they heard that Mademoiselle Leclère was in danger of death and that the physician had no hope for her recovery. Their grief was, if possible, even more intense than when she had come so near dying ten years before.

Pilgrimages to Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secour, novenas, Holy Communion, days and nights before the Blessed Sacrament—all

the supernatural means at their command were employed by the pious inhabitants of Saint-Laurent and the neighboring parishes to obtain the cure of "la sainte demoiselle," as they called her. God had once before given her back in answer to their prayers and vows, but now their supplications seemed to be without effect, and the strength of the girl rapidly ebbed away. It seemed as if heaven begrudged her to the earth, and was hastening the hour of her reward.

The people at home had no very tender feelings toward me at that time, and, it must be confessed, I did not deserve that they should.

"It's too bad, all the same!" was heard on all sides. "Our dear young lady has worn herself out and that's the plain truth, by nursing Monsieur Paul, who has grown to be a wild fellow, if all they say is true. He would have done better to die after a good confession in place of his sister. If she goes, he's the one that will have to answer for it to us. It's a true saying that the good go and the good-for-nothings are hard to kill."

For several years before this the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin at the Massabielle rocks had been talked about, but the pilgrims who visited the grotto were few in number at that time. The innumerable throngs which now hasten to Lourdes from every diocese of France and from all over the Catholic world to venerate the spot whereon the Virgin Mother of God set foot, had not yet been set in motion. However, although the press had not then echoed through the whole world the accounts of the wonders worked by the Mother of Mercy, here and there were heard tales of the extraordinary graces obtained, and these passing from mouth to mouth finally came to the knowledge of the faithful.

Some one in Saint-Laurent had just been to Lourdes, and had come back full of a miracle which had taken place there before his very eyes. The young girls of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which Marguerite had been president for a number of years, listened eagerly to these reports, and all at once the same hope sprang up in their hearts. "Ah, if the Blessed Virgin would only work a miracle for us! She must do it—we will pray so hard that she cannot help answering us. We will take Mademoiselle Leclère to Lourdes."

From the plan to its execution is often a long way with men. Women, as a rule, act more promptly. Barely three days after they had first thought of the project, twenty-five or thirty young girls of Saint-Laurent and the adjacent parishes had already obtained permission to go to Lourdes with their beloved president. Mademoiselle de la Croix undertook to unfold their plans to Marguerite and to persuade her to submit to being taken to the Massabielle rocks. At this stage occurred some delay. Marguerite asked that she be given three days before deciding, so that she might pray and reflect, for she would not undertake the journey without making sure that it was in conformity with God's will. After mature deliberation she decided to go.

"I do not agree to go because I wish to be cured," she said to Mademoiselle de la Croix. "I would rather make my sacrifice complete and die for you know whom. If I consulted my own wishes I would not go, for I would rather place myself in my heavenly Mother's care just here where I am. But it seems to me that I have no right to deprive the Children of Mary of the immeasurable graces which the Blessed Virgin will shower down upon them at the place of her apparitions. So take my poor body there, and may the Divine Master dispose all things according to His good pleasure."

As soon as it was known that Marguerite was willing to go, there was universal rejoicing. It was decided to start on Monday, the first of May. Forty young girls took part in the pilgrimage. The Comtesse de Saint Julien joined the travellers in order to give them the benefit of her experience and to see that Marguerite lacked for nothing.

On the Wednesday following, our women of Anjou arrived at Lourdes, and hastened to lay their dear invalid at the feet of Mary Immaculate. For three days and nights their ardent prayers rose to heaven to obtain the favor so much longed for. Several young girls of the Sodality offered to God their own lives in exchange for the one which they wished at all costs to preserve. Some had come to Lourdes in the hope of being relieved from painful infirmities of their own, but they now, in the generous ardor of their love, besought Mary to leave them to suffer and to cure Mademoiselle Leclère instead.

And what did Marguerite do and say all this time? Resting upon a litter at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's image, she placed herself in her hands. "I desire neither life nor death," she prayed; "I only ask that Thou accomplish in my soul the desires of the Heart of Jesus.¹ And yet I have one desire, O my God,—one great desire. Dear Lord, Thou knowest what it is: I thirst for the soul of my brother with the thirst that Thou didst endure upon the Cross for his soul and the souls of all sinners. Take me in exchange, O my God, 'a life for a life!' Give me life eternal for my brother, and take my life in this world. Take my body, my heart and my soul. Strike, crush, consume me, O Lord, only give me, oh! give me through Mary the soul of this child!"

The sodalists prayed perseveringly, but the Blessed Virgin did not seem to hear them. Two of those who offered up their lives for my sister were cured by the touch of the miraculous water, but Marguerite experienced no relief, although she was several times immersed in the healing flood.

At the end of three days it was time to think of leaving. The return was a little sad for the Children of Mary, as their most cherished hopes were now disappointed. Even those who had been cured could not rejoice over it. They felt almost ashamed at receiving favors of which they believed they were unworthy. Nevertheless they left Lourdes in a spirit of resignation to the will of God. They were ready to correspond to the graces which they had received there, and they made from the depths of their hearts generous resolutions for the future. This is the great miracle of Lourdes, that Mary obtains supernatural resignation and peace for those whose prayers are not answered in accordance with their desires, and this grace, for those who can appreciate it, is far above any temporal benefit, for it increases a hundredfold their eternal reward.

Marguerite realized this thoroughly, and when she left Lourdes her face was bright with joy.

"I have more confidence than ever in the mercy of God," she said to Mademoiselle de la Croix; "I am now firmly convinced that God will save my brother's soul for me and that before very

¹ Mademoiselle de la Croix, the intimate friend of my sister, afterwards told me what the substance of her prayers had been during the time she spent at Lourdes.

long that soul will belong altogether to Him. What can all these physical sufferings, my cough and the hemorrhages do to me now? I go away with the certainty that the vow I made seventeen years ago, beside my father's and my mother's coffin, has been heard. What more can I ask? And what is life to me in comparison?"

The journey back to Saint-Laurent was made amidst perfect calm and serenity, and on Monday, the eighth of May, our travellers returned once more to their homes. They regretted keenly that their prayers had not been granted, but they submitted quietly to the will of God. "The Blessed Virgin wants her Marguerite in heaven," they said; "we are not worthy to keep her."

And now my sister grew much worse, and the physician said that the end was not far off. Mademoiselle de la Croix notified me by telegram, and I returned post-haste to the Hutterie.

My arrival gave Marguerite great joy, and her happiness at seeing me brought about a marked improvement, which lasted for some days. Spring was now well advanced, and as the air was very mild, Marguerite was even able to leave her arm-chair and take a few steps in the garden. Seeing the renewed animation of her glance and the faint tinge of color in her cheeks, I began to hope once more; but the illusion was of short duration. The fever increased, there was a return of the hemorrhages, strength rapidly declined, and my dear Marguerite never again left her bed of suffering.

God permitted this soul to undergo great mental anguish, and strange interior trials were added to her bodily pains in order to purify her and prepare her for eternal bliss. In these hours of agony she sometimes confided her spiritual experiences to the faithful friend who watched by her bedside. "I no longer know the road I am travelling," she said; "I do not know where my Jesus is any more." Then she added: "And Paul, for whom I have shed every drop of blood in my veins and my heart,—I feel now as if he never would be converted, as if he would die in his sins, and all my sufferings go for nothing."

Mademoiselle de la Croix told me afterwards that this thought tortured her horribly, and that one might say that for a week she

underwent a Gethsemane of torment. God willed that she should taste something of the agony of His Son weeping over impenitent sinners.

As the Angel in the Garden consoled our Lord, so her devout friend comforted Marguerite, reminding her of the confidence and spiritual delights she had experienced at Lourdes. The voice of Mary had not vainly sounded in her heart, "Your brother's soul is saved for all eternity."

Our Lord Himself came to fortify His faithful servant. Every morning for two weeks one of the assistant priests at Saint-Laurent, escorted by a number of faithful parishioners, came to bring her Holy Communion, and receiving the Body and Blood of her God she drew thence strength to sustain the fierce combat.

After this period of interior desolation, when our Lord had hidden His Face for a time, He renewed His tender favors toward His well-beloved child, and from that time forward her thirsty soul drew long draughts from the fountain of the living waters.

On the afternoon of May the twenty-seventh, the vigil of Pentecost, about six o'clock, Marguerite somewhat revived after a short sleep. "I would like to look out," she said. We hastened to gratify her wish and pulled her bed close up to the window.

It was a lovely evening. The soft, sweet-scented air enwrapped the fields, which stretched out before us to where on the distant horizon flowed the Loire, its waters red-tinged in the rays of the declining sun. At our feet the Gemme, reflecting the emerald tints of its banks, ran singing beneath the flowering willows, across the meadows where shone, "like stars sown thick," blue hyacinths and white daisies. In the wooded thickets of the garden, blackbird and linnet, bullfinch and nightingale sang in a very ecstasy of joy, mingling their pearly notes with the harmonious murmur of the stream.

Often and often, seated at the window, my sister and I had looked out upon this fair scene. At that moment I admired it still, but my heart sank beneath the pressure of an overwhelming sorrow. I knew that we were together for the last time, and that an awful void was about to come into my life. This sweet sister, whom I loved more than the whole world, this choice spirit and frail graceful body that pitiless death was about to cast into the

grave, my beloved Marguerite, was slipping from me to fall back into eternal nothingness !

I had then no other belief, O my God, and it was blasphemies like these that passed through my mind, even in the presence of a saint about to die !

"How are you now, little sister?" I said after a long silence. "Are you tired of being at the window? Shall we put you back again?"

"Oh, no!" she said, breathing with difficulty, "leave me here a little longer. I love to look out over the country. It makes me think of Paradise."

"O Lord, how beautiful are Thy works," she went on, her gaze wandering over the prairies, "and how Thou hast adorned our habitation of a day! And yet how poor earth seems when we look to Heaven and to our Father's house, where we shall enter in so soon! O Paul, what must it be up there when the figure of this world shall pass away, and we shall enjoy forever the sight of God!" Her anxious gaze scanned my face.

"Yes, of course, sister," I answered mechanically. A tear glided down her cheeks.

"Poor child!" she said. "He sees nothing beyond this life. He still does not know Thee, O my God!"

She was still. A few moments after, I saw her lips move silently, her eyes look upward toward the sky and her countenance take on an expression of indescribable peace and happiness. Her gaze rested upon an object invisible to mine, which she met with that ineffable smile which greets the absent one long waited for. Now she seemed to listen in ecstasy to words delightful to her ear, and then to speak in her turn and put her whole soul into one fervent petition.

I called her several times. She did not seem to hear. I passed my hand before her eyes, but her gaze remained fixed and bright, as if illumined by the marvellous vision which ravished her interior senses.

For some time longer the soul, although still held by its earthly bonds, remained in that beatific state, a foretaste of everlasting felicity.

At last she came back to earth, and after a long sigh turned to me with a look of indescribable happiness and affection.

"Good-bye, dear brother," she said, "I leave this world in joy and peace because I have won your soul. Mary has given it to me forever. The hour is very near when you too will say, 'My God, I love Thee above all things.'"

I had fallen on my knees beside her bed. Her pure hand rested on my brow. Suddenly her eyes, closed for an instant, opened once more, her lips pronounced for the last time the Holy Name of Jesus, and then smilingly she departed from this world, just as the evening breeze bore over the countryside the first strokes of the Angelus.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE DEVIL'S POOL (1862).

For a long time I wept beside the mortal remains of my beloved Marguerite. Heavy was my sorrow and inconsolable, for I had no hope of ever seeing again this loved being, whom death had wrested from my affection. My tears were barren and shed in vain, whereas the devout friend of my sister and our good servants, who had the happiness of believing, tempered their grief by means of the thoughts inspired by faith.

At last, oppressed by my sobs, I left the room. I felt the need of solitude and of the open air. Already the sad news was spreading throughout the neighborhood, and many people were making their way toward the Hutterie to pray and weep over the remains. I wanted to avoid the crowd of visitors and the ordeal of receiving their condolences. I told the servants to send everyone away by ten o'clock and to leave the door open for me. They were not to be uneasy in case I should not return until later.

When I had given these directions I walked rapidly away, following the Gemme toward its source. I was in an over-wrought, nervous condition, and felt that I must be in motion. I walked steadily for about an hour, and my nerves were quieted, and my excitement calmed, and being tired I threw myself down on the river bank to rest awhile.

It was about nine o'clock. The night was wonderfully clear, and the stars gleamed throughout the entire expanse of the firmament. In my rapid course I had without noticing it reached the Devil's Pool, that deep place in the river where I had almost

been drowned the evening before my First Holy Communion. This recollection carried me back to the days of my childhood.

Once more I thought I saw my father setting out for Paris at the time of the June riots. Next it was the awful scene which followed so soon after the parting,—my mother stricken down with the news of my father's death. Then I was in Marguerite's arms, and heard her promising to be my "little mother." Marguerite! Ah, she was everywhere in my life! Her dear features with their lovely expression and motherly smile were stamped indelibly upon my heart. She had watched over me from my tenderest years, supplying with never-failing love all my needs of body and of soul. Ah, how dear I cost her! It was for me she broke her heart and that of René de Saint-Julien when she refused him, although they loved each other so dearly. And later on in my boyhood how often I had made her suffer. What tears my conduct had caused her after I went to live in Paris! And then the care lavished upon me day and night during my long illness, when were sown the seeds of that fatal disease which had now brought her to the grave. If I were still in the land of the living, it was because she had saved my life at the expense of her own. I had never seen it all so clearly as I did that night. The thought stirred my heart to its very depths, and the tears sprang to my eyes.

At that moment my eyes fell upon the deep waters which had so nearly been my grave ten years before. It was also, like to-day, the eve of Pentecost. I was returning from Saint-Laurent, where I had just been to Confession preparatory to receiving my First Holy Communion on the morrow. In imagination I reviewed all the details of that scene which was forever graven on my memory,—my fall into the pool before Marguerite's despairing eyes, then all that had been described to me afterwards; the wild gallop to the house; Farfan's marvellous leap over the bars and the Newfoundland tearing to the river and plunging to the bottom of the pool. Then I saw myself stretched out upon the grass and Marguerite bending over me with restoratives, Marguerite smiling and happy, saying in the fulness of her joy, "You are safe now, my dearest. Thank God and never forget His goodness."

God! In those days I had believed in Him. And I called to mind the thoughts that had chased one another through my brain as I sank into the deep water. "I am, I hope, in a state of grace. If I die now I shall be saved." I remembered, too, how Marguerite had told me of her prayer while I was in the water. "My God, if the child would lose his soul, were he to live and grow up, do not let him come out of the water alive, because I know that now he is pleasing to Thee."

That is what I was ten years ago,—and now? What would become of me if death should overtake me at the present moment?

Just then a strong emotion took possession of me. I became conscious of the action of grace upon the soul. It impelled my intellect to adhere unreservedly to the truths of faith, truths which in my youth had appeared luminous, but which were now hidden from my eyes, as it were by a cloud. "You have seen. You can see again, if you will ask God to remove the cloud." And I heard in my heart a voice which cried out to me, "Pray! Your fate for all eternity depends on this instant. If you pray, God will come to you. If you do not, you will be cast off for all eternity."

And as on the day when I knelt before the altar in Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, a violent struggle took place between grace which sought possession of my soul and pride which rose up against it. In Paris two years before, I had deliberately refused Divine assistance, had, risen quickly, and by a violent effort downed the salutary emotions which had arisen within me, and Mary had not been able to reclaim me. But to-night there was an angel praying for the sinner, an angel who through her mortal life had suffered in order to procure the extraordinary grace of that moment. My dear Marguerite obtained for me from the Mother of Mercy the strength to correspond to that first inspiration of the Holy Ghost. From the depth of my heart a prayer went up to God. "Mercy, Lord! I wish to believe! Help my weakness. Grant that I may see!" Immediately I felt a growing force which beat down pride by showing me my own nothingness, and I cried out again, "Lord, I am a miserable sinner. Have pity on my weakness. Give me faith." And grace flooding my

soul, gently led my long rebellious will. The dense cloud which had obscured the motives of belief was torn aside, and I saw, as I had seen before the impure vapors of sin had enslaved my heart and clouded my intellect,—I saw how the Church is divine, how the Son of God made man has established it upon immovable foundations, because it is built upon His power and His infinite truth. The miracles of the Gospel, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the testimony of the Apostles, the foundations of the Church, the conversion, humanly speaking impossible, of the pagan world, the luminous trace of that Church throughout the ages, and her weakness triumphant even to-day as yesterday and forever over the most formidable assaults of which the power of man is capable,—all these irrefutable reasons for our faith were focused in one stream of light, whose evidence forced itself upon my mind.

I had acquired in early youth a thorough and sound knowledge of my religion, and my faith had been cultivated with the most watchful care, first by Marguerite and later by the priests of Saint-Irénée who had continued her work. Grace now enlisted in its cause this foundation of solid doctrine in order to make plain to the eyes of reason the motives of Catholic belief. But the sudden and swift conquest of my intellect by the truth and the irresistible attraction of my will toward this truth newly recovered can only be explained by a miracle of grace, which had been obtained for me by the angel who was praying for me in heaven.

God had triumphed. On my knees, by the river's bank, in sight of the deep pool from which I had been saved by God's mercy, I said over and over again my *Credo*, and at each article of the Symbol of Faith I cried from the bottom of my heart, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

And now the powers of hell, enraged at sight of their victim snatched away, prepared to make a last terrible onslaught. My soul was pervaded with gloom and pierced with anguish. Anxiety took possession of me, and I was assailed by the horrible temptation of despair.

"You believe? Believe if you will, you will be none the less culpable, for you will never live up to your faith. How will you be able to renounce habits of such long standing, break relations

to which you are knit by the closest ties, and be restrained by the austere rules and confining yoke of religion? Do you think it possible for you to lead a pure life for the time that remains to you? Fool that you are! You are not ignorant of your own weakness. It has already been proved, and in those days your habits were not inveterated as they are now. No, no! You are asked to do that which is impossible to human weakness, and you will be damned in any case,—not perhaps for lack of faith, but for not subjecting the natural inclinations of your heart to the vigorous law of the Gospel. Wretched man! Your heart cannot live without loving, and God commands you to suppress its beating. Enjoy life then. That is true wisdom!"

Then evil voices resounded in my ears, and stirred my soul to the very depths. I was like a vessel in danger of wreck, which during an interval of calm is about to recover its course, when suddenly it is again cast into the very midst of the tempest. And while the song of the sirens awakened sad echoes in my heart, there seemed, in the darkness, to glide before my mental vision the fatal images which had seduced my youth. They passed to and fro before my eyes, mocking my agony, and I heard ever, like the son of Monica, alluring voices murmur softly, "How can you live without us?"

I felt powerless before the assault of these sensuous delights. I wished to return to God, who had but now enlightened my mind, but the phantoms of sin reclaimed me in spite of myself, and strove to drive me far away.

Then another voice I seemed to hear, no longer languishing and seductive like those which had so long held me. This clear pure voice fell gently on my soul as snow falls upon the meadows. It was strong, too, and roused my courage and made me strong with the power of God. "My child, it is not in your own strength that you will find the secret of victory, but in God and in His grace, and this grace will always be granted you if you ask it of Him whose gift it is. It is true that you are weak; but were they not also weak, and had they not the same frail nature as yours, those young men and maidens who have entered into glory after suffering these same trials and walking by this same rough pathway?"

And it seemed to me that Marguerite was there, though I could not see her, and that the words which I had just heard fell from her lips. God sent her to help me in my terrible spiritual struggle, as she had before in this very place saved me from a watery grave.

Hell was conquered. I gained a second victory. After recovering my faith I had also found confidence once more, and though aware of my own impotence I was prepared to face the battle of life with Divine assistance.

O, that marvellous night which I passed there, yielding up my soul to the torrents of grace which inundated it! O, the wonders of that Pentecost, that descent of the Holy Ghost into my heart and upon my whole being! The light from on high now showed me all my sins, inspiring in me so deep a horror for them that my tears flowed in streams. Then by that same light was manifest the infinite mercy of God, the love of Jesus Christ who had died for me upon the Cross, and the tenderness of Mary for poor sinners.

I remained for a long time in prayer, and when at last I arose the dawn of the great feast began to pale the stars.

I set out at once for Saint-Laurent, for I was anxious to set the seal upon my reconciliation and to cast myself, poor prodigal that I was, into the arms of the Father whom I had offended. I had been preparing all night for confession by considering my sins and by sincere acts of contrition.

I reached the house of Abbé Aubry at about five o'clock in the morning, and found that the holy man, faithful to his life-long habits, was already up and at his prayers.

As soon as he saw me he said, putting out his arms, "Ah, my son, you have come to tell me that our dear Marguerite has left us for heaven!"

"Yes, Monsieur le curé," I replied, "she left this world last night at seven o'clock, and already her intercession has obtained the conversion of a sinner. I am that sinner, and I now come to you to be reconciled to God."

"Ah, my child, my dear child!" exclaimed the old man deeply touched. "It has come at last! that for which we have so longed and for which your good sister offered up her tears and bitter sufferings."

I fell on my knees at the priest's feet, and I made my confession with deep contrition to which my tears gave evidence. When I had finished, Abbé Aubry said to me, "You remember what you said to Marguerite on the eve of your First Holy Communion just ten years ago to-day? 'Can one offend God again after he has made his First Communion?' You have answered yourself, my son; but take courage. There is more joy in heaven over the conversion of one sinner than over the perseverance of ninety-and-nine just. Live henceforth for the God whom you were so unfortunate as to betray, and may the memory of your sins be a spur to your love."

I bowed my head, and the minister of Jesus Christ pronounced the formula of absolution.

"Now go," said Abbé Aubrey, "and renew your First Communion on this holy feast of Pentecost, full for you of divine mercies."

I took leave of the old man, and made my way to the church, where I heard Mass, and received the Body and Blood of my Saviour. After my thanksgiving, during which our Lord in His mercy showered divine favors upon me, I returned home. I was in haste to kneel in the presence of my sister's body to do her homage for her conquest, and moreover I wanted to commence at once to make reparation for the scandal I had given, by signifying my repentance to all who might be present.

When I reached the Hutterie I found the room filled with people praying devoutly. The Children of Mary of Saint-Laurent had clothed Marguerite in white and put on her head the wreath she had worn for her First Holy Communion. She seemed as though asleep in perfect peace and serenity. Upon her lips still lingered her last smile. Prematurely aged by trials and the long sufferings of her illness, she had recovered after death the fresh, fair looks of her youth.

I fell upon my knees and in a loud voice, which could be heard by everyone there, poured forth from my aching heart that profession of sorrow and love which Marguerite, just before her death, had said I would soon pronounce: "*O my God, I love Thee above all things!*"

JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

American Ecclesiastical History.

THE WORK OF MOTHER VERONICA.

Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

“I HAD supposed,” writes Montalembert at the close of his most brilliant historical study, “my task at an end; but I hear the sound of a choir of sweet and pure voices which seem to reproach me for having left in darkness one side of the great edifice I have undertaken to reconstruct in thought. These voices have no plaintive sound, but they are full of a soft and overpowering harmony which has never been sufficiently celebrated before men. The souls whose sentiments they utter do not complain of being forgotten; it is their chosen condition, it is their desire.” From the days when first the Church of Christ assumed her gentle rule over the hearts of God’s children it became her beautiful task to draw into her train following the Spouse the fairest souls; and thus there came forth from the humble home of peasant and the palace of the king, from all countries and conditions, a chaste and radiant generation of virgin-daughters who standing,

Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

felt the impulse to turn away from the dazzling delights of life to breathe the purer air, and look only upon the fairer glories of heaven. And as the historian takes us back in spirit to the times and customs of the religious communities which he is describing, and pictures in his exquisitely tender way the saintly grandeur of the lives of these devoted women, the holy sight arouses in our minds and hearts a keen appreciation of their extraordinary courage and energy, an intense admiration for them in their lofty efforts and noble sacrifices, and a deep, abiding reverence for the exalted position they occupy in the history of the Christian world. “They are the flower of the human race,” he tells us, “a flower



REV. MOTHER MARY VERONICA,
Foundress of the Institute of the Divine Compassion.



still sweet with the morning dew, which has reflected nothing but the rays of the rising sun, and which no earthly dust has tarnished,—an exquisite blossom which, scented from afar, fascinates with its pure fragrance even the most vulgar souls. They are the flower, but they present to us also the fruit, the purest sap, the most generous blood of the stock of Adam; for daily these heroines win the most wonderful of victories by the manliest efforts which can raise a human creature above and beyond all earthly instincts and mortal ties."

It might appear at first sight that the *Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion*, with scarce a score of years' existence, could hardly hope to enjoy the fulness of the halo of heavenly light that surrounds the glorious bodies of religious women who have graced the Church from the days of the Apostles; but there are, in its founding, and about those who were instrumental in the fostering of its first growth, too many unmistakable signs of Divine favor to allow us on account merely of its youth to underrate the work done by this zealous Community. The establishment of the Sisterhood was, like so many other religious societies that eventually assumed the canonical form of religious communities, the result of patient working on the part of a little band of single-hearted women in the world. These set out under the leadership of Mrs. Mary C. D. Starr—whom we afterwards meet in religion as Mother Veronica—to practise for the love of God and their own sanctification a work of mercy and benevolence which subsequently proved to be one of the most self-sacrificing kind. The ultimate form which this work assumed in course of time was due to the initiative which a zealous and holy priest took in furthering it, and it is gratifying to know that the general approbation which the Institute elicited from all sides in its very beginning, together with the eagerness and enthusiasm of those who were to be the first members of the new religious community, whose every undertaking was abundantly blessed from the outset, amply recompensed Father Preston for the days and nights spent in prayer for light and guidance, and made him realize some of the fruits of the labor he had undergone in fashioning out of the humble beginning at St. Bernard's Church a permanent organization, which is to-day counted among the most efficient religious charities of New

York City. The growth and development of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion is so interwoven with the last twenty-five years of Monsignor Preston's pastoral activity that we need hardly apologize to the reader if we digress for a moment to recall here some of the many interesting events of his life.

FATHER PRESTON.

Thomas Scott Preston was born at Hartford, Conn., in July of 1824. Like his father, Zephaniah Preston, a man of high moral and social standing among his friends and neighbors, Father Preston was reared in the Episcopal Church. As a boy in the heart of Protestant New England, and as a student at Trinity College, Hartford, he felt himself drawn to the service of God and resolved to lead a life of celibacy, in order to devote himself entirely to the work for which he felt himself called by God. He graduated at Hartford in 1843, at the age of nineteen, and three years later entered the Episcopal ministry. During his student-life at the Episcopal Seminary he was the leader of the High Church party, and was daily approaching unconsciously nearer and nearer to the True Church. Ordained in 1846, he became an assistant curate to the Rev. Dr. Seabury, whose grandfather had been the first Episcopal Bishop in the United States. Subsequently he was stationed at old St. Luke's Church on Hudson Street, New York City. During this period he became gradually convinced of the validity of the claims of the Catholic position; and it was not long before he resigned his charge and asked to be received into the one true fold of the Apostolic Church. This was in 1849, and, like John Henry Newman who had found the heavenly light of restful faith some four years before this time, he recognized as the direct influence of his conversion only the working of Divine grace in his own heart. In a brief record of these days, which was written shortly before his death, and which breathes the spirit of the *Apologia*, he says:—

“I was very young. Many whom I revered pointed in another direction; but they could not alter my convictions. If I gained a step one day, I did not waver and change my ground on the next day. But they had the power to make me wait and watch at the door when the goal of my life was in sight. They bade me beware

of the impetuosity of youth and charged me to weigh well the arguments of those who had studied long the points of controversy. I may say that I examined those arguments well. I remained in the Protestant Episcopal Church. I passed through the course of its principal Seminary. I entered the ministry and for three years waited in patience and prayer. I read many Catholic books, but I read more Protestant books. I tried to open my intellect and heart to God's light; but much as I wished to do so, I never entered a Catholic church nor sought the counsel of a Catholic priest until the happy day when, upon my knees, I begged admission to what I knew to be the one fold of Christ. All human influence around me would have kept me where all my worldly ties were, but I felt that the voice of my conscience was more to me than any earthly attraction. If there was one Church founded by my Lord I must seek and find it. And so I sought that haven of rest and placed my feet upon the rock of Peter. There were some worldly sacrifices, but although they sobered my face a little they did not drive the sunshine from my heart. At last I was in my Father's house; and never from that moment have I had one doubt about the truth of the Catholic Religion."

After his reception into the Church, in November, 1849, he spent the whole of the following year at St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, N. Y., in preparation for the priesthood, and in the autumn of the next year he received sacred orders at the hands of the Right Rev. John McCloskey, then Bishop of Albany. Father Preston's first mission was that of curate at the old Cathedral in Mott Street. Shortly afterwards he was sent to Yonkers, but in 1853 Archbishop Hughes recalled him to New York to take the position of Chancellor of the Archdiocese. This office he discharged with great credit and efficiency until 1862, when he assumed pastoral charge of St. Ann's Church in Eighth Street.

Meanwhile, the grace of God was manifesting itself elsewhere in the conversion of the woman who was destined to become the actual foundress and first Superior of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

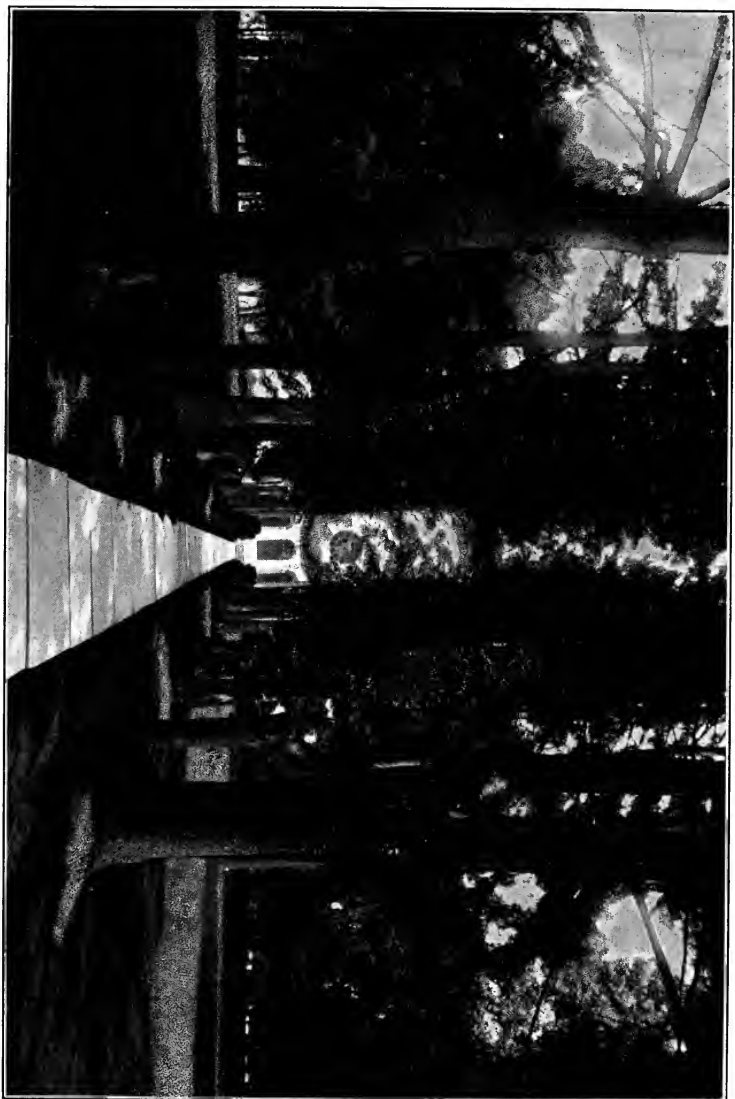
MOTHER MARY VERONICA.

Mary Caroline Dannat, daughter of William Henry Dannat and Susanna Jones, was born in the City of New York on April

27, 1838. She was the oldest of six children. There do not appear to have been any particular religious influences at work in the home of her earlier childhood; for in a diary of later years, in which she records impersonally some facts and impressions of her life, she speaks of the death of a younger brother, when she herself was about eleven years old, in the following terms: "In 1849 her parents received a great blow in the loss of a little son, born three years before. They sought consolation in religion, and began to attend the Baptist church in Oliver Street." Mary Caroline went of course with them, and she seemed to have received much comfort from the practice, which developed a natural devotion and inclination toward what was virtuous and religious. She tells us how keenly she felt the loss of her little brother, which came upon her as her first great sorrow, and this feeling no doubt contributed much to emphasize the views which caused her to see things in the supernatural light of a future life where she would again meet the cherished child.

In the spring of the same year the parents set out for Europe. It was arranged that Mr. David Jones, a brother of Mrs. Dannat, together with his wife, should occupy the Dannat residence during the absence of the family abroad. Mary Caroline was to stay with her uncle and aunt, as she was still at school and they were seemingly much attached to the child. It appears, however, that subsequently she was left a good deal to herself, and thus found opportunity to indulge those inclinations toward piety awakened by the death of her child brother. These were fostered, moreover, by occasional revivals and missions in the neighboring church of the Baptist community, and caused her to enlist for the time as an ardent convert to the teachings of that sect. The sincerity of the motives could not be otherwise than pleasing to God, and she became conscious, as she tells us, of a certain satisfaction and sweetness in the reflection that she was serving Him. This feeling urged her in turn to more assiduous prayer and awakened the sense of gratitude which developed in her soul a keen relish of the love of our Lord and a desire to promote His glory by all means in her power.

It must not be supposed, however, that the young girl, in consequence of these no doubt somewhat emotional experiences, took



VIEW OF CHAPEL AND GROUNDS FROM FRONT GATE.

on that sensitive and melancholy air which might induce a withdrawal from the joys of domestic or social life. Her whole subsequent life bears witness to a sweet and genial disposition without any trace of that unhealthy shyness which is the usual result of pious self-concentration. Those who knew her only as she conversed in the circle of her religious, might still without difficulty imagine the bright figure of the young girl with her quick, self-possessed step and decided movements, looking merry sympathy out of those dark eyes which had in them that something of the flash and penetration commonly to be noticed in heroic natures. She was ever keenly attentive to all that might interest a soul eager to benefit those around her ; and the gleam of cheerful kindness which so markedly attracted the young people who came within her circle during the periods of her cloistral activity later on, must have spontaneously drawn to her the affection of kindred souls in her early maidenhood, and influenced them toward efforts of unselfish devotion.

She was happy in the conscious realization that religion and its chief ministry, charity, is a refining element that brings its immediate satisfaction to the soul in a peace such as the world cannot give. There was to be indeed a reaction, as we shall directly see, but if God's ways are mysterious, they are ways which we may go unharmed under His leading.

In the midsummer of 1857, at the age of nineteen, she was married to a Mr. Walter S. Starr. Although the duties involved in the care of a home and the social obligations toward the friends of their common circle which her new position entailed, could not have altered her religious convictions, she somehow experienced a change of sentiment which for a long time she was unable to explain to herself. She had moved with her husband to Brooklyn ; and, anxious to keep up the stimulus of piety which her connection with the Baptist church had furnished in the past, she applied to the Pilgrim church, which was convenient to her new home, for admission as a regular member. This church belonged to the Congregational sect, but the difference did not much appeal to her, especially since the essential freedom of private interpretation of the Bible as a doctrinal foundation was common to both churches. Of the effect of this change she

writes in her journal, again as though she were speaking of some third person, as follows :—

“ Strange to say, the effect of this act of becoming a church member was the reverse of what might have been expected. The religious fervor which had gone with her all these years suddenly died out. She ceased to go to church, and though infrequency of church attendance is common enough among Protestants, those who are church members have lapsed far away when they cease to present themselves on Communion Sunday. She went once, perhaps twice, to what they call ‘communion.’ ”

She herself furnishes unconsciously the key to the explanation of this apparent indifference to an act which on former occasions she had looked upon as an important event and one fraught with the most serious consequences to the individual Christian. Hitherto she had confined her observations of religious influence to the effects which the teaching of the Gospel produced within her own soul. She had gone to church and had there learned the precepts which Christ had taught His followers. These she applied to her own conduct, and if she found it wanting in its correspondence to the high standard of morality inculcated by the Redeemer, it humiliated her without arousing any suspicion that anyone but herself could be at fault. But now she was being brought into daily and social contact with people who had listened to these same precepts on Sunday, and demurely set their manners and faces to the sombre fashion of the hour whilst sitting in the pew beneath the rhythmic intonations of the ministerial precentor, and then these same pious listeners would go and set up for the other six days of the week another standard by which they might discredit the teaching of the Gospel, not as the result of impulse or weakness, but of set purpose, a rigorous law of fashion to violate which was equivalent to ostracizing oneself from the social life and forfeiting the right to be invited to the entertainments which a charitable hospitality has invented to cement the bonds of good fellowship.

Mrs. Starr knew her Bible by heart; and certain texts began to fix themselves in her mind. The words “Blessed are the poor in spirit” would, for instance, keep repeating themselves to her at

some evening assembly where she would meet the learned, polished gentleman who preached eloquent discourses, with just a tinge of artificial make-up, taking for his text some passage from the Sermon on the Mount. Yet this man, whatever he might be at heart, did not seem to assimilate the doctrine, and its influence upon his wife, whose toilets were the envy of her less dowered neighbors, appeared wholly lost. And when she in some guileless way proposed the query why its doctrine, if deemed true, was not put forth in a more emphatic and straightforward way, so as to produce its due effect, instead of being hidden and smothered down to a mere suggestion by the paraphernalia and hollow phrases of modern culture, she learned that "this would never do," and that it was quite a question of propriety if in these days a respectable minister might preach at all on the subject of the "Sermon on the Mount," because such preaching has a tendency to make the poor arrogant and the proletariat conceited and to foster socialism of the worst kind. Still she went on pondering such things. "Everyone that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or land, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold in this world, and life everlasting!" Why, who in all that rich, prosperous congregation had forsaken anything or was disposed to make any real sacrifice of comfort or enjoyment for our Lord's sake? It was a serious puzzle to a soul at once consistent and full of charity for her fellows.

Meantime she appears to have been largely influenced by the attitude of her father, whose growing religious tendencies had led him to a somewhat more independent examination of religious claims. He had undertaken a series of speculative studies on the subject, and finally settled upon the Swedenborgian exposition of Christianity as the one which most satisfied the demands of the human heart. Herein his daughter had followed him. She trusted his keen insight into religious as well as practical matters, and had an abiding admiration for his judgment, which she believed equal only to his honesty of purpose. In his case it could not but come to pass that the mind of the practical man should dissipate in time the emotions which the doctrine of the New Jerusalem calls forth and plays upon; and accordingly he drifted into a

rationalistic view of Christianity. This process naturally communicated itself and was shared by his daughter, who read the books which her father read, and who felt the doubts which his intellect taught him to formulate regarding a religion that builds upon feeling rather than upon the credibility of motives. In the course of the year 1866 a volume fell into her hands which was then attracting some attention on the part of the general reading public. It was the story of the Schoenberg Cotta Family, as its title indicated, and in defending the course of Luther's and Catharine von Bora's secession it wantonly attacked the Catholic faith, much of which was explained in detail, rather for the purpose of casting ridicule upon the practices of the Church. To an inquisitive nature and one disposed to be just, such reading frequently presents food for reflection, and thus produces the very contrary effect from that which is ordinarily expected or intended by the writer. She tells us that the poison of misrepresentation contained in this book did her no harm whatever, although she had known nothing previously about the Catholic Church, and did not for some time afterwards pursue her inquiry regarding the truth of the aspersions retailed in the book. Something, however, told her that the old Church must have claims which even the abuses of them suggested, and that the deductions which religious animosity prompted were not always just or logical. With these impressions strongly upon her she must have found some occasion to act upon them, for we find her one day, during that same year, in serious conversation with her father on the subject of which a record is preserved in her notes.

"Ah well," I said, "we stand on shifting grounds. I cannot live in this way. We must have something to rest upon. In reading history I see no institution that has withstood the shock of time and change but the Catholic Church. I think I will go there."

And to a Catholic church she went that same afternoon. The subsequent events of her life to the time of her actual reception into the Church are comparatively unimportant. Suffice it to say that after this she frequented no other church, but continued to attend the Catholic service regularly. Step by step she informed herself of the doctrine here taught until she gained the assurance

of its reasonableness and sincerity. Then she applied to the priest for direction in order that she might be received into the fold.

It was at the hands of Father Preston, then parish priest of St. Ann's Church on the East side of New York, that she received her first instructions preparatory to being formally admitted into the Church. On April 11, 1868, she was baptized, and shortly after made her First Communion. Never had she been more happy than after she had taken this step, and the peace which she experienced was to last. Father Preston remained her spiritual guide, and under his prudent and prayerful direction she quickly developed that marvellous capacity for devising ingenious methods of charity which was henceforth to absorb her entire activity, and which was to associate with her in the same work kindred souls to whom she became at once a model of striving after religious perfection, and a leader in every kind of beneficent action undertaken for the love of Christ.

THE BEGINNINGS.

To no one could the ardent desire which the gifted convert manifested toward aiding the struggling poor of the city be more welcome than to the devoted priest who had aided her in finding true peace of soul. He had for years been familiar with the want and wretchedness of the people who inhabited his own district, and whose misery, temporal as well as spiritual, he had sought to relieve in the daily visitations of his ministry. But he also knew that there were conditions much worse in other parts of the city where such help as was now offered him could be employed to the best advantage. One such district was that of St. Bernard's, in the west portion of the city, in the neighborhood of which Mrs. Starr had lived before her reception into the Church. Accordingly he directed her attention to this quarter, and pointed out that poverty and depravity were going hand in hand, and that the remedy for the one must be applied in such wise as to reach the other. With that womanly instinct which at once turns the heart toward sheltering the young, Mrs. Starr suggested that they open a sewing school, where the children, being brought together for the purpose of inculcating in them habits of useful thrift, might at the same time be instructed in the truths of

religion. This would likewise open a way to learn more of the actual conditions, and to ascertain the further needs of those who were suffering not less from the mingled influences of evil habits and vicious agencies than from positive helplessness and ignorance how to better their condition, even if the opportunity offered itself to them to do so. The children in the sewing school would not only be helped and be bettered themselves, but they would furnish to those who could observe the key to new measures for a betterment of their surroundings by pointing out the sources of evil in the district. Mrs. Starr had already gained some experience in similar work by having offered her services to the mistress of a sewing school in the parish of St. Paul, where she became familiar with the ways of Catholic children and the catechetical methods of the parochial teachers.

The good pastor of St. Bernard's, who up to the present had been struggling practically single-handed to meet the difficulties that confronted him in the attempt at moral and social reformation of the people in his district, approved of the plan and placed the second story of the building which had been used for a church at the disposal of Mrs. Starr for the new undertaking. She at once enlisted the coöperation of a number of ladies as earnest and fervent as herself, and in the autumn of that same year, 1868, the school was opened. About forty children came to them during the first two weeks, and with these they organized the work of reform on a permanent basis. It is needless to say that they encountered that passive indifference and ingratitude in their charitable efforts which are so trying to zealous souls, but also much unsuspected depravity. Despite the almost hopeless outlook for the replanting of virtue in the hearts of the children, the courage and perseverance of the good women never faltered; and once begun they faced every obstacle as it arose, until the little school had increased to two hundred and fifty regular members, by Christmas time. In the first report of the *Association for Befriending Children*, which grew out of this modest beginning, we are told that they met at ten o'clock in the morning, when the school was opened with a few simple prayers. After this the work previously cut and prepared was distributed and made into garments, under the supervision of the ladies. Prayers, catechism, and hymns were taught

them while the fingers were kept busy, and at twelve o'clock a substantial dinner was made ready in an upper room. A short recreation followed, and the day's work was again resumed until five o'clock in the evening, when the school was dismissed.

"Before many months had passed [Mrs. Starr writes] it was evident that this work would not rest here. Won by the care and affection shown to them, the children would tell their sad story of want and misery and sin. Older girls, long ago lost to grace, would meet us at the door of the sewing-school and implore us to help them also. But how was this to be done? They were still too ignorant and too weak in virtue to be recommended for employment, and when, indeed, we attempted to place them in institutions, we found that in some they would not be received lest they should exert a contaminating influence; whilst in others the necessary formality of a committal repelled the applicant herself and chilled her good resolutions."

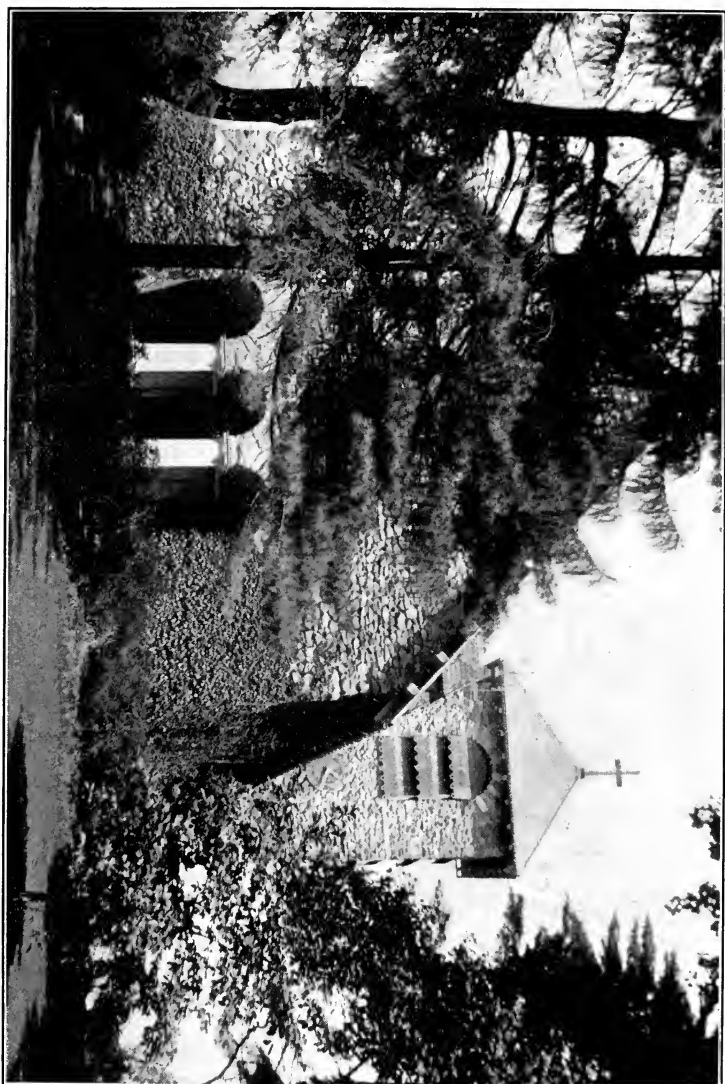
Thus, the expressed unwillingness of the older girls to enter institutions already in existence, which might have received them under somewhat humiliating conditions, suggested the idea of founding a home in this neighborhood, where these abject and forsaken children of the street might find a welcome, and where the girl who was, although a child in years, old in the knowledge of evil, might hide her sorrow and shame, and be taught to lead a life of virtue and godliness.

Father Preston prepared a written prospectus of the project which received the approbation of the Archbishop of New York, and, assisted by the generosity of many persons who became interested in the work, a fund was collected which enabled Mrs. Starr, as President of the Association, to open, in March of 1870, the *House of the Holy Family* at No. 316 West Fourteenth Street. We may readily judge of its success by the fact that every one of the forty-five beds provided in the new home was filled the first night, and many of the girls who had hoped to find a place of refuge there could not be received. A systematic course of religious, economic, and industrial education was instituted in the House, under the influence of which these wild and wilful children of the streets, touched by the kindness and sympathetic care

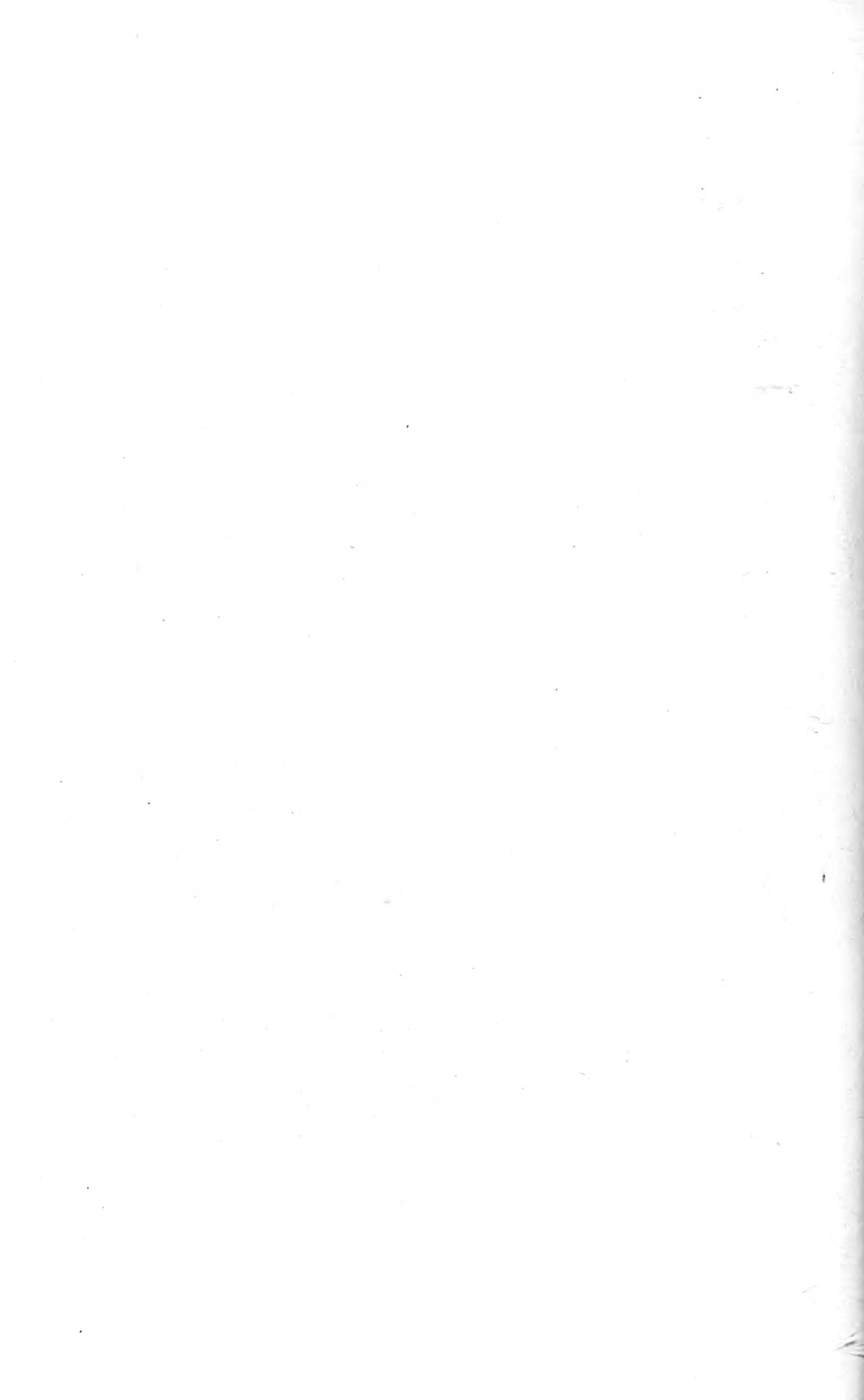
of the pious women devoted to the work of training their hearts and minds, so as to make them healthy and virtuous girls and women, were gradually rendered docile and tractable.

The reformation of the children confided to their care at Holy Family was now fairly begun. Money came in as it was needed, and friends, also, with generous hands and sympathetic hearts. The faith and confidence of these friends in a work yet untried were not the least of the gracious gifts brought to the Association when it was laboring under many disadvantages and difficulties inevitably connected with such an undertaking. Often, we are told by the devoted foundress, the ladies were heavy-hearted and ready to give way to the discouragements that beset them; it was at such times that the aid of these loyal friends came to the rescue and enabled the Association to withstand the trial and struggle. Each day added experiences and insight which gave some new aspect to the work, and when a year had passed by, Mrs. Starr was convinced that the "House of the Holy Family," in order to attain its object more fully, would have to be located in a more central position where the work of the Association could be carried out with more direct efficiency. Accordingly, in May, 1871, the House of the Holy Family was transferred to number 247 East Thirteenth Street. This part of the city was in St. Ann's Parish, and thus offered the additional advantage of having the institution placed under the immediate eye and pastoral jurisdiction of Father Preston. Thus increased facilities were opened in every direction for entering upon a part of the work which had been hitherto untouched for lack of space,—the reclaiming of young women who were leading lives of sin. The name of the society was also changed, to answer more definitely the purpose of its agency. Henceforth it was known as the *Association for Befriending Destitute Children and Young Girls*.

"It has always been the purpose of the Association [we read in one of Mrs. Starr's letters] to give a large share of its attention and care to that class upon whom Society most readily turns its back. From the beginning it had confined itself to the care of depraved and vagrant children, but many of the children were women in the knowledge of evil, and when the girl of fourteen had fallen as low as



FRONT OF CHAPEL OF THE DIVINE COMPASSION, GOOD COUNSEL.



the girl of twenty, it seemed unreasonable to draw the line which marked the efforts at reclaiming them by a fixed limit of age. Among the children are many who have sought protection from brutal parents ; likewise children who, from earliest years, have been taught to steal and to lie as a trade ; children who were fed with liquor from their birth and whose first words were those of blasphemy which they learnt from their parents. The work of the Association stands therefore clearly defined. Its purpose is the reformation of young girls confirmed in immorality. The means by which this end is attained are, on our part :—

1. Shielding from notoriety and publicity.
2. Careful religious instruction.
3. Thorough industrial training.

On the part of the subject :

1. A degree of willingness to enter.
2. To remain at least six months, preferably two years.

As to shielding from publicity, it is not necessary nor desirable that the subject be committed by a magistrate. She may ring the bell and enter. The peculiar circumstances of each history need to become known to but one person and even to her only in outline. The subject is cautioned to be equally reserved with others, and this secrecy as to why one is there is an essential safeguard and the prevailing spirit of the House. As to moral training, the preparation for and regular reception of the Sacraments is of course the foundation and strength *in via* of all we attempt to do. As to industrial training, the best methods of doing every kind of housework with neatness, order, and regularity are taught, and this is not the easiest of tasks. The main work is to render the children skilful in the best paid industries, those the most advantageous in self-support."

The report from which this extract is taken, and which defines the scope of the Association's work in such well-defined language, in regard to the second part of the means mentioned above says :—

"As to willingness to enter, it is manifest that for any radical and enduring change the subject must not only desire it, but she must also coöperate in her restoration. Her good purposes may not at all times be strong and persistent, and it may sometimes be necessary to protect her against her own impulses ; but our work is to reform and direct the will and to train the mind until it is convinced, and volun-

tarily chooses good rather than evil. It is a slow process, but it will succeed in proportion to the length of probation and the capacity of the individual. Therefore we ask two years in each case in which to carry out our methods. This time is not so much needed for moral reform—for in our voluntary system, the poor girl is soon ready to repent—but the mental training that, with the aid of Divine grace, is essential to her perseverance, and the industrial training, equally essential, are not acquired in a day. Two years at least are needed, were it only to teach the girls how to support themselves honorably. The time, therefore, spent in the House is not regarded as a forced imprisonment, but a time of preparation for a life under new and better conditions."

In such language, simple and vigorous, does our foundress set forth the work to be done by the Association, and the spirit of sincerity as well as common-sense charity which these words breathe is an indication of the supernatural motives which governed the efforts of this worthy woman, and raised her work, with its trials and struggles, above the ordinary plane on which modern philanthropy rests its benefactions with its glamor and love of a name and of show. A noble and blessed work, it has been called, a work humble in its beginning but marked by the Divine blessing in its course, and truly admirable in its results. These heaven-inspired efforts, with the innumerable daily sacrifices on the part of those who had pledged their lives to meet needs that could not for the time being otherwise be met, extended their consoling influence throughout the city.

The adjoining house was rented in 1872 in order to meet the growing demands upon the charity of the Association, and here the Society maintained its labor of reforming and educating the children. In 1874 an opportunity offered itself for the purchase of a property at 136 Second Avenue which promised excellent accommodations for the Institute. The house was purchased for thirty-four thousand dollars, and the two buildings on Fourteenth Street, which had become inadequate for the work, were sold. In May of the same year, the Association moved into the new and permanent *House of the Holy Family*. The house, when bought, was three stories high; two stories were afterwards added, an extension was made to the first floor, and laundries were built, be-

sides other necessary repairs made at a total cost of eleven thousand dollars. It was a large, commodious house when completed, with cheerful, well-ventilated rooms, equipped with every modern appliance for health, comfort, and convenience, and with suitable accommodations for one-hundred inmates. The lowest, or basement floor, is occupied by the kitchen, dining-rooms, storerooms and bathrooms. On the first floor are the Chapel and the reception rooms. The second floor is given to the sewing-rooms and wardrobes. Dormitories, infirmary, class-rooms, and recreation-rooms are on the third, fourth, and fifth floors. A few years later, the house adjoining, No. 134 Second Avenue, was bought; here the first floor is used for the parlors and offices of the Association, while the upper floors communicate with the House of the Holy Family and are used in the same manner as mentioned above. The house on the opposite side, No. 132, was purchased at a later date to become, as we shall see, the first Convent of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

It is interesting to read the reports for the next four or five years of the work of the Association and all the auxiliary societies which grew up around it, such as branch sewing-schools, relief-associations for the hospitals and prisons of the city, sodalities, and confraternities, at a time when the country was recovering from the awful panic of 1873. It was a source of great rejoicing to the members of the Association, when, in 1877, they were able to report that during these years of almost unprecedented financial embarrassment throughout the country, they had not only succeeded in supporting the growing institution and providing all its current expenses, but had also paid the large debt of over fifty thousand dollars which had been contracted in the purchase and renovation of their new home. One noteworthy assistance came from a bill passed by the New York Legislature, granting a small *per capita* allowance to all who were kept at the Holy Family.

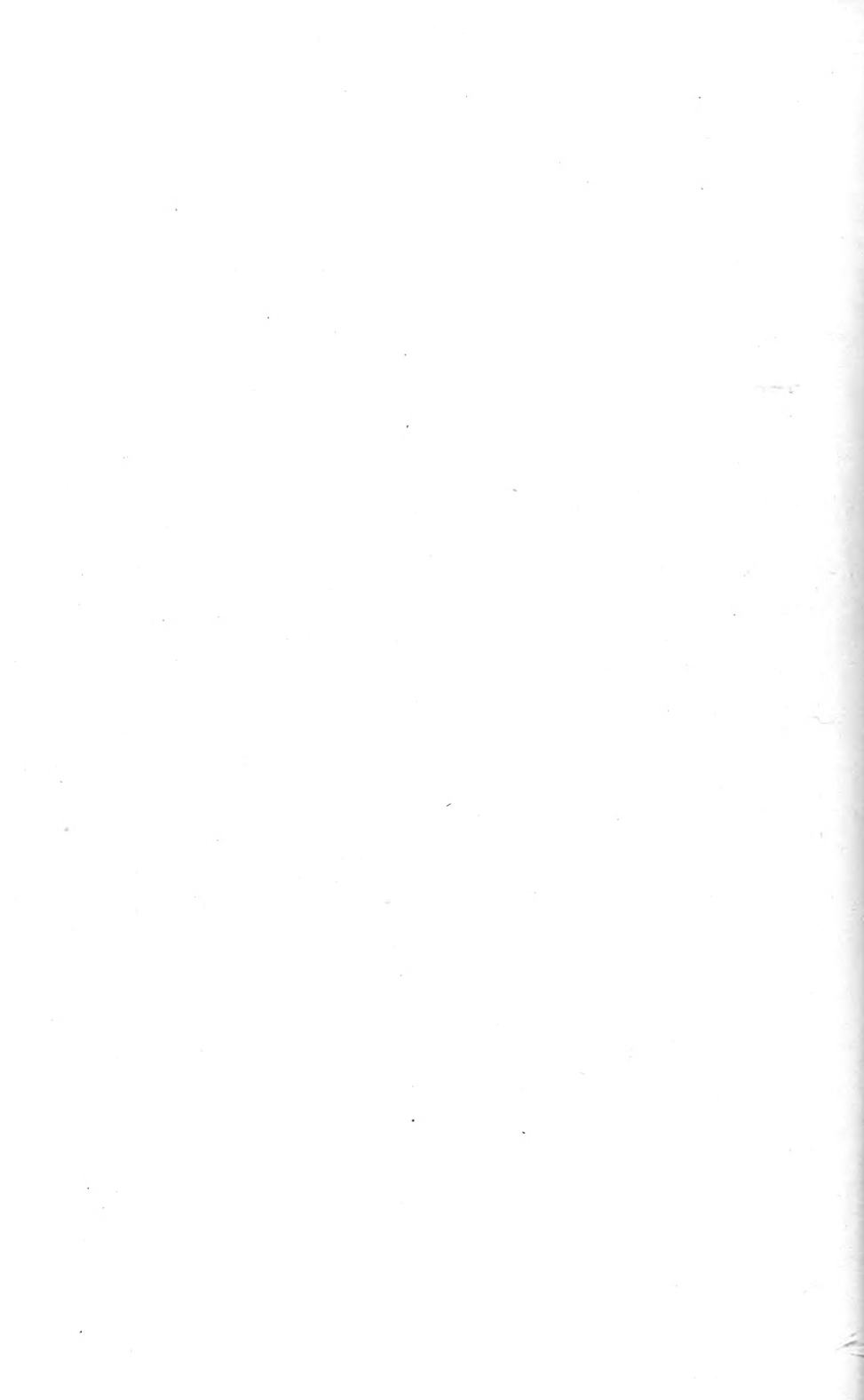
DEVELOPMENT OF THE RELIGIOUS SISTERHOOD.

From the time when the Association was first established, Father Preston, whom the Holy See honored subsequently by the title of Domestic Prelate, became conscious that in course of time

it would be necessary to appeal to some Religious Community trained and prepared for such work to take up its burden. The devoted women who were giving time and means to it at present, would eventually be called to their reward, and then the accumulated responsibility might devolve upon the uncertain good will of those who remained, without any guarantee that the undertaking could be carried on uninterruptedly. Some of the many existing Religious Communities might of course have been asked to take charge of the institution, but, apart from the necessity of a special adaptation to make fixed religious rules and customs suit the actual circumstances which called upon the women to go out and seek the lost sheep as well as shelter them, there were those actually engaged in, and heart and soul devoted to the work for which they had developed a singular capacity. Was no account to be taken of them, their ability, their willingness to carry on the good work, and their exceptional experience in what was best? They had seen the struggling growth, and had taken part in the humble beginning; and because they had spent so much energy to make the work lasting, the fatigue and the labor and the harassing trial had become dear to them, even as the sufferings of a mother for the welfare of her child are dear to her. It was quite natural then to assume that they were reluctant to leave the work in the hands of others, less devotedly attached to it and its brief but valuable traditions. Mrs. Starr, whose husband had died, and who had from that time on entirely consecrated her widowhood to this work of charity, found many earnest and pious young women who wished to devote themselves to the object of her society. They had caught her own spirit, and promised to be faithful to it. Thus step by step Father Preston, who had so far directed the destinies of the Association, felt himself prompted to suggest and inaugurate the foundation of a Religious Sisterhood, which, strengthened by the graces of a common bond of fidelity to the Divine counsels, and blessed with the zeal that had marked all the previous years of the work, might perpetuate the name and purpose of the Institute. Might not the faithful workers of the Association enter upon such a course, and thus seal the labors in behalf of their neighbor by the vows to strive after personal sanctification? Monsignor Preston was a man



THE CATHOLIC GIRLS' CLUB AND CONVENT, 52-54 EAST ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK.



whose most characteristic trait was probably the deliberateness and caution with which he acted in all new undertakings of importance. His quality of cautious initiative was associated with a keen legislative wisdom, as is testified by all the public acts for which in his capacity of Chancellor and Vicar General of the Archdiocese he became responsible. It was therefore to be expected that in establishing a religious society, such as suggested itself to him, he would proceed with great caution and very slowly. To Mrs. Starr the inspiration of such a step was most natural and would have called for little alteration or resolution in her own life, which was already to all intents that of a devoted active religious. To her, therefore, the direction of Mgr. Preston was simply the voice of God which she eagerly longed to obey. They sought further counsel from the ecclesiastical head of the diocese. "The advice and approbation of the Archbishop," writes Mgr. Preston, "encouraged and blessed our purpose. He sympathized with our work and saw in the establishment of the proposed Religious Community not only the completion of our desires, but also the source and direction of zeal for the salvation of souls and greater usefulness in our labors."

(To be continued.)

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Encke's Comet.—One of the most interesting of the heavenly bodies is the visitor in our heavens during December and January. Encke's Comet was discovered in 1786 and has now been seen thirty-six times. Its period is about three and one-third years. One of the most noteworthy features of its periodicity, however, is the fact that it is being retarded in its course by the friction, as it were, of its passage through space, and is consequently a little too early each time in coming to perihelion,—that is, the nearest point in its course to the sun. It might seem as though a body revolving around the sun, if retarded by friction, would come back a little bit later each time, but a comet, if resisted by the ether, falls a little inward toward the sun at each revolution and in consequence has its velocity in its orbit increased, so that the next time it gets back somewhat before the time that it did before.

In the latter half of November and the beginning of December, Encke's Comet was as near to us as it ever gets, about 35,000,000 miles. This is not so far away, when we recall that this is also the distance of Mars when that planet is nearest to us. Encke's Comet is not, however, a showy visitor in the heavens. While it is equal to a star of the third or fourth magnitude, it has not a brilliant tail manifestation. It has often been noted that the comets that go regularly around the sun lose their tails more and more. The first time a comet is seen in our heavens, it is apt to have a very brilliant caudal appendage,—though it must not be forgotten that this is a misnomer, and that the tail is really in front of the comet in its course, or at least points toward the sun. After they have assumed a regular orbit in the solar system, however, comets lose their brilliancy.

Early in December Encke's Comet was not far from the bright star Altair of the Constellation of the Eagle, which those at all familiar with the heavens will remember as situate on an island

in the Milky Way in the northern heavens just south of the Constellation Lyra. It is not likely to attract popular attention, although when it first became a regular visitor its appearance was such as to cause the usual prophecies of ill which comets were supposed to forebode. The present state of affairs with regard to Encke's Comet, and its premature appearance at each successive visit, makes it likely that it is gradually being drawn inward toward the sun and that a time will come when solar attraction will overcome the headlong energy of its career through space and then it will be drawn completely into that luminary. This is not likely to happen for several hundreds of years yet at least, so that there may be many further opportunities to see our this year's visitor. The fact, however, that it is apparently hurrying to inevitable destruction adds to the interest of its appearance and will tempt many people to try and get a look at it. Observations are being made on it with more exactness in recent years; and certain anomalies in its course—for it has not always been absolutely regular in its retardation—may give rise to another hypothesis with regard to its irregular time schedule that will lead us not to look for its disappearance quite as soon as it might otherwise be anticipated.

International Congress of Arts and Sciences.—One of the most interesting scientific events of the present year was the Congress of Arts and Sciences held at the St. Louis World's Fair in the week from the 19th to the 25th of September. There gathered at the Congress many representative scientists from all over the world. It was really a very brilliant assemblage. As Mr. Bryce, M.P., who was one of the British representatives, said, "Every meeting like this makes for international good will, and every step like this is not only a step toward the advancement of knowledge, it is also a step toward the advancement of peace." Not the least noteworthy feature of the Congress in this respect was the fact that distinguished Russian scientists coöperated with equally distinguished scientists from Japan in several sections of the Congress. The *Popular Science Monthly* for November, 1904, commenting on this fact, says that Professor Nobushize Hozumi, of Tokio, spoke with winning felicity and consummate tact of the pleasure which his countrymen had in coöperating with a dis-

tinguished Russian scholar in the Congress, and added that this was the only place in which Japan could meet on equal terms that country with which it is at war in another part of the world.

Some of the addresses made contained expressions that serve to show better than do formal treatises on science or even regular lectures at universities the present attitude of scientific minds toward doubtful problems in science itself and in the borderland of philosophy. Some quotations will demonstrate this.

Science and Utility.—The president of the Congress of Arts and Science in his address on the evolution of the scientific investigator, laid particular stress on the immeasurable difference between the great inventor and the great investigator. Without the investigator, the inventor would have very little opportunity to display his genius. Few men probably have had opportunities to realize this better than Professor Simon Newcomb, who so worthily occupied the presidential position. Very few great investigators have been great inventors. He said that "it must not be forgotten that the first place is that of the great investigators whose forceful intellects opened the way to secrets previously hidden from men. It is an honor and not a reproach to these men that they were not actuated by the love of gain and did not keep utilitarian ends in view in the pursuit of their researches. If it seems neglecting such ends that they were leaving undone the most important part of their work, let us remember that nature turns a forbidding face to those who pay her court with the hope of gain and is responsive only to those suitors whose love for her is pure and undefiled. Not only is the special genius required in the investigator, not that generally best adapted to applying the discoveries which he makes, but the result of his having sordid ends in view would be to narrow the fields of his efforts and exercise a depressing effect upon his activities. It is impossible to know what application knowledge may have until after it is required, and the seeker after purely useful knowledge will fail to acquire any real knowledge whatever."

These are words of wisdom that perhaps never needed emphasis so much as at the present time when the question, what use is a discovery, is the first one asked, and when the public are being deceived into supposed applications of scientific discoveries that

have no real practical significance whatever. If men like Pasteur had allowed themselves to be drawn aside from their life work by the question of utility of early researches and the application of their discoveries in the industrial world, we should have missed the sublimer discoveries of their mature life,—something that we could ill afford, since genius is so rare and discoveries come only to genius.

Dissolution of the Atom.—The address on problems of inorganic chemistry was delivered by Sir William Ramsey, who will be remembered as the English chemist who has taught the world much about the composition of the air that was unknown before. He considers that the fundamental task of inorganic tendency is still connected with the classifications of elements and compounds. Classification centres at present in the periodical arrangement of the elements according to the order of their atomic weights. This, it will be remembered, is the famous law of periodicity discovered by Mendelejev and Lothar Meyer, and almost simultaneously by the English chemist Newlands. As the result of its acceptance, certain problems in the chemistry of unknown elements became clearer at once. Perhaps the great triumph of its application and the demonstration of its truth was that some as yet undiscovered elements were prophesied as sure to be found, and even the properties they would possess were suggested, simply from the fact that when the known elements were arranged according to the law of periodicity, certain gaps were seen to exist.

As we shall see, Sir William Ramsey considers that the atom can no longer be considered as the ultimate particle of matter, and atomic weight will therefore lose much of its significance. Yet he ventures to say: "Whatever changes in our views may be concealed in the lap of the future, this great generalization due to Newlands, Lothar Meyer, and Mendelejev, will always retain a place, perhaps the prominent place in chemical science." In another part of his address Sir William had said: "Up to now the sheet-anchor of the chemist has been the atom, but the atom itself appears to be complex and to be capable of decomposition. It is true that only in the case of a very few elements, and these of high atomic weight, has this been proved; but even radium, the element which has by far the most rapid rate of disintegration,

has a comparatively long life. The period of half change of any given mass of radium is approximately 1,100 years. The rate of change of the other elements is incomparably slower."

Notwithstanding the slowness of the decomposition of radium, Sir William considers that the change it undergoes is attended with an enormous loss of energy. It is easy, he says, to calculate from heat measurements (and independent and concordant measurements have been made) that one pound of (radium) emanation is capable of parting with as much energy as several hundred tons of nitro-glycerine. The quantity of energy evolved during the disintegration of the atom is as astonishing as the nature of the change.

No wonder that physicists and astronomers should begin to review their estimates with regard to the possible life of the sun and the sources of its energy. Here is a form of energy that has been present all round us in the world all the time, absolutely unsuspected hitherto, but which is about to revolutionize ideas, not only in physics and chemistry, but very probably also in astronomy and geology. Nothing perhaps makes clearer how passing is the supposed truth of the physical science of any one generation than this complete change of scientific opinion which happens, curiously enough, just to coincide with the beginning of the new century.

Uncertainty of Scientific Guesses.—Scientists who are unable to demonstrate certain theories beyond the range of the facts actually observed, sometimes make guesses at truth which unfortunately are not infrequently accepted by overzealous followers as of great significance as, and sometimes even more than, the actual truth of science itself. In his recent address on the fundamental concepts of physical science, Professor Edward L. Nichols, of Cornell University, suggested some striking instances of the precarious nature of scientific assumptions. He gave for example the list of guesses made as to the temperature of the sun, which has been variously estimated at from about $1,500^{\circ}\text{C}$., through the various thousands and hundred thousands up to $2,500,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. suggested by Ericsson to Father Secchi's estimate of $5,000,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. The surface temperature of the sun is now pretty generally agreed upon as being between the $6,000$ and $8,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. The

estimate of the internal temperature, however, continues to be of as speculative a character as ever. One German computation gives it as about $5,000,000^{\circ}$ C. Another as about $15,000,000^{\circ}$ C. Lord Kelvin considers that the internal temperature of the sun is at least $200,000,000^{\circ}$ C.

An excellent example of how easy it is to make a mistake in science on the assumption that natural phenomena incapable of observation follow the same law as analagous, or what even might be considered as similar, phenomena is quoted with regard to the rays of light that are below the red in the sun's spectrum. As the result of observations made in the infra-red rays, Langley, whose studies in this subject used to be considered the standard, published a series of wave-lengths for a number of the infra-red rays which he had been unable to observe because they did not affect his instruments. Later, it was found that, while a regular gradual descent in number of wave-lengths might have been expected, no such regularity actually existed. On the contrary, just beyond the point where Langley's observations ceased, there was a serious break in the gradual descent, so that his assumption was not even approximately correct.

We are constantly asked to accept supposed truth on the assumption that phenomena take place according to definite laws, even though the absolute determination of the application of these laws to the phenomena has not been observed. This is true, for instance, with regard to the supposed uniform action of the forces of nature in bringing about the changes on the earth that can be recognized in its crust as having taken place in past time, yet science is full of observations that demonstrate the frequent futility of such assumptions. The expression of a distinguished American scientist who said, "Nature never quite acts as we expect she shall; she never quite fulfils in her ways, as we learn her true significance, what we had laid down for her in theory." Or, as Professor Osborne, of Columbia, said, "Nature never follows out the programme of the closet philosopher." The lesson is that observations are wanted in science, not theory. Theories always delay and hamper. Observations help progress.

Is Mars Inhabited?—The question whether the planets are inhabited is a constantly recurring subject of interest. In the

November number of *Harper's Magazine* Camille Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, discusses it in a way that may seem novel to many persons. He calls attention especially to Mars and to the close resemblance which this planet bears to the earth in certain respects. He emphasizes the fact that many of the planets seem to be so situated that their climatic conditions would promise to be even more favorable for the existence of life than are those of our earth or of Mars. The torrid zone of Mars must nearly correspond, as far as its climate is concerned, to our temperate zone. This would make an interesting celestial neighbor of ours a suitable abode for life such as exists upon the earth.

It is curiously interesting to find that the French astronomer's main arguments for the habitation of Mars are based on *a priori* arguments, not scientific data. He says: "God exists and He did not create habitable spheres with no object. Therefore, we can hardly conceive that habitable spheres were created without their end being accomplished. It seems absurd to pretend that they were only created to be observed from time to time by a few of us. How, therefore, could the aim of their existence be accomplished if they are not inhabited by a single being. The connection between our own planet and its beings leads us to the inevitable conclusion that the idea of habitation is immediately connected with the idea of habitability."

As a matter of fact a Martian Academy of Sciences could make out a much worse case against the possible habitation of the earth than we could against Mars in the same respects. Our planet, for instance, might be said not to resemble theirs enough to have but one moon while Mars has two, a fact which would leave half the nights so dark that it might well be said that a beneficent Providence would surely not make such poor provision for rational creatures. Besides, our years are too short—only half the length of those of Mars—and the changes in temperature must lack that gradual character suited for healthy life, and then our skies are so often murky while Mars' sky is always clear that, as the Martian Academy might argue, rational creatures would scarcely be condemned to live in such comparative darkness.

Studies and Conferences.

THE PERPETUAL VIRGINITY OF MARY AND THE "BRETHREN OF JESUS."

Rev. Dear Sir:—In touching upon the subject of the Immaculate Conception, suggested by the recent Jubilee celebration of the definition of the dogma, a teacher in a well-known secular college for young ladies asserted that the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of Christ was contradicted by the language of the Bible. As your inquirer was the only Catholic in the class, and, though strongly convinced of the Catholic doctrine, did not feel competent to enter upon a public discussion of the subject, she failed to challenge a specific statement as to *where* the Bible contradicted the doctrine. I know, however, that the matter rests in the minds of some of my companions, who are only prevented by delicacy from questioning me upon the subject; and therefore I would ask you:

1. Is there any passage in the Bible which warrants the statement that Our Lady has not the recognized claim to perpetual virginity which we Catholics fondly accord her?
2. Is the passage or expression (if there be any such) the same in the Catholic and Protestant versions of the Bible?
3. Does the Protestant version in that case do justice to the original?

Please give the reasons and sources which would make it impossible for the non-Catholic who maintains the views of my teacher, to say that they are not the answer which an unbiased critic would give. I should like to have a reply such as any educated Biblical scholar would have to admit.

There are several passages in the New Testament which touch the subject in question. The one that presents the common difficulty of arguing against the perpetual virginity of Our Blessed Lady is first met in St. Matthew's Gospel (13: 55-56) where the Jews are introduced as asking about our Lord: "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary, and His brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Jude: and His sisters are they not all with us?"

With the exception of the proper names Joses for Joseph, and Judas for Jude, the Protestant English versions agree with the translation of the Douay Bible.

The original Greek term for *brethren* is ἀδελφοί, and for *sisters* ἀδελφαί, the Latin Vulgate rendering for which is *fratres* and *sorores*. The contention of those who deny the Catholic teaching of Mary's prerogative is that the words "brethren," or their equivalent "brothers," and "sisters," are to be taken in their obvious sense, which would indicate that Our Blessed Lady was blessed like other Hebrew mothers, and that the miraculous birth of our Divine Lord, if it must be conceded from the language of the Gospels, was an exceptional privilege which did not prevent the benediction of Abraham upon her in a less exalted sense.

Catholic theologians deny the assumption and interpret the words "brethren" and "sisters" as merely blood relations. The annotator of our English Catholic Bible says: "*His brethren*; these were children of Mary the wife of Cleophas, sister to Our Blessed Lady, and therefore, according to the usual style of the Scripture, they were called *brethren*, that is, *near relations* to our Saviour."

The entire question hinges therefore upon determining the meaning of the words used by the Evangelist. To this meaning there is no other clue than the parallel usage of the same word in the Sacred Text, and the constant tradition of the Christian writers in accepting one sense rather than another.

If we consult the representative critics who discuss the question, we find that their verdict is divided. They point out on the one hand that the word brethren in the Sacred Text generally explains itself by the context, and thus leaves no doubt as to its stricter or its wider meaning; and in the present case there is nothing to imply that the wider sense is to be preferred. Furthermore, they contend that the general belief among converts from Judaism before the time of St. Jerome, that is to say, for more than three centuries after our Lord's coming, was in favor of the literal interpretation. This fact is also attested by the so-called *apocryphal* writings about the Holy Family, which date in the main from the second or third century after Christ.

Against these arguments Catholics maintain that the Sacred Text does use the word in the wider sense of kinsman, as in Gen.

14: 16, where "brother" stands for *nephew*; in Canticles 4: 9; where it stands for *husband*; II Sam. 19: 12; Exod. 2: 11; Numb. 20: 14, etc., where it is used for *tribesman*. Similarly in the New Testament: Matt. 24: 40, where it means *disciple*, as in many passages of St. Paul's letters.

That the tradition before the time of St. Jerome was in favor of the literal translation may be conceded; but this can easily be explained by the grosser conceptions which the Jewish converts generally held regarding our Lord's personality, and which were based upon the faith of the Old Law in which the blessings of motherhood in the natural order were deemed to be the highest prerogative of womanhood. The Jewish mind did not at once and fully realize that the entire purpose of the Divine promise made to Abraham had come to its conclusion in the birth of the Messiah, and hence the old belief kept its hold in the popular tradition. Like other doctrines of the Church the true significance of the Immaculate Conception and Motherhood of Mary did not reveal itself at once. But we may assume that the teaching which St. Jerome and after him all the great Fathers of the Church in the East and West unfolded represented the Catholic mind in its higher conceptions of the Motherhood of Christ.

This is the unanimous conclusion of Catholic theologians from a detailed examination of the testimony at hand. Nor are they alone in this. Professor Paul Schmiedel, one of the greatest living authorities in New Testament exegesis, a Protestant who has no sentimental leanings toward Catholic doctrine, after reviewing the elaborate arguments made by the modern Protestant and rationalist critics (which are fully represented in Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and in Smith's, and others) in favor of a literal meaning of the word *brother*, points out that they are not quite conclusive. He reviews the relationship of the persons mentioned as the "brothers" of our Lord, and adds in referring to the argument: "This has given occasion for crowning the series of combinations whereby it becomes possible to deny the existence of literal brethren of Jesus and to affirm the perpetual virginity of His Mother. Once it is admitted that James and Joses were sons of Clopas and of Mary (Cleopha) his wife, the same seems to hold good of all the 'brethren of Jesus.' In that case they would be

'brethren of Jesus' only in the sense in which 'brethren' (*ἀδελφοί*) is used instead of *ἀνεψιοί* (children of two brothers or two sisters) in II Sam. 20:9." This is good authority, and quite recent. Examine Cheyne's *Encyclopedia Biblica*, which is anything but biased in favor of Catholic teaching, articles *Clopas*, etc.

TEXT-BOOKS OF HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS.

Roman Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of THE DOLPHIN:

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—In the *History of England for the Young*, published by Burns & Oates, I notice a heading (p. 205), "Sale of Indulgences;" and in *The History of the World*, by John MacCarthy, published as a text-book for Catholic Schools by Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss, I read (p. 391) that Luther protested, in his 95 theses, "against the sale and practice of Indulgences." Do not Catholics protest against the term "sale of Indulgences" as applied by some historians to the practices of Tetzel and his preachers in the publication of the Indulgences?

Very truly yours,

INQUIRER.

The stricture which the above letter implies points out a species of carelessness common enough in books professedly catering to the Catholic trade, and which is partly the result of an absence of scholastic and judicious censorship by those who have the authority, partly also it is an outcome of the mercantile spirit that controls our religious publication system.

No doubt the authors and publishers of the above books would plead in justification for allowing the terms "Sale of Indulgences" and "the sale and practice of Indulgences" to stand, that the words were intended here as a quotation of the charge made against Catholics. But the excuse appears to be a mere subterfuge, when we remember that the young, for whom these books are ostensibly written, are not apt to formulate such a distinction, and that the impression left upon the average mind will be that of an implied concession, namely, that the Church did sanction "the sale" as she sanctions "the practice of Indulgences."

No doubt there were people, and probably priests and religious who, by their manner of soliciting alms for the purpose of building churches and monasteries, promising in return the prayers and indulgences of the Church meritorious, gave to their indiscreet zeal the appearance of a traffic in sacred things; and no doubt there were others who, like Judas of old, went further and satisfied their personal greed by soliciting such alms under false pretences for their own benefit; but then the sin and abuse of these misguided zealots and pretenders are not to be understood as equivalent to responsibility for such acts on the part of the Church which teaches very plain doctrine on the subject of selling sacred things and on simony. Not even a disbeliever in Christianity would think it proper to speak about the theft and mercenary duplicity of Judas as a fault which is to be laid at the door of the Apostolic College over which Christ presided; and if a Catholic were to use ambiguous language in such a connection, we should at once feel the impropriety and untruthfulness of it. In the case of class-books for those in whose minds first impressions of historical events need be correctly formed, it is of even greater importance to avoid any statement that would be apt to generate a false conviction by reading of subsequent misrepresentation of similar facts.

Are we then to avoid entirely the statement of abuses such as may have occurred in connection with the promulgation of Indulgences? No; only let us state them precisely as they occurred, just as the Evangelists state Judas' abuse of his trust; that is to say, by way of contrast rather than by way of circumstance. To do this rightly is the function of the true teacher and hence of a good text-book. It avoids alike the danger of allowing the notion of impeccability to discolor the judgment about men who hold sacred trusts, and on the other strengthens the faith in the really supernatural endowments of the Catholic Church which are independent of the weakness of man.

In connection with this subject we draw attention to two newly published volumes sent to us for notice during the past scholastic term and dealing with the matter of English History for the use of our schools. One is *A School History of England*, by Harmon B. Niver, teacher in the New York City Public

Schools; the other *A History of England for Catholic Schools*, by E. Wyatt-Davies, Trinity College, Cambridge.

BLESSED FRANCIS GONZAGA.

The good news is published in the official acts of the Franciscan Order that the S. Congregation of Rites has resumed the process of Beatification of P. Francesco Gonzaga, the man to whom St. Aloysius owed perhaps above all others the realization of his wish to become a Jesuit, when the opposition of the family threatened to frustrate the Divine call and to deprive the Church of so fair a Saint. Francis Gonzaga had been, before his entrance into the Franciscan Order, attached to the Court of Charles V of Spain, and at the age of eleven, as page elect, accompanied the special embassy of the Emperor to Alessandro Farnese in Flanders. A few years later, he was deputed as escort to Philip of Spain, son of Charles, for the royal coronation ceremony, to Brussels. That same year, however, he renounced the pleasures and honors of the court, and being scarcely eighteen years of age, entered the novitiate of the Friars Minor at Alcala. He became an eminent theologian, and in 1579, at the age of thirty-three, was elected General of the entire Franciscan Order. It was on his return from a visitation of the Minorite communities in Spain, that he took the young son of Count Ferrante Gonzaga of Castiglione with him to Italy. Aloysius Gonzaga was then about eighteen years old. A few months later, after Aloysius had entered the novitiate of the Jesuits, P. Francesco came to Don Ferrante, who was on his deathbed at Milan, and moved him fully to second the sacrifice which his beloved boy had made in leaving behind him the prospects of a military and courtly career in order to assume the black gown of the militia of Christ.

When the Archiepiscopal See of Milan had been left vacant by the death of St. Charles Borromeo, the Pope nominated P. Francesco Gonzaga as his successor, but the latter declined to accept the dignity, as he deemed himself unworthy and incapable of sustaining the work begun by the saintly Archbishop. Later on, he was prevailed upon to assume the difficult post of Bishop to the See of Cefalù in Sicily. Here he laid the foundations of the first

ecclesiastical seminary on the model prescribed by the Council of Trent. He was relentless in enforcing the reforms sanctioned by the decrees of the Council, and effectually resisted the political intriguers who, in the name of the King, sought to maintain certain abuses among the clergy under the title of ecclesiastical prerogatives, which they found to their temporal advantage. On one occasion, when an officer of high degree pleaded his past loyalty to the King as an excuse for refusing to recognize the ordinances of the Bishop, the latter answered: "You speak of loyalty to the King, as though the Bishop had no such sentiments. Let me remind you, sir, that the Gonzagas have shed a greater quantity of blood in defence of the King than you have consumed wine during your lifetime, which I think cannot be little."

Later, P. Francesco was nominated Bishop of Pavia; but, at the urgent instance of the Duke of Mantua, he was appointed to the see of the ducal city, where he also founded a seminary, and enforced the reforms of the Council. To his efforts were largely due the Beatification of his holy young relative, Aloysius, which occurred within fifteen years after the death of the youthful Saint. The final canonization was not effected until a hundred and twenty years later. There is a biography of P. Francesco Gonzaga from the pen of Donesmondi, published in Venice, 1625. The body of the Venerable Francesco Gonzaga is preserved in the Cathedral of Mantua; the figure of the Bishop is there seen sitting upon the episcopal throne erected in the vault under the high altar.

Criticisms and Notes.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS. By E. Wyatt-Davies, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London, New York and Bombay : Longmans, Green and Company.

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Harmon B. Niver, A.B., Teacher in New York City Public Schools. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : American Book Company. Pp. xvi-406.

A discriminating choice of text-books in the general field of modern history is of great importance to the educators in Catholic schools, because the facts of history are commonly so distorted by partisan spirit as to create and promote the prejudices which are supposed to justify and give strength to factional conviction. This applies in an especial manner to the study of the History of England ; for the commonwealth of the United States is in some way an outcome of England's political and social culture of the last three centuries, and our language and colonial institutions are fundamentally identical with those of the British Empire. Besides these elements which make for unity in the political and social order, there are also antagonisms of sentiment which divide large numbers of our citizens on religious grounds, antagonisms which are likewise due to traditions that have their growth in centuries of British history. Thus our likes and our dislikes are closely interwoven with England's past and seek their cause in English antecedent, a fact which demands that we should rightly apprehend that past, so as to estimate and compose our differences upon grounds of fact rather than upon the traditional and inherited bias.

As for distinctly Catholic presentations of England's history we have a number of good sources, but they are not as a rule available for school use ; they are either too large, as is the case with Lingard's unabridged volumes, especially if brought up to date, or they are only partial histories, that is to say, they cover a limited period, or take a restricted view, controversial or apologetical, of the events since the so-called Reformation. In one or other of these categories are to be placed the histories of England by Miss Allies, Dom Gasquet, Father Morris, Augusta Drane, and others, as well as the various abridgments

and monographs collected under the title of Clifton Tracts, or the works dealing with the separate stories of Ireland, Scotland and the Colonies.

Of the two books before us the one by Professor Wyatt-Davies of Trinity College, Cambridge, addresses itself distinctly to the middle and upper divisions of Catholic schools. Its manner of stating facts without any uncalled-for indication of personal views gives to the volume that sanction which goes with a just estimate of things as they are. If there is not to be found in the narrative that distinctly apologetic coloring which characterizes a defence of Catholic prerogatives, it is to be remembered that this book is a political and not an ecclesiastical history. The volume is, as the author states in his preface, intended for students who are engaged in preparing for examinations in which they will have to compete with non-Catholics. We must not therefore look here for a distinct summary of the history of the Catholic Church in England, or for a controversial medium. It should be said that this mode of presentation has its distinct advantages in practical education. It enables the student from the outset to obtain a fair perspective of things, in the light in which others might see them, without preventing that subsequent strengthening of the evidences in favor of the truth by facts and aspects which narrower minds lay hold of exclusively to determine their view of religious questions. Religious fanaticism, even if it be on the right side, is like other phases of excessive zeal for good: it injures the defence and hinders not merely conversion but also that desirable toleration which permits Catholic charity to grow.

For his sources Professor Wyatt-Davies refers chiefly to Dr. Lingard, Dr. Stubbs, Professor Freeman, Dr. Gardiner, Mr. Lecky, and other well-known writers in the same field. As a guarantee that right use has been made of these authorities, some of whom might lend themselves to opposing interpretations, we have the names of Monsignors Ward and Nolan, and the Jesuit Fathers Joseph Rickaby, Sydney Smith, and Herbert Thurston, intimating that their judgment influenced the author in the shaping of his text or the expression of his views. And indeed we find nothing that does not indicate a healthy and scholastic spirit. Here and there a phrase might have been modified to give the more accurate impression touching facts assumed or real. Thus, it cannot be said that responsible historians of the period of Henry II admit that, as the author states, he obtained "from the English Pope Hadrian IV, the Bull *Laudabiliter*, granting Ireland to the English Crown." It is more true to say that Henry

Plantagenet exhibited, sixteen years after the death of Hadrian IV, a Bull, purporting to have been written by that Pope in 1155, which pretended to authorize the annexation of Ireland to the English Crown. It is quite true that writers like Cardinal Newman appear to have assumed the genuine character of "the Bull *Laudabiliter*," since it is to be found in the *Bullarium* of Coqueline. But there are writers who, like Father William Morris of the Oratory, having made a special study of the subject, offer hardly mistakable evidence of the fact that the Bull was a forgery. The fact that there exists no original of it, in the Roman archives or anywhere else; that the earliest copy of it occurs thirty-four years after its alleged composition in a work by Giraldus Cambrensis, and that in form and spirit it is quite different from the numerous authenticated Bulls of the same Pope, is sufficient to inspire the historian with legitimate suspicion as to its being genuine; and the matter is one which reflects not only upon the legitimate assumption of Pontifical rights but also upon the character of a Pope who has claims upon our respect as a ruler and defender of Catholic interests. A similar stricture might be made with reference to the ostensible charge of "sorcery and heresy" lodged against Joan of Arc by a court as notoriously partisan and political as it was nominally ecclesiastical. That the authority of the Church was distinctly disregarded in the trial is now the received opinion among unprejudiced historians, a fact which is not made clear by the simple statement that the Maid of Orleans was condemned on the charge of "sorcery and heresy," which of course is taken to mean not political but religious disaffection.

But if a thoroughly satisfactory text-book in the hand of the Catholic pupil calls for certain modifications of expression in the way indicated, the general tenor of Mr. Wyatt-Davies' book is such as to recommend it to the teacher of the secular history of England. His clear diction, division of topics, easy transition from one theme to another, with due emphasis on subjects of national rather than local importance,—all stamp the work as that of a practised teacher and of a judicious historian, and elicit our approval.

Somewhat different in method and spirit is the work of Mr. Niver, which lays rather stress upon the didactic features of the text-book. It is evidently written with the desire to maintain a neutral attitude regarding facts which trench upon religious ground; and the author does not pretend that his presentation is to be taken as a complete analysis of the events that make up the history of the English people.

He intends to arouse interest in further studies of the questions treated in the volume, and hence refers the pupil to a list of books in the appendix which is to be made use of with a view of comparison, discrimination, and the exercise of independent judgment, the possession of which is the "basis of all historical study." With a similar purpose each chapter or topical section is followed by a series of "questions for thought" and a number of points suggesting "topics for some reading." In this feature the volume of Professor Niver excels that of Professor Wyatt-Davies, which simply summarizes the "chief events" at the end of each chapter.

But when we come to view the narrative of the New York teacher as a perspective of historical events, our judgment is not so favorable. Despite his almost laconic method of stating facts we have often to pause and ask ourselves: *is* he stating facts? The traditional bias with which certain phases of history have been treated by historians who, on general grounds of literary excellence, command popular respect, is fatal to the teacher of elementary knowledge. The more brief his summary, the more likely is he to misstate its details, for there remains little room for those modifications of implied criticism which leave their permanent impression upon the reader.

Mr. Niver seeks to be just, as we said, but he hardly succeeds; and yet it would be difficult to seize upon any definite group of facts or upon any one strong statement in which he could be charged with misrepresentation of admitted historical facts. His distortions are the result of a sort of false coloring, of seemingly harmless adjectives, of mentioning trivial incidents which gain an accidental importance by their connection or by the omission of other facts. The style of language is not as a rule choice,—a fact which increases the unfavorable impression of the whole composition. We would illustrate our meaning by comparing Professor Niver's delineations of certain personages and events characterizing the various epochs of England's history, with those by Mr. Wyatt-Davies, if our space here allowed it; but one or two instances may suffice to suggest the difference that separates the two writers of text-books for the young. Speaking of Elizabeth and Mary Tudor, Mr. Niver records his judgment as follows:

"When Elizabeth came to the throne, the Protestant exiles returned, and those who were in prison on account of that religion were set free. Mary had ruled in order to make the English people Catholic. Elizabeth ruled to make the English nation strong. For this reason she has received the name of 'Good Queen Bess.' Under her rule schools and colleges were encouraged," etc.

Mr. Wyatt-Davies says of Elizabeth :—

“Perfectly unscrupulous, a mistress of all the arts of dissimulation, caring little for religion, coarse in her language and conduct, capable of acts of passionate vindictiveness, Elizabeth seems to have united in her person the worst traits of the imperious House of Tudor. Highly educated and accomplished, she was, nevertheless, practically untouched by the marvellous intellectual movement of her reign. The great giants of literature, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Spenser and Hooker, owed little to her patronage.”

Again note Mr. Niver's estimate of Mary Tudor in the following passage :—

“She was a plain, sickly woman, somewhat dull, and came to the throne at the mature age of thirty-seven. Her youth had been blighted and unhappy on account of her mother's unjust divorce and consequent disgrace. She was a devout and faithful Catholic, and believed that her one duty as sovereign was to restore the Catholic form of worship and the rule of the Pope. Beyond this she said little and understood little of the needs of her people. She had the Tudor determination, but none of the Tudor statesmanship. The great Kings of England, those who had governed most successfully, had consulted the wish of the people; but under the Tudors it had become the custom to refer everything to the will of the sovereign. Mary's first care, therefore, was to have Parliament repeal the laws that gave countenance to Protestantism, and to restore the Catholic form of worship. The penalty for refusing to accept the established religion was death, usually by burning.”

Compare with this Mr. Wyatt-Davies' estimate of Mary :—

“From the first, Mary avowed her intention of undoing the ecclesiastical revolution of the previous reign. Gardiner and the other deprived bishops were restored to their sees . . . the queen, as she declared in a proclamation to her subjects, was determined not to use compulsion in matters of religion till further counsel were taken by common consent.”

Referring to the cruel epithet which has been affixed to Mary's reign owing to the sad events for which she has been made responsible, the same author goes on to say :

“These matters cannot be judged from the standpoint of to-day. For, in the *first* place, it is certain that Mary's disposition, in spite of all the embittering experiences of her early life, did not lean to harshness. Her magnanimous treatment of the conspirators at the beginning of her reign, and of those who had harassed and humiliated her in the reigns of her father and brother, shows a loftiness of character without parallel at the time. Of the integrity of her conduct, her kindness to her dependents and to the poor, there is ample proof . . . In the second place, Mary necessarily shared the universal belief of her time, that it was the duty of the civil power to put down erroneous doctrine and belief held by Protestants as well as Catholics. Thus Calvin burnt the Socinian Servetus, Cranmer sent Anabaptists to

the stake . . . Lastly, even if we blame Mary and her advisers, in justice it must be remembered that some at least of the Protestant martyrs were guilty of treason," etc.

If the reader compares the two judgments, making due allowance for the fact that they are taken out of their context, he will have two somewhat different portraits, though the fundamental outlines remain the same. Mr. Niver depicts faces, Mr. Wyatt-Davies countenances, and the effect is a decidedly different one in the light of historical truth.

THE LIFE OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS, of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. Written by herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. Third edition, enlarged. With Additional Notes and an Introduction by the Rev. Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. London: Thomas Baker. 1904. Pp. xliii—489.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SAINTS. By Henri Joly. With Preface and Notes by G. Tyrrell, S.J. London: Duckworth & Co. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. Pp. xv—184.

St. Teresa's Autobiography should need no commendatory introduction to the educated reader, Catholic or non-Catholic, cleric or lay. Estimated from a purely human standard it is one of the greatest soul-pictures of all time, and takes its place easily in the world's literature by the side of St. Augustine's *Confessions* and Newman's *Apologia*. But St. Teresa's *Life* is much more than the laying bare of a soul, howsoever great. It is the record of Divine love; of the marvellous workings, the rich endowerings, the intimate communings, of the Holy Spirit in a character which on its own confession lent itself not always generously to these supernal endearments. From this viewpoint St. Teresa's *Life* is a revelation of a higher order, an illumination of the mysterious ways of God, and as such must exalt and encourage whoever reads with the will to submit to its potency. The tempered yet sympathetic judgment passed on it by Fra Banes, when it was placed in his hands by the Saint herself, "I am of opinion that this book is not to be shown to every one, but only to men of learning, experience and Christian discretion,"—may in the judgment of some be still safe to follow. On the whole, however, it may be conjectured at least that there are few that will care to take up the book at all, who will not be enlightened and strengthened by its reading, though, of course, here as elsewhere they will get most who most bring.

There is a special appositeness in republishing the *Life* of St. Teresa at this time. Since some of the heretofore hidden secrets of man's subconscious self are becoming revealed through the agencies of psychical research and spread abroad by the popular press, the opinion has correspondingly developed that the mystical phenomena experienced by the Saints—their ecstasies, upliftings, revelations, and the like—are all explicable by hysteria, auto-suggestion, and other such obscure influences. The attempt to explain the extraordinary phenomena in the life of St. Teresa by animal magnetism and similar occult agencies had been exploded by the Bollandists, but was recently revived in Spain and spread thence into France, Germany, and elsewhere. The discussion is summed up and disposed of in a book entitled *La Pretendue Hysterie de Sainte Thérèse*, by P. Gregoire. The intuitions of faith and instinctive reverence for sanctity will of course dispel from the intelligent Catholic mind any such naturalistic theory, and it would seem that the unprejudiced reading of St. Teresa's *Life* should be enough to show its utter inapplicability in her case, since she herself, with an insight keener and surer by far than that of the psychical researcher, accurately distinguishes in her own case and that of others between what may be called purely natural—normal and abnormal—psychosis. Nevertheless, since the naturalistic theory has laid a hold on some minds, the reader interested in the matter would do well to make a study of Mr. Joly's *Psychology of the Saints*.

The singular merit of the little book just named is that it takes the saint's life out of the superhuman atmosphere in which it is too often hidden by some of the older hagiographers, and brings it within the range of the average human experience. While far from enucleating the supernatural elements in the life of sanctity, it pictures their relation to the natural character—mind, imagination, will, emotions, conduct—and thus shows that heroic holiness is after all continuous with ordinary religiousness; that the saint differs from the average Christian, not in kind but in degree of love and effort. No one will suspect Mr. Joly of not being thoroughly conversant with the newest psychology. His books on *Instinct*, *Imagination*, and the *Psychology of Great Men*, afford adequate assurance in this respect. On the other hand, that his knowledge of hagiography is broad and intimate is evident from the work in the series of *The Saints*, now appearing under his editorship. Moreover, both these qualifications are obviously blended in the little book mentioned above, wherein a critical and

scholarly spirit is elevated and sustained by the instinct of a reverential faith. The book is at once instructive, inspiring, and encouraging.

A word in conclusion concerning the present edition of St. Teresa's *Life*. Mr. Lewis' translation first appeared in 1870 and was re-issued in 1888. He had prepared a third edition prior to his death, which occurred in 1895. Of his translation the present editor says that it is so excellent that it could hardly be improved. While faithfully adhering to the text the translator has been successful in rendering its lofty teaching in simple and clear language, and, we might add, in eliminating all traces of a foreign idiom. The book reads as though written originally in English. The editing of Mr. Lewis' final rendition was intrusted to Father Zimmerman, and consists in a critical introduction highly valuable for its chronological and bibliographical comments. Mr. Lewis' translation remains unchanged save in one sentence, the alteration of which was not unimportant.

Let it be added here that the clients of St. Teresa will be gratified at seeing her *Life* presented in so splendid a form. No pains have been spared by the publisher to make the material book as far as possible worthy of its spiritual contents.

ROSA MYSTICA. Immaculatae Tributum Jubilæum A.D. MCMIV. The fifteen mysteries of the M. H. Rosary, and other Joys, Sorrows, and Glories of Mary. Illustrated with copies of the Rosary Frescoes of Giovanni di San Giovanni and other artists. By Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: R. and T. Washbourne; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Quarto. Pp. xxii—279.

The devout Oratorian who affectionately pays his tribute to Mary Immaculate by this Jubilee offering of pious reflections upon the various mysteries of her life, is already known to Catholic readers of a certain choice kind of religious literature. His verses, in particular those published under the title of "A Priest's Poems," have the beautiful resonance that belongs to sacred things and suggests the natural grace of that intuitive virtue which sees God in all earthly movements.

The series of spiritual readings brought here together for the purpose of illustrating the beautiful qualities of the Virgin Mother of Christ, in order thence to draw the lesson of her merit and dignity, is characterized by a certain freshness and freedom in which poetry

and prose mingle to color the mystical vesture of Our Lady. There are two main aspects of Mary's life from which we learn our own place toward God. These two aspects are well indicated in the two months of the year which the Church dedicates in an especial manner to the honor of the Queen of Heaven. "May, with its freshness, its flowers, its springtide of hope," and "autumn's golden October," have each their distinct devotions in which one supplements the other. "In May we chiefly aim at praising our Mother, extolling her while we cheer ourselves with the contemplation of her many prerogatives, and we give expression to these sentiments by our offerings to the Lady Altar, and our hymns and praises." In October we go to the Queen of the holy Rosary not merely to reverence, but to profess our allegiance, our readiness to follow her royal standard in the ranks of those who fight on the side of God for purity and a holy love against the serpent that lies in wait to destroy virtue and foster selfishness and vice. Upon these two currents of thought—devotion and imitation by self-conquest and valiant fight against evil of every kind—Father Digby Best sends out his meditations expressed in beautiful language and illustrated by pictures from partly forgotten and remote stores of Christian art. In fact it is this feature of artistic form which strikes one as the main design of the author. Besides some drawings from the Masters of the Revival period, such as Rafael, Murillo, Carlo Dolci, Guido Reni, Filippo Lippi, Bernard Luino, and others equally well known, a considerable number of the illustrations are half-tones from sketches by Giovanni di San Giovanni, who painted at Florence during the early part of the seventeenth century. Whilst his frescoes were undoubtedly characterized by a certain originality of form, they can hardly lay claim to that attractiveness which one instinctively looks for in the image of the "*Tota Pulchra*." Still the aim which Father Best had in view is perhaps served more directly by this selection, since it is calculated to draw attention to the less conventional in artistic recitation, and thus helps reflection and feeling otherwise rendered callous by the habit of viewing stereotyped forms in connection with an excellence that is ever renewing its charms by its association with the divine beauty which it immediately reflects. The letterpress is of altogether superior quality and the volume is tastefully bound in white parchment cover with blue and gold decoration.

SOCIALISM. Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application. By Victor Cathrein, S.J. Authorized translation of the eighth German edition. With special reference to the condition of Socialism in the United States. Revised and enlarged by Victor F. Gettelmann, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 424.

Since its first appearance, in 1890, the original of this book has passed through eight large editions and been translated into as many different languages. Besides this remarkable fecundity, it has enjoyed the distinction, rarely accorded to a work of its parentage, of a favorable reception amongst Protestant critics in Germany, and of high praise even from so prominent a socialist organ as the *Neue Zeit*, in which Kautsky writes that "Marx's theory has been rendered much better by Cathrein than by any of the liberalist 'socialist-killers.' The author has at least read the works which he discusses." The latter sentence signalizes, if not the book's primary claim to merit, certainly one that is quite obvious. Nearly every page evinces the author's familiarity with the principles, methods and demands of socialists, and that not simply as they are divulged in Germany, but in every other country wherein their propaganda has been effected. His expositions of programmes and systems, though relatively succinct, are fairly comprehensive and clear. This is especially true in regard to the Marxian theories. The chief excellence, however, of the work seems to lie in its discussion of the philosophical bases of Socialism. Marx's materialistic conception of history, which, according to Engels, advanced Socialism to the rank of science; the liberalistic doctrine of human equality; the socialistic attitude toward religion,—these fundamental questions are treated with singular insight and clarity. Whether Socialism should be dignified by the title of a philosophy may be questioned. At all events it is *based* on ultimate so-called principles, and to overthrow these is to pull down at least the speculative side of its superstructure. That Socialism, however, is proposed as a practical measure of reform, a remedy for existing evils, goes without saying. This is, if not its only, surely its chief *raison d'être*. To grasp its remedial plans and methods and to envisage them in their actual adaptation to the complex conditions of human life is, for one outside the ranks, a by no means easy task. To this task the author has devoted much sustained energy. Over one-third of his book is given to a discussion of the remedial programme presented by socialists,—their plans for the organization of labor, theories of profit and progress, family life, education, and the like. That he will succeed

in convincing socialists of the impracticability of their measures is more than may be hoped for; but that he has seen far ahead and argued justly thereon no one can reasonably, we think, deny.

It remains to add a few words concerning the present translation. The preceding edition had been practically a reprint of the original form of the book, no account having been taken of the changes which the past decade had wrought in socialistic proposals. The latest edition embodies the substance and more than doubles the compass of the former issue. Besides being brought fully abreast with the present status of Socialism throughout Europe, it now includes a reliable account of the socialistic movement in the United States, and presents also other minor adaptations to American conditions. The editor has had the advantage of the author's personal coöperation, and the work of translating has likewise been carefully supervised, so that both the matter and the form have been well provided for. A somewhat severer castigation of the latter would not have been amiss. The English, while perfectly clear, is not as smooth as it might be, and retains just a smack of the German flavor. A good style makes one desiderate a better; a classic should be classically rendered.

What therefore with this philosophical and practical study of Socialism and the scholarly and literary essays on the same subject contributed by Dr. Kerby to volumes fourth and fifth of *THE DOLPHIN*, educated Catholic readers need feel themselves at no loss of means whereby "to orient" themselves in this most burning and far-reaching problem of the present age.

THE RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE. By Wm. Cecil Dampier Whetham, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., 1012 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Pp. 344.

The opening of the present century welcomed a number of books in which the scientific achievements of its predecessor were summarized and popularized,—in some cases, it is true, with more regard on the author's part for rhetorical finish and dazzling effect than for exact science. The work here presented must be ranked with no such *fin de siècle* vulgarizations. The author indeed has had in mind the wants, and it may be added the limitations, of the general reader. He has accordingly endeavored, and with fair success, to convey facts and inferences of physical science in an interesting, or, in the better

sense of the term, popular, manner. And instead of roaming over the meads of science, gathering merely the sweet nosegays of pretty flowers, he has limited himself to one section of the great domain, that is, to physical science. He has confined himself, too, to just a few fruits, yet not altogether omitting the flowers; and of these the mode of growth rather than fair form and coloring have held his attention. In other words, he is concerned rather with methods than results, rightly deeming it that a superficial acquaintance with results without an underlying knowledge of method is useless, or worse than useless.

From this viewpoint and with this animus he enters upon the following problems: The liquefaction of gases—for instance, air and hydrogen—is described for the light it throws on the physical equilibrium between the so-called states of matter,—solid, liquid, and gaseous. Next, the phenomena of fusion and solidification of mixtures and alloys are considered in their bearing on the theory of equilibrium, and additional light is seen thence to fall on the practical arts of metallurgy, whilst the further study of solution in general brings in electrical phenomena and the theory of ionic conduction. This enables one to see further into electrolysis and certain important physiological processes. A fuller study of the ionic and electronic structure of atoms seems to bring almost to a reality the peripatetic doctrine of primal matter (*materia prima*), while the theory of radio-activity is recognized as the modern equivalent of the transmutation of substances dreamed of by the mediæval alchemists. The “scientific imagination” penetrates further into the ultimates of matter when it comes to picture atoms as infinitesimal systems of electrons,—corpuscles which themselves are described as just centres of “intrinsic ætherial strain.” Physics has already reached out to the stars and annexed them to its domain. By the aid of the spectroscope it examines the chemism of sun and stars, measures their motions, and speculates about their origin, development, and decay. Thus from the inner make-up of the atom to the majestic progress of the suns the visualization of the universe becomes fairly continuous and, so far as present information extends, consistent and on the whole plausible. How all this picture of phenomena comports with the ultimate questionings of the mind is happily suggested in the following verses:—

We scatter the mists that enclose us,
Till the seas are ours and the lands,
Till the quivering æther knows us,
And carries our quick commands.

From the blaze of the sun's bright glory
We sift each ray of light,
We steal from the stars their story
Across the dark spaces of night.

But beyond the bright search-lights of science,
Out of sight of the windows of sense,
Old riddles still bid us defiance,
Old questions of Why and of Whence.
There fail all sure means of trial,
There end all the pathways we've trod,
Where man, by belief or denial,
Is weaving the purpose of God.

TWENTY-NINE CHATS AND ONE SCOLDING. By the Rev. Fred. O. O'Neill. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1905. Pp. 291.

Here is a writer who has the rare faculty of the Aesopian fabulist, and the still rarer gift of adapting the lessons which he draws from fable or fairyland to the spiritual needs of children. It is an old saying that the heart of the true priest is the heart of a mother, and Father O'Neill makes the statement good in the way he leads the young folks to examine their conduct by comparison with the living things in nature or with such fancies as appeal to the youthful imagination and make fiction a reality at least for the time, and for a purpose which ennoble motives and acts upon the formation of character. Even where the language is too choice for the limited educational experience of the child—a feature which the author might easily alter—the affectionate manner of approach to his readers and the genial glow with which the author surrounds his creations serve to attract the attention, and convey the lesson of early self-discipline which he wishes to inculcate. The “Scolding” which concludes the series of thirty short stories, having throughout a mythical but pleasant ring to them, is a good-natured intimation that little boys are no better than little girls, unless they practise what the story-teller has taught them; and that both boys and girls need to improve in all that pertains to solid progress and virtue.

The book is well printed and makes a useful gift to all who are young in heart and have the understanding of a bright American child. We trust Father O'Neill will do more in this field, which needs most assiduous cultivation, because our Juvenile Literature is very scant and much of it puerile and insipid when compared with that of the secular story writers for children in the English language.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Albert Gate Mystery: Louis Tracy. *Fenno*. \$1.50.

An amateur detective, with methods unlike those of the police, Sherlock Holmes or Martin Hewit, attempts to discover who murdered four subjects of the Sultan staying in London under the protection of the Foreign Office, and in the course of his investigation unearths a remarkable political plot. The story is unequal in power, but some chapters are cleverly devised.

American Wives and Others: Jerome K. Jerome. *Stokes*. \$1.50.

Twenty-five brief papers, humorously written, even when on serious subjects, but generally discussing matters of small moment, and making the most of them.

Arbitration and the Hague Court: John W. Foster. *Houghton*. \$1.00 net.

This book recounts the present phases of the subject of arbitra-

tion; it begins with an historical review, describes the Hague Peace Conference; devotes a chapter to disarmament; takes up the Arbitration Convention; gives an account of the Hague Court with its suggested modifications, and special and joint commissions, and sums up the whole case. An appendix contains various State documents connected with the matter, and makes the book complete in itself.

Art of the Louvre: Mary Knight Potter. *Page*. \$1.60.

The Louvre itself is briefly described and some outline of its history is given with a general view of the building and views of especially important parts, but almost the entire book is given up to descriptions of the pictures, criticism based on generally received authority and reproductions of the pictures.

Baccarat: Frank Danby. *Lippincott*. \$1.50.

An ugly story of a silly woman, who gambles when left

alone at Monte Carlo for a few days by her husband, borrows money of a gambler, and elopes with him. Her husband follows, brings her back, and from this point the book becomes equally offensive to decency and art.

Broke of Covenden: J. C. Snaith.
Turner. \$1.50.

The last representative of an impoverished English family—the father of six daughters and a son—within a year is brought face to face with financial ruin, and the unwise marriage of his son, and one of his daughters, followed by the death of the former and the death of another daughter, but remains obstinately determined not to reduce his expenses and not to forgive his children. The birth of his son's heir breaks down his stubborn pride. The various characters in the tale are extraordinarily well wrought.

Cabbages and Kings: O. Henry.
McClure. \$1.50.

A story of Americans living in a South American republic governed on principles leading to a series of events suitable as subjects for comic opera. It is entirely incredible, but holds the reader's interest and amuses him.

Chronicles of Don Q.: K. & H. Pritchard. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

Sketches of a Spanish brigand, noble by birth, full of sardonic humor, and prosecuting his trade without pity, although sometimes without inflicting either fine or violence, they are highly ingenious, often amusing, and more Spanish than English in humor and in ingenuity.

Dialstone Lane: W. W. Jacobs.
Scribner. \$1.50.

The adventures of three men who attempt to find a buried treasure with very uncertain information as to its whereabouts, and with full knowledge that it has an owner. They become the victims of their own cupidity, losing their vessel, their time, and their money.

Eighteen Miles from Home:
William T. Hodge. *Small.*
\$1.00.

An ignorant rustic, fancying that he can recite and possibly act, joins a company of strollers, giving all his savings for the privilege, and soon finds himself in difficulties with the sheriff. The characters literally behave like lunatics or marionettes.

Eliza: Barry Pain. *Estes.* \$1.50.

The small quarrels of a husband and wife whose straitened circumstances keep them in a state of constant irritation are related with quiet humor, the husband being the narrator.

Ellen and Mr. Man: Gouverneur Morris. *Century.* \$1.25.

A delightful boy relates the story of his lonely life in the house of his strange father, and of the pretty aunt whom he discovers, plunging headlong into her affairs and, all unconscious, producing remarkable effects.

Emmanuel Burden, Merchant:
Hilaire Belloc. *Scribner.*
\$1.50.

This satire uses the terms of profound respect to describe the

machinations by which a group of financiers entrap an honest British merchant, and use him to bait a snare for other honest men, until he rebels, endeavors to correct the wrong wrought through him, and dies. The workmanship of the book is admirable, but seems too elaborate for proper appreciation by the hasty reader.

Far From the Maddening Girls : Guy Wetmore Carryl. *McClure*. \$1.50.

The hero, desiring to exhibit himself as an intentional bachelor, builds a house in which no woman could live comfortably, and carefully explains himself and his home to the first girl whom he meets near it, with precisely the result to be expected.

Fata Morgana: Andre Castaigne. *Century*. \$1.50.

An unreal story of an acrobat and an American girl, and their relations with a Latin-quarter artist, and the ruler of a Utopian band of which the genius is the fairy, Morgana. The Duke hesitates and loses both. The artist is as happy as he deserves, but the atmosphere of the book is so thoroughly unwholesome that the reader is left entirely indifferent.

Girl and the Kaiser: Pauline Bradford Mackie. *Bobbs*. \$1.00.

The author makes the Kaiser seem vain and petty, but good enough to provide an excellent husband for the silly heroine, a German-American girl whom he encounters at the house of her uncle, a German admiral. The

girl's favored lover is a poor but handsome lieutenant, aware that he cannot marry, but not ashamed to compromise an innocent and ignorant girl, but she mourns over her separation from him as if it were genuine misfortune.

Golden Bowl: Henry James. *Scribner*. Two vols. \$2.50.

Unlimited conversation, carefully avoiding the subject supposed to be discussed, pervades this work. An American father and daughter, the latter married to a man who has once loved the step-mother, are uniformly unselfish and upright; the others are entirely selfish and unscrupulous, but it is only after hours of dialogue that their faults are revealed to their victims.

Heart of Happy Hollow: Paul Laurence Dunbar. *Dodd*. \$1.50.

The author describes the daily life in the small negro colonies of ordinary towns and cities, without either omitting or exaggerating the traits which the white man finds amusing. He takes pride in the sunny temper of his people.

Highways and Byways of the South: Clifton Johnson. *Macmillan*. \$2.00 net.

The Southern States lying between the Mississippi and the coast are separately described, a plan made necessary by the differences in the local ways of living originated in the days of slavery. The book is illustrated by a great number of photographs taken especially for it, and almost as instructive as the text.

Hope Hathaway: Frances Parker. *Clark.* \$1.50.

The heroine, a girl of the Far West, uses a gun as freely as a man, rides astride, and is admiringly regarded by her father, her cousin, and by an English sheep-farmer and peer. Neither her behavior nor her accomplishments prevent her marriage to the peer.

House of Fulfilment: George Madden Martin. *McClure.* \$1.50.

A man and woman, intimate friends in childhood, meet some twelve years later in Florida, where he has an orange-farm and whither she has brought her step-mother, an intemperate woman. Each watches the other's life with great contentment and admiration of its self-sacrifice, and in time they discover that they are living in "the house of fulfilment."

Imported Americans: Broughton Brandenburg. *Stokes.* \$1.50.

An interesting account of a systematic investigation of the condition of Italian immigrants at home, of their reasons for coming to this country, and of their adventures on the way. The author proposes a commission to conduct investigations in Italy, instead of waiting until time and money have been spent in coming hither before telling the immigrant to return. He and his wife made the voyage from Italy to the United States in the steerage.

In the Closed Room: Frances Hodgson Burnett. *McClure.* \$1.50.

A pretty book with a small square of print upon each decorated page telling part of a story about a small girl who saw ghosts, found unwithered flowers in rooms closed for years, and played with a mysterious child until she herself was found dead in a room left unopened since the death of its last occupant.

Italian Villas and their Gardens: Edith Wharton. *Century.* \$6.00 net.

Full-page colored pictures by Mr. Maxfield Parrish, and some of his black-and-white pictures illustrate beautifully written descriptions of gardens upon which art has exhausted itself. The pictures are the best of their sort made in this country.

Japanese Romance: Clive Holland. *Stokes.* \$1.50.

The rather stupid hero marries a Japanese girl, chiefly because an English girl has refused to marry him. His quick decline into indifference, his desertion of her, her suicide, and his remarriage are the chief elements of an ugly little story.

Kate of Kate Hall: Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

The fortunate heroine, having fallen in love with a man to whom her parents would object on the ground of inferiority, is so placed by the terms of a will that she must marry him or forfeit the money needed for the restoration

of the family prosperity. The book abounds in lively talk.

Little Citizens: Myra Kelly. *McClure.* \$1.50.

The personages mentioned in the title are the Polish and Russian Jews and Irish Catholics attending school together under the instruction of an Irish Catholic teacher. The little creatures are very interesting, and their teacher is a vigorous, sensible girl, but the tales are marred by the presence of one in which a priest is represented as marrying an unbaptized Jew and an Irish Catholic.

Man on the Box: Harold MacGrath. *Bobbs.* \$1.50.

The man on the box takes the place to play a practical joke, and circumstances force him to keep in livery through a series of highly amusing adventures, closing with his successful wooing of the girl on the back seat.

My Lady Laughter: Dwight Tilton. *Clark.* \$1.50.

A story of the British occupation of Boston, with a Tory heroine having a Yankee lover, to whose politics the bad manners of certain of the British officers convert her. It is stiffly written, and much longer than is necessary.

Nation's Idol: Charles Felton Pidgin. *Attemus.* \$1.50.

The story of Franklin's mission to the Court of Louis XVI, and his long residence in France, is here blended with the progress of a Kentucky love story. So many extracts from Franklin's journals and letters are introduced

that the picture of him is fairly just.

Old Gorgon Graham: G. H. Lorimer. *Doubleday.* \$1.50.

The letters of a millionaire pork-packer to his son, who has amiably signified his willingness to take entire charge of the business while his father rests. The rough language neutralizes much of their common sense, partly by lack of intelligibility, partly because it is not necessary to the presentation of the writer's character.

Poketown People: Ella M. Tybout. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

Stories of city negroes in their church relations, a topic which the author makes endlessly amusing without falling into any irreverence. It is not uncharitable, although it necessarily lacks the tender sympathy of "The Heart of Happy Hollow."

Prodigal Son: Hall Caine. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

The "prodigal" departs twice from his home, once on his wedding-journey, during which he forges his father-in-law's name to pay his sister-in-law's gambling debts, and again after his crime is discovered. His final return with the fortune needed to put an end to the suffering caused by his wrong-doing, and his death close the book. The story is very long and often wearisome, and over-weighted by inconsequent incidents.

Rachel: Ernest U. Smith. *Grafton Press.* \$1.50.

The heroine is supposed to be the wife of Japheth, and the

story is chiefly written to expound the writer's theory that the Garden of Eden was in South America, near the Land of Nod. Noah, his sons, his family, and Rachel herself, have the feelings and standards of twentieth-century Christians.

Sabrina Warham: Lawrence Houseman. *Longmans*. \$1.50.

The chief character is a stiff-necked farmer, utterly inaccessible to ideas of any sort, and equally unjust to his son and to the heroine. The tale ends happily, but is far too long.

Talitha Cumi: Annie J. Holland. *Lee*. \$1.50.

A Christian Science tract, embodying an advertisement of *Science and Health*. It is especially dangerous, because the heroine is a well-behaved child, not rude and selfish like Jewel.

Thackeray's Letters to an American Family: *Century*. \$1.50 net.

A series of gay, pleasant, light-hearted epistles written during the author's lecture tour in the United States and showing him at his kindest, if not always as his most brilliant self. They

are illustrated with a few pen-and-ink drawings and facsimiles, and make a book full of pleasant things.

Tiger of Muscovy: Fred. Wheshaw. *Longmans*. \$1.50.

The foolish heroine, piqued by the hero's apparent indifference, volunteers to go to Russia to take the place of the lady who has refused to fulfil Queen Elizabeth's promise that she shall be given as a bride to the mad Emperor Ivan. She escapes from the paw of the bear, but only by grace of the hero's bravery, and they live more happily than she deserves.

Young Man in a Hurry: Robert G. Chambers. *Harper*. \$1.50.

Ten short stories brilliantly written and generally humorous in scheme, although incidentally sober.

Youth of Washington: S. Weir Mitchell. *Century*. \$1.50.

All Washington's manuscripts and letters and half the memoirs of his time seem to have been used in the making of this book, which is marvellously real to the reader, making him forget the real author in the fancy that he reads Washington's own words.

Juvenile.

Adventures of Pinocchio: Carlo Lorenzini.

By naughtiness a bad little marionette almost annihilates himself. As he learns wisdom he recovers his lost limbs, and the small reader is expected to take

the lesson to heart. [Five to ten.]

Ark of 1803: C. A. Stephens. *Barnes*. \$1.25.

The old-fashioned manner of conveying lumber from Ohio to

the Gulf is here described with an accompaniment of wholesome fiction. [Ten to fourteen.]

Baby Elton, Quarter-back: Leslie W. Quirk. *Century*. \$1.25.

The hero is not only quarter-back, but President of the Freshman class and an astute youth from whom a rash boy may learn caution. [Ten to fourteen.]

Bobby and Bobinette: Annie R. Talbot. *Caldwell*. \$0.75.

The adventures of a girl and boy in a quaint little shop kept by a spinster, her big doll and her dog, make the first half of the story; in the second, the girl and boy, grown up and married, find their old friend in poverty, and make a home for her.

Boys of St. Timothy's: Arthur Stanwood Pier. *Scribner*. \$1.25.

All kinds of athletic sports, and also debating flourish at St. Timothy's, and the book gives instruction in all. [Ten to twelve.]

Brownies in the Philippines: Palmer Cox. *Century*. \$1.50.

The Brownies visit all the islands, finding the natives in a state of warlike activity, which is pictured in the usual Brownie way.

Buster Brown Abroad: R. F. Outcault.

Brightly colored and ill-drawn pictures accompany the account of a disobedient boy's journey to Europe without the consent of his father and mother.

Chatterbox for 1904: Estes. \$1.75.

Short stories of school-life; a serial including an account of the eruption of Mont Pelée, historical sketches, puzzles, animal stories, many anecdotes, and six colored plates, and many pictures in black and white are included in a quarto printed in double columns. [Four to any age.]

Chuggins: H. Irving Hancock. *Altemus*. \$1.00.

A very small boy contrives, against all military discipline, to go to Santiago with the army, and does such good service that he is to be sent to West Point. [Eight to twelve.]

Dandelion Cottage: Carroll Watson Rankin.

The cottage is the playhouse of a group of little girls, whose adventures and amusements are perfectly innocent. A quarrelsome playmate interferes with them, but is properly punished.

Gourd Fiddle: Grace MacGowan Cooke. *Altemus*. \$1.00.

The friendless hero having no money to buy a violin makes one from a gourd and teaches himself to play upon it so well that he is engaged to make one of a band of musicians and plays before Queen Victoria. [Eight to any age.]

Happy Heart Family: Virginia Gersen. *Fox*.

The pictured doings of a kindly little family, drawn as hearts provided with heads, hands,

and feet, are accompanied by a pretty story. [Five to ten.]

Hobby Hoss Fair: A. L. Janson. *Caldwell*. \$1.50.

The animals seen at the fair are pictured in colors, and described in brief acrostics, amusingly drafted. [Four to eight.]

Isle of Black Fire: Howard R. Garis. *Lippincott*. \$1.50.

The report of an island in which a great mass of radium is preserved in a temple causes an American expedition to be fitted out to explore it, and amazing adventures and some horrible incidents follow. The story is too horrible for young readers, although very clever.

King of Kinkiddie: Raymond Fuller Ayers.

Burlesques of fairy stories, illustrated with pictures of kindred humor, adapted to boys rather than to girls. [Ten to twelve.]

Little Colonel: Annie Fellows Johnston. *Page*. \$1.50.

This holiday edition of the first Little Colonel book has colored pictures, and very pretty marginal decorations in green. [Eight to twelve.]

Little Gray House: Marion Ames Taggart. *McClure*. \$1.25.

An excellent story of three sisters, of their gaiety and poverty, their clever sayings, of their brave little mother, and of the manner in which one of the girls redeems the family fortune. [Twelve to any age.]

Little Miss Joy Sing: John Luther Long. *Altemus*. \$1.00.

A Japanese story of the transformations through which a little girl learns to be contented. [Ten to any age.]

Little Royalties: Isabel McDougal.

The queen of Richard II, the children of Edward IV, Edward VI, the children of Charles I, the Dauphin of the Temple, and the King of Rome are pictured in this book and described in pleasant sketches. [Ten to twelve.]

Looking for Alice: Walter Burgess Smith. *Lothrop*. \$1.25.

The small Harriet goes down a well to find "Alice" and meets many wonderland creatures, but awakens to discover that Alice lives only in the book. [Eight to twelve.]

Nelson's Yankee Boy: F. H. Costello.

The hero voluntarily serves in the British navy to save some friends impressed with him from the same fate and thus it happens that he is with Nelson on the victory at Trafalgar. [Ten to fifteen.]

Quilt that Jack Built: Annie Fellows Johnston. *Page*. \$0.50.

Two stories, the first showing the strength of a good impression received in early life, the second illustrating three ways of working.

Running the River: George Cary Eggleston.

Two enterprising youths, being left orphans early in the nineteenth century, resolve to make the long journey down the Mississippi, and on their way note many curious sights and learn much of the condition of the country in those days. [Ten to fifteen.]

Sandman Rhymes: Willard Bonte. Caldwell. \$1.25.

The scissors, the chocolate drop, the sponge cake, and the needle, and other incongruous objects, hold conversations in

absurd verse, and are pictured in brilliantly colored plates.

Under the Mikado's Flag: Edward Stratemeyer.

The Japanese side of the war is shown and Japanese opinion is reflected in this story, which ends at the battle of Liao-Yang. [Ten to twelve.]

What Paul Did: Etheldred B. Barry. Estes. \$0.50.

The courage of a little cripple who teaches himself how to draw in order to aid his hard-working father, is the chief topic of a very pretty, tenderly told story. [Eight to ten.]

Literary Chat.

The Gospel of the Childhood of our Lord Jesus Christ, published by the Scott-Thaw Co. (New York), is a sort of composite work of certain apocryphal fragments which were current in the early ages among the new converts to Christianity, and frequently served as legendary supplements to the inspired writings. They do not all enjoy in equal measure either historical authenticity or entire freedom from text corruption. But they embody a common tradition which holds a mixture of truth, of pious credulity, and of odd misconception. The modern reader whose experience in older fields of literature is limited, may be tempted to take scandal at some of the stories, especially when they touch cherished beliefs which have come to him in the clarified condition of subsequent teaching in the Church. The story of Christ's Infancy here told is nevertheless one that was no doubt accepted in earlier ages, and one that kept its hold on the imagination even during the ages of faith, as is clearly shown in many works of mediæval art. Alice Meynell, our gifted and spiritual Catholic essayist, fully realizes this as she shows in her preface to the little volume, which contains the Latin and English on opposite pages. The text, which Mr. Copley Green translates very well, was found by him in an old monastery, and is probably the product of what Bible students call a harmony of several existing apocryphal "Gospels of the Childhood of Jesus," made by some good monk, who had before him the now lost "Books of St. Peter" which Innocent I, and in a way Tertullian, Origen, and Eusebius mention in their writings. The student of the early Christian ages and of early Christian art will understand the crude views which are to be found in these narrations of facts intended to edify the simple reader to whom things presented themselves in the imperfect light of traditions not free from error.

Professor Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard is a good psychologist, and he has the name of being a hard critic. In his various articles on methods in our Universities he has given American faddists in education some wholesome facts to reflect upon, particularly with reference to the value of the pretended scholastic attainments of our Colleges in general. But his latest book, *The Americans* (McClure, Phillips & Co.), shows that he is not at heart a pessimist. The volume is intended for German students of our conditions and was originally written in their language; for Dr. Münsterberg believes that true Americans and true Germans make natural and excellent allies in all that is high-minded, beautiful, and efficient. He realizes the superiority of American methods, admires the directness of our aims, our sense of the fitness of things, and that habit of expeditiousness which disregards all formalism and pedantry in the accomplishment of a task. There is a certain lack, he thinks, of broad culture and of a certain ability to get a true perspective in judging of historical conditions which belong to other generations and places, but apart from this, every feature of our culture indicates freshness, optimism, clear and forcible views of things, and a certain all-pervading humor which renders the struggle toward perfection comparatively easy and agreeable.

Those who are amazed at the existence of an anti-Catholic political ministry in France holding sway over a nation which professes the Catholic religion through the vast majority of its voters, may find some explanation of the fact in the existence of a "secret fund" which serves the party in power not only to secure the electoral control but to make public opinion. The "secret fund appropriations" are a regular and "legitimate" item of the annual financial budget; for there must be provision made for certain agencies whose workings, for reasons of State, may not be divulged, and whose expenses or accounts are therefore kept from the public. Since the Government has discretion in the use and distribution of such funds it comes to pass that much of it goes to officials who superintend the elections, which includes the secret political, military, and judicial police. These exercise their power much as our political ward-lords do, only that they are better protected by the supreme courts, to which appeals must in the last instance be made. A second portion of the "secret fund" is used to subsidize certain influential newspapers; these are expected to do in any government crisis what the national press is prompted to do in war, that is, announce only "victories," defend the ministry, misrepresent the opposition,—in short, help the party in power to maintain its position by suitable despatches and editorials at home and in "correspondence" abroad. In this way the true condition of things is entirely obscured. Besides the "Secret Press Fund" there is a fund of "particular grants" to cover emergencies. Hence exists a ministry hostile to the interests of the people from whose will the electors are supposed to derive their office. An American "political campaign fund" is a voluntary contribution to all intents; a French or national political campaign fund is obtained by regular taxation under the name of "maintenance of the republic"; the citizen does not know how his taxes are applied, and if he did, his protesting voice would avail nothing in a bureaucratic government where a police system exists which can set aside all appeals by a use of traditional penal force. The subject of the *Secret Fund* distribution is ably discussed by M. Jean Bernard in the *Indépendance Belge*. (Cf. *Public Opinion*, December 22, 1904.)

The *Life of Pope Pius X*, by Monsignor Anton de Waal, rector of the Campo Santo, has been translated into English by Fr. Joseph Berg, of St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee. What we said in noticing the original some months ago is of course true of the present version. It gives us a pleasant glimpse, especially of the boyhood and student life of the present Pope, from which we may form an agreeable impression as to those natural sympathies which shape the actions of the man in power. The volume makes an excellent *souvenir*, although it can hardly pretend to anything like an historical monument. The life of Pius X will be the work of his Pontificate, and all the antecedent details are merely preludes to the biography which must have time to mature its central image, however confident may be the hopes we all entertain regarding the acts of the High Priest whose aim is to restore all things in Christ. (The M. H. Wiltzius Co.)

The *Revue Ecclesiastique* of Valleyfield notes a curious contrast between the policy of the ministry of Public Instruction in the province of Alsace-Lorraine under the German and French rules respectively. Whilst the French ministry, which formerly exercised jurisdiction over this part of the country, now holds it an offence punishable by law to teach religion in the common schools, the German authorities impose a rigorous fine upon parents who neglect to send their children to the religious instruction class preparatory to First Communion. A case of appeal in the Courts recently shows the attitude of the German Government on the subject. A laborer's child in the Commune of Ars-sur-Moselle had failed to attend the Catechism class seventeen times during the term; whereupon the Mayor condemned him to pay a fine for non-compliance with the obligations of the law of school attendance. Upon this the father, himself only a nominal Catholic, appealed to the City Council, which acquitted him on the plea that the Catechism class was not a part of the obligatory primary instruction demanded by the law. But the Superior Courts, to whom the Mayor appealed in the case, reversed the local decision, and insisted on the fine being paid. At the same time it declared that "the attendance at the Catechism class preparatory to First Communion must be considered as obligatory, according to the law of 1871." In the course of the defence the workman had declared that he was willing to make a Protestant of his child; this drew from the judge the following reply: "You may make your child a Protestant or a Jew, if you prefer, but in the meantime you will be held to give him the necessary religious instruction which is part of the educational programme of the school."

The spirit of historical inquiry is growing in all parts of the country, and Catholic parish histories published from time to time under the auspices of diocesan or literary societies contribute no inconsiderable share to the information which incidentally describes the industrial and educational progress of our people. A recent addition to this field, and of considerable importance to the historical student of culture in New England, is the memorial volume of the one hundredth anniversary of Holy Cross Church in Boston. That church was the mother of the present Cathedral, was, in fact, for more than fifty years, the Bishop's parish church. Its school, which was opened in 1820, was the first Catholic school in New England, and around its sanctuary cluster the most illustrious names in the annals of Catholic America during the past century, from Archbishop Carroll, who dedicated it in 1803,

to John Williams, who graces it with undiminished dignity in the spirit of his great predecessors—Cheverus, Fenwick, and Fitzpatrick. The volume is published by the New England Catholic Historical Society, 1904.

Biblische Zeitschrift, the new organ of "Biblical Studies," founded two years ago by members of the Catholic Faculty in the University of Munich, opens its eighth number with an excellent interpretation of the narrative of the Tower of Babel (Gen. 2: 1-9) by Dr. O. Happel. The author departs, on critical grounds, from the traditional literal sense of the passage, and shows that the "tower" stands for civic unity attempted in the foundation of a great commonwealth made up of different nomadic tribes seeking to establish a central capital in the plain of Sinear. The Cistercian Father Erasmus Nagl (Vienna) reopens the question which Dr. Belser seemed to have settled, regarding the duration of our Lord's public life. He maintains, however, the 7th of April, 783 A.U.C., or the year 30 of our Era, as the date of Christ's death. The two volumes of the *Zeitschrift* thus far published (B. Herder, \$3.50, four numbers a year) represent a fair amount of Biblical matter, treated from the viewpoint of recent criticism and Catholic scholarship, which we must gradually assimilate, although much of it appears to be contrary to old traditions. These traditions are not to be confounded with the teaching or authority of the Church, even though they are deeply rooted in popular belief, because there has not until recently been made any attempt to view them in an historical light.

Dr. Charles Thwing, President of the Western Reserve University, suggests (*Harper's*) the possibility of our leading colleges forming "trusts" in educational commodities. Applied to higher education the system would mean the best use of endowments by controlling the financial investments of the separate institutions of learning united under one management; and it would likewise call out all the resources of different teaching staffs and the student bodies. Among Catholics the system of separate Religious Orders would naturally prevent such amalgamation of colleges, except in the manner of their being grouped around some central university, such as that at Washington. Still there is no reason why eminent and tried professors of one institution should not be called upon to give courses in their specialties to students of another institution by an arrangement of terms which would permit a regular succession of teachers.

The *Early English Text Society* is just forty years in existence. It was started by Dr. Furnivall of England for the purpose of bringing the immense treasures of forgotten Old English literature within the reach of the modern student. Looking over the work that the Society has thus far done one is struck by the amount of Catholic publications contained in the list of reprints and first editions of MSS. It is certainly humiliating to find that with all our clamoring about what the Catholic clergy and the early monastic institutes did for literary culture, there are hardly any representatives of either body among those who promote to-day the revival of this culture which should be most our own care and prerogative. Dr. Furnivall himself began the work by publishing the fifteenth century text of *Arthur Wright's Chaste Wife*, a collection of *political, religious and love poems; Hymns to the Virgin and*

Christ, Parliament of Devils, the Stations of Rome, Early English Meals and Manners, Lovelich's History of the Holy Grail, Caxton's Book of Curtesye, etc. Besides these interesting publications the Society has on its list numerous Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Homilies, Lives of Saints, Ailred's Rule of Nuns, Monastic Diaries, etc., to be edited and annotated by Protestant commentators because competent Catholic editors are for the most part not accessible, if there be any.

During a recent convention of American educators at Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.), Professor Coe, of that institution, speaking of the necessity of religious education and of the public school as a conserving element of honorable citizenship, said: "A school that ignores religion, though the purpose be simply that of being neutral, cultivates a divided self in the pupil. A school that develops a purely secular consciousness violates the whole principle of continuity in education; it represents in aggravated form the isolation of the school from life and from other educational agencies. It does more than that. For to develop a purely secular consciousness is not to remain neutral toward religion, but to oppose it by setting up a set of rival standards. In a word, there is not, and there cannot be, a school that, in its influence upon its pupils, is neutral with respect to religion. In some way, then, our State schools must coöperate with home and church, else our educational system is no system at all, but only a truce between rival clans." This is strong, yet true, language. Professor Coe proposes that the Bible be read in the schools, at least such passages of it as appeal to the common consciousness of the people. We do not believe that this either meets his own objection against the irreligiousness of neutral schools, or lessens the danger of bigotry. Religion is not inculcated by merely reading the Bible; it must pervade the entire teaching and aid in the education of character, as is done in the Catholic school.

Dom Raphael Molitor, a member of the Benedictine Abbey at Beuren, famous for its school of Christian art, has written a pamphlet entitled "Our Position: A Word in Reference to the Plain Chant Question," which is published simultaneously in English and German (Pustet). In this brochure of about fifty pages the author answers some of the objections of critics who would persuade the musical world that the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X cannot be carried out unless we conjure up very extraordinary conditions; and that in any case nothing should be done until we have the new Vatican edition of the Gregorian Chant books being presently prepared by the Commission at Rome. Dom Molitor, who is of course in entire sympathy with his Benedictine brothers of the Solesmes school, shows us by illustration what the Vatican edition is likely to be, and how little it will differ essentially from the Gregorian or Plain Chant, which has been used successfully in Germany. He points out the advantages of a uniform style of chanting the liturgical offices which are likely to result from the obligatory use of the Vatican edition; and he shows that the ancient melodies are by no means so very difficult as is generally assumed.

Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church, by P. Brewster, is an illustrated volume published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York, giving a good survey of the Christian symbolism which marked the mediæval calendar series of the

Catholic Church. There is also a "Chronological List of the Bishops and Popes of the Christian Church from the Death of St. Peter," and an "Alphabetical Index of Canonized Saints and Others." Singularly enough, the book comes from an author who is not in communion with the Catholic Church; although there is nothing in its pages distinctly to indicate Protestant views.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

DIE PARABELN DES HERRN IM EVANGELIUM exegetisch und praktisch erläutert von Leopold Fonck, S.J., Dr. theol. et phil., ord. Professor der Theologie an der Universität Innsbruck. Zweite, vielfach verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. (Drittes und viertes Tausend.) Mit Gutheissung der kirchlichen Obrigkeit und einem Geleitswort des hochwürdigsten Bishofs von Rottenburg. Innsbruck: Fel. Rauch (K. Pustet); Regensburg, Rom, New York, und Cincinnati: Fried. Pustet. 1904. Pp. 903. Preis, \$2.15.

VERA SAPIENTIA, or True Wisdom. Translated from the Latin of Thomas à Kempis by the Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, D.D., V.G., Adelaide, South Australia. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 204.

THE GOSPEL APPLIED TO OUR TIMES. A Sermon for every Sunday in the Year. By the Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 473. Price, \$2.00

PERFECT CONTRITION. A Golden Key of Heaven for all Good Christian People. By the Rev. J. Von den Driesch. With Preface by the Rev. A. Lehmkuhl, S.J. Translated by the Rev. J. Slater, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 31. Price, each, \$0.05; per dozen, \$0.45.

PROGRESS IN PRAYER. Translated from *Instructions Spirituelles* par le R. P. Caussade, S.J., by L. V. Sheehan. Adapted and edited with an Introduction by the Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 178. Price, \$0.75.

SONGS OF THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. With Illustrations by Albrecht Dürer. Nelson, N. H.: The Monadnock Press. 1904. Pp. 81. Price, boards, \$0.50 net; leather, \$1.00 net.

EL AVERROISMO TEOLÓGICO DE STO. TOMÁS DE AQUINO. Extracto del homenaje A. D. Francesco Codera. En su jubilación del profesorado. Miguel Asín y Palacios. 1904. Pp. 331.

THE GOSPEL OF THE CHILDHOOD OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. With Original Text of the Manuscript at the Monastery of St. Wolfgang. Translated from the Latin by Henry Copley Greene. An Introduction by Alice Meynell, and a Cover and Illustrations by Carlos Schwabe. New York: Scott-Thaw Co.; London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. 1904. Pp. 272. Price, \$1.25 net.

THE PULPIT ORATOR. Containing Seven Elaborate Skeleton Sermons, or Homiletic, Dogmatical, Liturgical, Symbolical, and Moral Sketches for every Sunday of the Year. Also Elaborate Skeleton Sermons for the Chief Festivals and other occasions. By the Rev. John Ev. Zollner. Translated and adapted by the Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B. With Preface by the Rev. A. A. Lambing. Tenth revised edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fred. Pustet & Co. 1904. Price, \$12.00 for the complete set, six volumes, bound.

PHILOSOPHY.

DIE MODERNE BIOLOGIE und die Entwicklungstheorie. Von Erich Wasmann, S.J. Zweite, vermehrte Auflage. Mit Illustrationen. Freiburg Brisg. und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 328. Price, \$1.25.

AUS HÖRSAL UND SCHULSTUBE. Gesammelte kleinere Schriften zur Erziehungs- und Unterrichtslehre. Von Dr. Otto Willmann. Freiburg Brisg. und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 328. Price, \$1.30.

AGREEMENT OF EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY. By Samuel Louis Phillips, A.B., Princeton, author of *The Testimony of Reason*, etc. Washington, D. C.: The Phillips Company. 1904. Pp. x—197. Price, \$1.00.

SOCIALISM. Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application. By Victor Cathrein, S.J. Authorized Translation of the Eighth German Edition; with Special Reference to the Condition of Socialism in the United States. Revised and enlarged by Victor F. Gettelmann, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 424. Price, \$1.50 net.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE REDEMPTORISTS AT ANNAPOLIS, MD., from 1853 to 1903. With a Short Historical Sketch of the Preceding One Hundred and Fifty Years of Catholicity in the Capital of Maryland. Written by a Redemptorist Father. Illustrated. Ilchester, Md.: College Press. 1904. Pp. 253.

CHRISTOPH GEWOLD. Ein Beitrag zur Gelehrten-geschichte der Gegenreformation und zur Geschichte des Kampfes um die pfälzische Kur. Von Dr. Anton Dürnwächter, Professor am Kgl. Lyceum in Bamberg. Freiburg im Breisg., Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 134. Price, \$0.70 net.

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, BOSTON. Published by the New England Catholic Historical Society: Boston. 1904. Pp. 143.

THE MIDDLE AGES. Sketches and Fragments. By the V. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., Professor in the Catholic University. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 432. Price, \$2.00.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES OF PENNSYLVANIA. Held at St. James' Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., June 28—29, 1904. Pp. 41.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES. Held at Detroit, Mich., August 2, 3, 4, 1904. Pp. 115.

EDUCATIONAL.

OUR RIGHTS AND DUTIES AS CATHOLICS AND AS CITIZENS. A Lecture by Hon. Wm. J. Onahan. Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 19. Price, \$0.05.

OUR POSITION. A Word in Reference to the Plain Chant Question. In View of the Recent Pronouncements of Pius X and the Congregation of Sacred Rites. By Dom Raphael Molitor, O.S.B., of Beuron Abbey. Translated from the German. Ratisbon, Rome, New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet. 1904. Pp. 55.

THE MEANING OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING. An Essay in Interpretation. By Condé Benoist Pallen, LL.D., author of "The Philosophy of Literature," "Epochs of Literature," "The Feast of Thalarchus," "The Death of Sir Launcelot," etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company. 1904. Pp. 115.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DEAF MUTE'S FRIEND. Family Library. Vol. 8, Book 3. Belohnte Wohlthätigkeit von Ad. Kolping, und andere Erzählungen für die reifere Jugend und das Volk. Herausgegeben zum Besten armer Taubstummen von M. M. Gerend, Rector der St. Johannes Taubstummen-Anstalt zu St. Francis, Wis.

THE WATERS OF LETHE. By Lida L. Coghlan. With Illustrations by Clara M. Coghlan. Baltimore and New York: The John Murphy Company. 1904. Pp. ix-310. Price, \$1.25.

TWENTY-NINE CHATS AND ONE SCOLDING. By the Rev. Fred, C. O'Neill. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1905. Pp. 291. Price \$0.75.

LITTLE FOLKS ANNUAL, 1905. A pretty selection of prettily illustrated stories for the young. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 84. Price, \$0.10.

SHADOWS LIFTED. A Sequel to St. Cuthbert's. By Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J., author of "Harry Russell," "Saint Cuthbert's," etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 262. Price, \$0.85.

FABIOLA, or the Church of the Catacombs. A tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 324. Price, \$0.25 (paper cover).

LAKE MONONA. An Episode of the Summer School; and other tales. By M. A. Navarette. Milwaukee, Wis.: The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1904. Pp. 209. Price, \$0.85.

THE DOLPHIN.

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

NO. 2.

LEX AMANDI.

INTRODUCTORY.

NEW THINGS AND OLD IN THE HOUSEHOLDER'S TREASURE.

"The Universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it."

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

IN the swift passing of the old and the eager forwardness of the new, there come moments to all of us in these days of action when the pressure of the contrary currents against our lives gives us a sense of peril, a momentary panic at finding ourselves caught midway in the rush of such rapid changes from the traditions of the past to the realities of the present. By some strange ordering of Providence in the lives of this generation we have been born into a time when the footholds bequeathed from the past have been snatched from before our feet to make room for a new order of things, far more precarious in its untried newness than even the worn-out footholds we have been deprived of.

The speed of construction and of manufacture which is the order of the day in the material world, seems active also in the operations of the world of thought. Hasty conclusions, revolutionary propositions, startling conceptions in regard to everything of vital importance to the soul here and hereafter, follow so fast upon one another that their very eagerness to supplant the old with the new idea often defeats the Providential mission of the latter to a world which is waiting for its message. These changes are too rapid for the slow growth of solid conviction. We are not given time to prove things ourselves, to make a test of them in our own lives. This is done for us in the laboratories of science, with infinite pains and unlimited resources. The incontrovertible

facts of science seem to lie in ambush all about us. We live along the best routine of life we can make for ourselves amid these revolutionary changes; and all the time there are busy processes at work and active investigations on foot in the field of science threatening to break out upon us at any moment with some new and disturbing discovery that may wreck the whole frame of thought upon which our lives have been lived and planned and all our hopes projected.

Science is too well equipped with the bounties of time and resources for us to be overbold in challenging the results of its researches. We hopefully conjecture there may be ways and means of disproving much that modern research throws up out of the caverns of the past. But we feel it is a case for the specialist; it calls for as good an equipment in time and training to disprove these deductions of science as was used in building up the hypothesis. The specialist, too, can approach these mysteries without the fear and trembling that would palsy our own efforts. He has nothing at stake behind the veil his irreverent hand would not hesitate to lift. He would probably see nothing if he did lift it; while we might feel our spirits shaken to their foundations by the significance of his revelations to our personal lives. The difference between the approach of the specialist to the world of mystery, and the approach of the man of faith, is too great to be ever spanned by a common point of view. They may both start from the same basis, and travel along the same path in their researches, but the view of one is focused upon a single point,—the vacant place in his chain of evidence; the eyes of the other are scanning heaven and earth for greater signs and portents of these unrevealed mysteries than can fit under the circle of the microscope. One is thinking; the other is only calculating, and classifying thoughts. This, to quote one who tried to both reverently think and boldly classify at the same time, is "the narrowing, one had almost said the blighting, effect of specialism. . . . The men who in field and laboratory are working out the facts do not speculate at all. Content with slowly building up the sum of actual knowledge in some neglected and restricted province, they are too absorbed to notice even what the workers in other provinces are about. Thus it happens that while there are many

scientific men, there are few scientific thinkers. The complaint is often made that science speculates too much. It is quite the other way. One has only to read the average book of science in almost any department to wonder at the wealth of knowledge, the brilliancy of observation, and the barrenness of the idea. On the other hand, though scientific experts will not think themselves, there is always a multitude of onlookers ready to do it for them. Among these what strikes one is the ignorance of fact and the audacity of the idea. The moment any great half-truth in nature is unearthed, these unqualified practitioners leap to a generalization; and the observers meantime, on the track of the other half, are too busy or too oblivious to refute their heresies. Hence, long after the foundations are undermined, a brilliant generalization will retain its hold upon the popular mind; and before the complementary, the qualifying, or the neutralizing facts can be supplied, the mischief is done."¹

It is not science but the popularizing of science that does the mischief.² To popularize anything a large measure of what will appeal to the lower elements in man's nature must be used in order to bring a speedy response from him. It is slow work convincing his intellect, and so the appeal is usually made to his emotional nature first. If the new idea had no other attraction than its newness, this would be sufficient to win a welcome for it from the multitude, always athirst for novelty, and restless to ease the strictures of life's daily routine of duty by upsetting the laws on which that duty rests.

It is neither disbelief in the old nor distrust in the new that disturbs us so much, however, as the lack of time and opportunity to properly examine the claims of both. The effort to keep up with the present without being untrue to the past is what is to-day test-

¹ *Ascent of Man. The Missing Factor in Current Theories.*

² "Thousands of innocent magazine readers lie paralyzed and terrified in the network of shallow negations which leaders of opinion have thrown over their souls. All they need to be free and hearty again in the exercise of their birthright (to believe) is that these fastidious vetoes should be swept away. All that the human heart wants is its chance. It will willingly forego certainty in universal matters, if only it can be allowed to feel that in them it has that same inalienable right to run risks, which no one dreams of refusing to it in the pettiest practical affairs."—*The Will to Believe. The Sentiment of Rationality*, by Professor William James.

ing the mettle of men's souls. The ingenuous and unthinking multitude, who have no conscious policies to uphold, frankly disclaim the old at the point where the new steps in and offers better values for the investment of effort; be that effort the labor of hands or the struggle of conscience. It is here that the real harm is done: the mission of the new perverted and the best influences of the old destroyed; for here is where the opportunist, that charlatan of the ages, the betrayer of the past and the deceiver of the present, works his way with the multitude and leads it neither forward nor back, but into the mazes of his own schemes, of whose purposes and policies he alone holds the secret. He catches the attention of the crowd by the old trick of crying "new lamps for old." The secret of his success is his alertness in using the passing moments as currents on which to float these new theories and untried beliefs out onto the wide open sea of public opinion; and then to advertise his "panacea" for all the ills that come from the mischief they cause among the multitude.

Whilst the worst method, morally speaking, of dealing with the conflict between the past and the present is that of the mere opportunist's, who is concerned only with the advantages afforded to his own schemes by new conditions, the unwise methods are too often found among those who are the most sincere and the most unselfish in their concern about these questions. Policies of the past, with their application only to the conditions of the past, are poor weapons with which to meet the exigencies of the present. The limitations of knowledge that belonged to a period when the means of human communication did not include the swift agencies of information employed in our present era, were limitations that may have proved the salvation of many, besides being the safeguard of most of the human race. But—whether for our ultimate good or ill—it is no longer within our power to safeguard the unlearned and unstable by so simple a means as keeping them in ignorance of that which it is dangerous for them to know. The scientist is abroad, and the newspaper is his ally. The only heresy in the creed of either is the policy of caution or expediency.

The ethics of modern advertising indeed remind us of that saying in Ecclesiastes: The race is not to the swift, nor the battle

to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to the learned, nor favor to the skilful ; but time and chance in all.³ It is the timeliness of a thing and the opportunity of presenting it that to-day win success ; and the modern newspaper exactly meets this situation. Popularity, not perfection, is its criterion of all values ; and the multitude has been wonderfully apt in learning this false code of ethics. Its theory is : that is good which is popular, which the people most demand ; and that is better which is more popular. "Success brings success."

It is a terrible parody of the voice crying in the wilderness, this shrieking optimism of our time, with its false promises of making the crooked ways straight and the rough ways plain. The Pharisee, as well as the charlatan, of the ages is the advertiser ; and the interests of Christianity are in a bad way when the most successful method of promoting those interests is found in appeals that captivate the mood of the moment for new things, new aspects of life in its relations to the present duty and the future hope. Popularity can never be a strictly Christian portent of the rise of a new dispensation of truth. It is too contrary to Christianity's precedent for testing the genuineness of its prophets, from the solitary Baptist to the silent and forsaken victim of Calvary. *He shall not strive or cry out ; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets.*⁴ This fever for the new seems to feed on noise and strife, seems to prosper most where discontent and loud-voiced ambition break up life's peace. The success of its mission depends not upon the permanency of the convictions it may be able to plant in the minds of its followers, but upon the number of followers its vainglorious ambition can boast of as showing the immediate results of its teachings.⁵

³ Eccles. 9 : 11.

⁴ Isaiah 42 : 2.

⁵ "The exclusiveness of Christianity, separation from the world, uncompromising allegiance to the Kingdom of God, entire surrender of body, soul, and spirit to Christ,—these are truths which rise into prominence from time to time, become the watch-words of insignificant parties, rouse the church to attention and the world to opposition, and die down ultimately for want of lives to live them. The few enthusiasts who distinguish in these requirements the essential conditions of entrance into the Kingdom of Christ are overpowered by the weight of numbers, who see nothing more in Christianity than a mild religiousness, and who demand nothing more in themselves or in their fellow-Christians than the participation in a conventional worship, the acceptance of traditional beliefs, and the living of an honest life . . . The

Natural law itself seems to regulate the growth of the superior and the genuine by deliberateness of manner and secrecy of method, in contradistinction to the rapid and ostentatious development of the spurious and inferior. "There is an ascending scale of slowness as we rise in the scale of life. Growth is most gradual in the highest forms. Man attains his maturity after a score of years; the monad completes its humble cycle in a day. What wonder if development be tardy in the creature of eternity? A Christian's sun is sometimes set, and a critical world has as yet seen no corn in the ear. As yet? 'As yet,' in this long life, has not begun. Grant him the years proportionate to his place in the scale of life. 'The time of harvest is not yet.' Again in addition to being slow, the phenomena of growth are secret. Life is invisible . . . *Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.* When the plant lives whence has the life come? When it dies whither has it gone? *Thou canst not tell . . . so is every one that is born of the Spirit. For the Kingdom of God cometh without observation.*"⁶

While the delusion of our age seems to be a renewed worship of the golden calf in the form of "the great god Success," it is plain to those who are watching for the messages that come from the heights rather than from the depths of human life, that this generation has shown strange and unusual symptoms of a reaction against materialism in religion that must predicate a favorable condition for great spiritual development at some no distant day. It is true the wild orgy of the idolatrous worship of material good goes on down in the low valleys where human nature herds and struggles and sins, while its spiritual leaders keep their gaze fixed upon the mountain top. But the place to look for hope and deliverance is only to those heights where human aspiration and holiness have touched the highest point in their upreaching for the unseen

surrender Christ demanded was absolute . . . The failure to regard the exclusive claims of Christ as more than accidental, rhetorical, or ideal; the failure to discern the essential difference between His Kingdom and all other systems based on the lines of natural religion . . . in a word, the general neglect of the claims of Christ as the Founder of a new and higher Kingdom,—these have taken the very heart from the religion of Christ, and left its evangel without power to impress or bless the world."—*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 355.

⁶ *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 83.

God. And from these heights come messages to this generation that promise more than it as yet dreams of in its sordid ignorance of true values; food for the spirit that its gross appetite is not yet prepared for.

Fantastic and offensive may be some of the latter-day forms of spiritualistic religions, from Mrs. Eddy's exasperating scheme of contradictions to the refinements of the latest school of psychic culture; but even this "bungling prophetess" with the bloodless and irrational school of spiritual teachers and disciples who follow in her wake, are forecasting a time when soul instead of sense shall be commonly recognized as the higher and more legitimate medium of communication with the supernatural. Their denial of the testimony of the senses, with the contradictions they offer to human nature's way of proving the Unseen, is playing no small part in preparing the common mind for a conception of truth which will not "demand a sign" for proof, with that arrogant incredulity of old which would test all truth and good from above by miracle,—that unwilling resource of Omnipotence in winning the testimony of the senses to the spirit.

While these strange developments in the religious world seem to be signs of at least a stronger growth of the spiritual faculties of the race—however malformed and erratic some of these growths may appear at present—evolution itself is bringing forward some remarkable testimony to prove the theory that man, having reached the summit in the scale of his physical development; having furthermore discovered forces in nature that will do his work for him in whatever direction and to whatever extent he may wish to carry the element of purely physical force, and making further exertion on his part foolish and unnecessary, there is now no future for that irrepressible impulse in man's nature for the great Beyond except in the direction of the spiritual world. "Silently, as all great changes come, Mental Evolution has succeeded Organic. All the things that have been now lie in the far background as forgotten properties. And man stands alone in the foreground, and a new thing, Spirit, strives within him. . . . What strikes one most in running the eye up this graduated ascent is that the movement is in the direction of what one can only call spirituality . . . we have passed from the motive

of fear, to the motive of sympathy; from the icy physical barriers of space, to a nearness closer than breathing; from the torturing slowness of time to time's obliteration. If Evolution reveals anything, if Science itself proves anything, it is that Man is a spiritual being and that the direction of his long career is toward an ever larger, richer, and more exalted life. . . . This gradual perfecting of instruments, and, as each arrives, the further revelation of what lies behind in Nature, this gradual refining of mind, this increasing triumph over matter, this deeper knowledge, this efflorescence of the soul, are facts which even Science must reckon with."⁷ From research along the lines of purely physical phenomena the scientist reached a point where he must needs stop short or connect his chain of evidence with psychic phenomena. Having classified this to the limits of human research, he is stepping on into the Unknown; into a region of mystery where the senses, those crude instruments of his former researches, will only be a burden and a hindrance to him. The world of unbelievers as well as believers has grown sick and weary of the "trite monotone running through thought and literature to-day. We know only what we see or feel or taste or hear or smell." And so the messages that may come from these experiments with the Unseen are waited for not only with interest, but with pathetic anxiety by the great foolish world of doubting souls who are staking their eternal salvation on them.

But much of the burning zeal we hear of for the enlightening of the race by the new discoveries of science, and this fever for the truth in new forms, is at heart only the old unholy hunger for the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, rather than the true aspiration of the soul for perfect good. The spiritual sense which seeks to know and discern *all* the mysteries of unrevealed truth is at a very rudimentary stage of development. Spiritual growth, or soul growth, is marked by an ever increasing attraction to the ever receding mystery of truth. A great soul learns more from the silences of God than from its own or others' interpretation of His meaning in visible signs and symbols. Soul growth is away from definitive knowledge of God into that conception of Him which is unutterable by sign or symbol. "The

⁷ *Ascent of Man*, pp. 118, 185.

grand theme of prophets : idolatry, the worshipping of dead idols as the divinity. . . not God but a symbol of God—unlimited implacable zeal against this is the characteristic of all great souls.”⁸

Even the human sense quickly wearies of all that may be circumscribed by the intelligence, and ever yearns for new and untried things : the eye seeks distance in its outlook upon the external world ; it loves the interminable expanse of sea and land that suggests unimaginable beauty beyond the lines its vision fails to carry it. When the city has wearied us with its treadmill pace, we find rest and refreshment for both soul and body in Nature’s solitude, luring our feet into its unexplored depths. The “desire of the everlasting hills” is upon us ; the soul has released its sentient grasp upon external things, and the body’s weariness is forgotten. Spirit and sense alike expand to greater capacity for the Infinite as this consciousness of infinity grows upon them. Knowledge which is not lost in mystery at the end of its last conclusion would seem too poor and mean a thing for any human soul to be attracted to it as a goal ; not to speak of its seeming to any soul the measure of all good. God attracts the soul by eluding it ; stimulates it to greater zest in its pursuit of Him by hiding Himself more the nearer it seems to approach to Him. “But if I go to the east, He appeareth not ; if to the west, I shall not understand Him. If to the left hand, what shall I do ? I shall not take hold on Him ; if I turn myself to the right hand, I shall not see Him. But He knoweth my way, and hath tried me as gold that passeth through the fire. . . . *I have not perished because of the darkness that hangs over me, neither hath the mist covered my face.*”⁹ Truly, “mysticism is the love of God.”¹⁰

⁸ *Heroes and Hero Worship*, p. 346.

⁹ Job 23 : 8.

¹⁰ Henri Joly : *The Psychology of the Saints*. “Of course this proposition is not convertible. ‘Mysticism is the love of God’ ; but not all love of God is mysticism, though it contains the rudiments or elements of mysticism in so far as all love, both human and Divine, is a principle of life and conduct which refuses the analysis of reason, having instincts and intentions which enable it to reach to conclusions, speculative as well as practical, to which reason can never even crawl. Still the word ‘mysticism’ is reserved for an unwonted degree of such unitive insight, just as sanctity is used only of extraordinary degrees of sanctification, and heroism for a fortitude that seems superhuman.” (Father Tyrrell in Appendix to the above.)

The rationalist cannot understand, or rather misunderstands, that state of repose in which the soul with faith lies prostrate before the Unknown and Unknowable. He has circumscribed his own vision, imprisoned his mind within the limits drawn by his physical perceptions, and here he keeps his restless spirit chained ; not believing that peace lies only in the ineffable mystery beyond, in which the soul may lose itself in never-ending accessions of knowledge, merging into ever increasing depths of desire.¹¹ "Mysteries, which have no direct ethical value, bear most directly on love, which ever seeks a certain infinity and hiddenness in the object of its affections. A thoroughly comprehensible personality could have no attraction for us . . . It is neither what we seem to understand about God that feeds our love, nor the fact that He is infinitely beyond our understanding ; but the fact that we can ever progress in love and knowledge, and always with a sense of the infinite 'beyond.' It is at the margin where the conquering light meets the receding darkness that love finds its inspirations."¹²

The only lasting thing in life, surviving all change without, persevering through all deviations of purpose and defects of method within, is this indestructible hunger of the soul for the Infinite. It is this hunger for God that creates the capacity for God ; it is this which forms the root of the principle of perfection in the individual soul ; and in the growth of that root lies the promise and the fulfilment of the prophet's eternally persistent cry that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Only in the culture of this growth can the work of salvation legitimately go on. Is not this culture the only real and true soul-saving plan in existence ? Is not this the only principle of salvation that has stood

¹¹ "After all, what accounts do the nethermost bounds of the universe owe to me ? By what insatiate conceit and lust of intellectual despotism do I arrogate the right to know their secrets, and from my philosophic throne to play the only airs they shall march to, as if I were the Lord's anointed ? Is not my knowing them at all a gift and not a right ? And shall it be given before they are given ? . . . It is a gift that we can approach things at all, and, by means of the time and space of which our minds and they partake, alter our actions so as to meet them.

"There are 'bounds of ord'nance' set for all things, where they must pause or rue it. 'Facts' are the bounds of human knowledge, set for it, not by it."—*The Will to Believe*, Professor William James, p. 271.

¹² *Lex Orandi*, p. 49.

the test of the ages? This is the leaven working in the mass that will in time leaven the whole world. Human defeat is no criterion of its strength and virtue, but often of its highest success. The principle of perfection grows best apart from observation and human approval; striking deeper and stronger roots in the obscure places of life where its tender hidden growths of virtue and well-doing thrive most. True, these are conditions of life and growth that are an eternal contradiction to the popular idea of righteousness; a rebuke to the world's standards of success. But the Pharisee is the failure of the ages through his one great ghastly success of old. The history of the human race shows no one to be more terribly, eternally, and hopelessly in the wrong than he; while even materially considered, history proves no man's mission to have been a greater success through defeat than Christ's.

"Indeed, what of the world and its victories? Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead? *One life*; a little gleam of time between two eternities; no second chance to us forever more. . . . The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves; there is great merit here in staying at home. And on the whole, to say truth, I never heard of worlds being saved in any other way. That mania of saving worlds is itself a piece of this century with its windy sentimentalism. Let us not follow it too far. For the saving of *the world* I will trust confidently to the Maker of the world; and look a little to my own saving, which I am more competent to!"¹³

I.—THE PERFECT WAY.

Walk before Me, and be perfect.—Gen. 17 : 1.

THE GOAL.

There can be but three states in the earthly life of the spirit,—equilibrium, progress, and deterioration. The ordinary conception of the different states of the soul is that it may be in a bad,

¹³ *Heroes and Hero Worship*, Lecture V.

good, or better state. A soul that has set out seriously to reach perfection cannot accept with contentment this ordinary classification of its different states. A state of simple goodness would be far more difficult for it to sustain than the most strenuous activity toward perfection. There is too thin a wall at the line of division between good and bad for the soul to lean with security upon it for permanent support against the swift descent on the other side. Climbing upwards, no matter how difficult and slow, is security itself compared to so precarious a position. Once the ascent begins, there remain for the soul only the alternate states of progress or deterioration. "As long as you are pilgrims in this life, you are capable of growth, and he who does not go forward, by that very fact is turning back."¹⁴ To attain equilibrium only, to remain half way up to the top, would be no better than to remain at the bottom, where the results of a fatal fall would not be one-half as great.

But it is half way up the heights that so many pause, filled with as vague a terror of the altitudes above as of the depths below. The sight of these alternatives is more than they can bear, so they close their eyes to both of them, and perilously cling to the foothold they have found; losing after awhile all sense of danger below as well as all consciousness of the safety above.

This, the state of equilibrium, is what the state of contentment with mere goodness is in the spiritual life. It is a temporizing with the safety of one's soul. Out of it grow the timidity, the inertia, the dullness and stupidity in many of the forms of the Christian life which, every day and every hour, are disappointing us by their contradiction of the true Christian ideal.

But it is toward this bare foothold of precarious safety only that Christians are urged most constantly and most eloquently by those who preach goodness alone as the state to be aimed at in the Christian life. This is the level upon which souls seeking perfection are usually met when they begin to strive for the upper heights of the spirit. It is this level which is the acknowledged standard of safety. All below it is dangerous; all above it is admirable,—but not necessary for salvation. This view of its position on the upward road to perfection puts a heavy stumbling-

¹⁴ St. Catherine of Siena, *Dialogues*, p. 209.

block in the way of the soul, whose gaze is fixed on the almost inaccessible heights above, the attainment of which, it knows, is its only goal. For it, safety lies at no point short of their summit. To others, these heights are not revealed; the point to which their vision reaches, is fixed far below them. This is the goal to them, unsuspecting as they are of the great distances beyond. The difference between their view and that of the soul speeding by the road of perfection is that the latter sees the true goal ahead of it the whole way, while they see no further than the point at which they have arrived. They receive no stimulus to further effort by looking at the danger down below, and no inspiration by gazing upward to the heights whereon their only safety lies. They have arrived at a point which feels safe, and they close their eyes with a vague sense of security and the hope that the distance between them and the end is in some way to be annihilated, without any effort on their part, through the transition from life to death. The actual process by which this is accomplished they feel no responsibility about; it is no concern of theirs. There are the Church and the Sacraments for the final emergency. Death evens it all up, and Purgatory completes the transformation.

This state of mind is systematically developed among Christians by preaching safety only as the goal to be aimed at in the saving of their souls. Salvation after awhile comes to mean mere safety; and later on this sense of safety settles down into stolid contentment with whatever security may be had against final reprobation by the aid of Church and Sacraments. Upon the mere footholds set by grace about their feet to lead them ever upward toward their true and only goal the great mass of souls clings inert, content with a security that purchases salvation at so small a cost.

In preaching safety only as the goal of salvation a motive has been proposed to Christians for the attainment of eternal life that would not be sufficient as a motive for the support or continuance of even their natural existence. "It was not enough for Nature to equip him (man) with a body, and plant his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder. She must introduce into her economy some great principle which should secure, not for him alone, but for every living thing, that they should work upward to the top. The

inertia of things is such that without compulsion they will never move. And so admirably has this compulsion been applied that its forces are hidden in the very nature of life itself,—the very act of living contains within it the principles of progress. An animal cannot *be* without *becoming*.¹⁵

To afford this irresistible compulsion toward the true goal of every immortal soul a principle no less wise and beneficent was set by the Divine Hand in the scheme of eternal salvation. This principle lies at the bottom of the human soul's inexorable discontent with the whole sum of finite good and its inveterate longing for something ever just beyond its reach. Deep in the soil of this discontent is planted in every redeemed soul the tiny seed of the principle of perfection, whose promise and fruition is the infinite satisfaction of all its finite desires when the goal of its mortal life is reached.¹⁶

To propose a lower standard than personal perfection as the condition of salvation is to lead the soul blindfold to the gateway of its eternal destiny and leave it there to face alone and unprepared that poignant realization of its own insufficiency, when at last the vision of Infinite Perfection breaks upon it, which is itself the most searching fire of the spirit's final purgation,—

“And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him when thou seest Him not,
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him—
Shall be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.”¹⁷

Souls are inherently only too willing to be thus led, to hand over to others the responsibility of their personal salvation, to seize any guarantee offered them of a maximum reward for a minimum of effort; and it is this disposition of weakness in them that is made most profit of by those false leaders who are feeding perverted zeal for “the organization” of the individual which is one

¹⁵ *Ascent of Man*, p. 190.

¹⁶ “On its negative side it might be described as a sense of incurable dissatisfaction with anything that is finite and external, with the uttermost conceivable extension of good; . . . on its positive side, a felt attraction towards that which, like some dark star, is the source of all our perturbation, restlessness and discontent; toward that which is given to our consciousness only in this very feeling of inexplicable hunger.”—*Lex Orandi*. Intro., p. 18.

¹⁷ *The Dream of Gerontius*.

of the most serious obstacles of our day toward true spiritual development. The present tendency to conceal personal deficiency and weakness by taking refuge in corporate power and confederated strength, is a tendency which runs exactly counter, both by policy and principle, to all true and honest growth in the individual.

The zeal of our age spends itself in useless efforts to level up the great mass of souls to one general grade of righteousness—it is the dream of the socialist, as well as of the evangelist—and the individual aspiration toward a higher goal than this must make way for the march of the crowd toward the millennium,—wherever that may be.¹⁸ “Our whole organization to-day is toward the submerging of the individual, but the most tremendous revolution that ever entered the world was brought about by an Individual who was profoundly indifferent to the mechanism of organization.”

To unnerve the force of the soul's vital principle of growth by lessening the sense of its personal responsibility for its own salvation, is to put a fearful handicap upon its progress toward that perfection which is the absolute and final condition for its eternal salvation. To palliate the terms of this condition by offering “short cuts,” “easy methods,” and all the other kinds of anæsthetics kept in stock by the spirit of expediency and compromise, is for the most part only preparing unconscious souls for that last and terrible operation by which Purgatory's cleansing fires exact tribute to perfection even unto the last farthing.

“The very act of living contains within it the principle of progress.” The soul's inveterate longing for the unattainable contains the vital principle of spiritual growth; and to check or stultify that growth by preaching and approving only inferior motives and safeguard measures for salvation systematically cultivates that apathetic condition in souls which is the despair of the Christian system and the most powerful obstacle in the way of Christian success. Apathy in the physical being is usually a symptom of

¹⁸ “I for my part cannot but consider the talk of the contemporary sociological school about averages and general laws and predetermined tendencies, with its obligatory undervaluing of the importance of individual differences as the most pernicious and immoral of fatalisms. Suppose there is a social equilibrium fated to be, whose is it to be,—that of your preference, or mine? There lies the question of questions, and it is one which no study of averages can decide.”—Professor William James. *The Will to Believe. Essays in Popular Philosophy*, p. 261.

invalidism, of low vitality or loss of nervous energy; and it is exactly this in the spiritual constitution. When we check-growth in a soul by taking away the strongest stimulus to growth—which is that nothing less than Divine discontent with what it has attained—we have made another invalid to add the dead weight of his inertia to the Christian system; and all further use of the agencies of that system must be toward safeguarding him from the rude shocks of an ungodly world, rather than toward strengthening him for the overcoming of that world. The Christian life was never meant to be only a series of escapes from danger; nor shall we, by the mere accident of such escape, ever come into our kingdom. *He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God; . . . and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem.*¹⁹ *He that shall overcome shall inherit all things.*²⁰ "To him that *thirsteth*, I will give of the fountain of the water of life freely."²¹

Let us strengthen our realization of these things by borrowing from their analogy to the facts of our human existence. "Will not every one instantly declare a world fitted only for fair-weather beings, susceptible of every passive enjoyment, but without independence, courage, or fortitude, to be, from a moral point of view, incommensurably inferior to a world framed to elicit from man every form of triumphant endurance and moral energy?"²²

"No philosophy will permanently be deemed rational by all men which (in addition to meeting logical demands) does not, . . . in a still great degree, make a direct appeal to all those powers of our nature which we hold in highest esteem."²³

It is the exorbitant demand made upon the human soul by the call to perfection—*Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is per-*

¹⁹ Apoc. 3 : 12.

²⁰ Apoc. 21 : 6.

²¹ Apoc. 21 : 7.

²² Professor William James : *The Will to Believe. The Sentiment of Rationality.*

"The struggle for life is a species of necessitated aspiration, the *vis a tergo* which keeps living things in motion. It does not follow, of course, that that motion should be upward; that is dependent on other considerations. But the point to mark is that without the struggle for food and the pressure of want, without the conflict with foes and the challenge of climate, the world would be left to stagnation. Change, adventure, temptation, vicissitude even to the verge of calamity, these are the life of the world."—*Ascent of Man*, p. 206.

²³ *The Will to Believe. The Sentiment of Rationality.*

fect—that constitutes its most irresistible attraction to those who feel most keenly the mysterious impulse of the soul's best powers toward the unattainable, and who give reign to this impulse by a response to the call of perfection.

"At the appeal of holiness the divine witness within us at once responds; and so we see, streaming from all points of the horizon to gather round those who preach in the name of this inward voice, long processions of souls athirst for the ideal. The human heart so naturally yearns to offer itself up, that we have only to meet along our pathway some one who, doubting neither himself nor us, demands it without reserve, and we yield it to him at once. Reason may understand a partial gift, a transient devotion; the heart knows only the entire sacrifice."²⁴

The "appeal of holiness" is, then, religion's last and most persuasive word to humanity. No other appeal than this contains the declaration of religion's true mission to the world; and by the response that humanity makes to this appeal must the measure of religion's success be taken. Neither can religion by taking thought of her growth in numbers, in power, in wisdom, and in all great things as the world reckons greatness, add one foot to her stature, if, step by step, with such growth as this, her children have not climbed upward on that holy mountain, where only he shall ascend *that walketh without blemish . . . and that speaketh truth in his heart.*²⁵

'Ερώνομος.

IRISH CHURCH MUSIC.

V.—THE PRE-REFORMATION PERIOD.

ONE of the greatest musical theorists of the thirteenth century was John Garland, of County Louth, whose name variously appears as De Garlande and Gerlandus. Born about the year 1190, he was sent to Oxford University to be educated (as was generally the case with the Anglo-Irish nobles of the thirteenth century), and, in 1212 or 1213, he went to finish his studies at Paris. In 1218, we find him taking part in the crusade against

²⁴ *Life of St. Francis.* Sabbatier, p. 75.

²⁵ Ps. 14.

the Albigenses at Toulouse, where he wrote his famous treatise on Music, *De Musica Mensurabili Positio*. So great was his fame as a grammarian and poet, that he was selected to assist at the foundation of the University of Toulouse, in 1229, but he had to leave, in 1232, owing to friction with the Dominicans. We again find him in Paris, in 1234, and the street in which he lived and taught was called after him, "Clos de Garlande," afterwards known as "Rue Gallande."

Not alone did Garland excel all his fellows as a theoretical musician; he was also a distinguished literary man, as appears from his *De Triumphis Ecclesiae*, which he finished at Paris, in 1252, and of which the British Museum possesses a manuscript copy (*Claudius A. X.*), printed some years back by Mr. Thomas Wright.

Unlike many of the early theorists, John Garland composed much music, including a fine example of double counterpoint. He also wrote a treatise on Plain Chant, *De Canto Plano*. His nationality is amply evidenced by his strong insistence on the rhythmical test in Organum. He divides Organum into two kinds, namely *rectum* and *non rectum*, and he tells us that the *long* and the *breve* are to be strictly taken in the first regular mode,—the Plain Chant being notated in symbols of equal length. To Garland is due the invention of the *copula* and the figures *sine proprietate*. According to Roger Bacon, he was still living, at Paris, in 1264.

Lovers of Shakespeare do not need to be told of the skilful manner in which the Bard of Avon introduces the instrument termed the "recorder" in *Hamlet*; but it is not generally known that the earliest mention of this variant of the flute-a-bec is in the *Manipulus Florum*, a learned work begun by John Walsh, in 1280, and finished by Thomas Walsh, of Palmerstown, County Kildare, in July, 1306. Both these writers were Irish Franciscan Friars, a fact unnoticed by Louis C. Elson in his *Shakespeare in Music*. Dr. Thomas Walsh lived mostly at Naples, where he ended his days. He is better known as Thomas *Hibernicus*. His fellow-countryman, Dr. John Walsh, was regent of Oxford, in 1258, and subsequently taught at Paris, where he died, in 1284.

Although Pope Clement V, on July 11, 1311, issued a Bull

for the erection of a university in Dublin, yet it was not until the year 1320 that Archbishop de Becknor was able to formally open it, and he also framed a code of statutes for the infant university, the *studium generale* being in St. Patrick's Cathedral. William de Rudyard, Dean of St. Patrick's, was appointed first Chancellor, but it was not till 1359 that King Edward III endowed a lectureship in Divinity in the University of Dublin.

In 1328, according to the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*, died Maurice O'Gibellan, Master of Arts, learned in civil and canon law, a philosopher, Irish poet, and an excellent and exact speaker of the speech which in Irish is called *Ogham*; a Canon and singer in Tuam, Elphin, Achonry, Killala, Armadown, and Clonfert, as also Vicar General. This Irish churchman must have been of more than ordinary fame, as his obituary is chronicled by the *Four Masters*, and by the Annalists of Loch-Cé and of Ulster. In fact, I can meet with no other instance of a man who combined in himself the requisite abilities as Brehon, Canonist, Vicar General, poet, philosopher, and musician.

The adaptation of secular songs to sacred words was freely practised in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. William of Malmesbury tells us of Thomas, Archbishop of York (1070), that "whenever he heard any new secular song or ballad sung by the minstrels, he immediately composed sacred adaptations of the words to be sung to the same tune." Very remarkable it is that the existence of the very earliest known English folk-songs is due to a record among the archives of the corporation of Kilkenny, in Ireland. In the *Red Book of Ossory*, there are fifteen pages written in double columns containing sixty Latin verses, written by Richard Ledrede, Bishop of Ossory (1317-1360), best remembered for his connection with the heresy and witchcraft trials between the years 1324 and 1331. We may date the Bishop's verses as of about the year 1325.

These Latin verses, or *Cantilenae*, were written by Bishop Ledrede for the Vicar's Choral of Kilkenny Cathedral "to be sung on great festivals and other occasions," as is stated in a memorandum in said book, "that their throats and mouths, sanctified to God, might not be polluted with theatrical, indecent, and secular songs." The sixty pieces are in honor of our Lord, the Holy

Ghost, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the first of them is entitled: *Cantilena de Nativitate Domini*, a sort of Christmas carol, followed by three others "de eodem festo."

Six of the *Cantilenæ* are set to English tunes, the names of which are given, whilst two others are adapted to French tunes. The interested reader will find a good account of the contents of the *Red Book of Ossory* in the Tenth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, capably edited by the late Sir John Gilbert.

The Carmelite Friars exercised no small influence in Dublin, in the fourteenth century, and, in 1335, King Edward III, as a mark of favor, granted to the White Friars "the sole right of performing divine offices in the Chapel of the Exchequer," in George's Street (near the present South Great George's Street), who were, for their labors, entitled to receive from the Court of Exchequer an annual payment of one hundred shillings. The Bishop of Meath, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Bishop of Ossory were Carmelite Friars at this epoch. Hence many of the liturgical music books of this period show traces of Carmelite variants.

From the statutes of the Provincial Council of Dublin, held in 1348 under the presidency of Alexander de Becknor, Archbishop of Dublin, it is evident that the study of sacred chants was insisted on as an essential part of the duties of clerics (Can. 23). The decree of Pope John XXII relative to the abuses of Church Music was observed. This decree was issued from Avignon, in 1323, in which we read: "Some disciples of the new school, while they apply themselves to mensurable music, introduce new notes, and prefer their own interpolations to the *ancient chant*; the Church Music is actually sung in semibreves and minims, and is mutilated with grace notes. Nay more, they intersect the Plain Chant melodies with *hoquets*, move about in *discant*, and sometimes even burthen the chants with *tripla* and common *motets*."

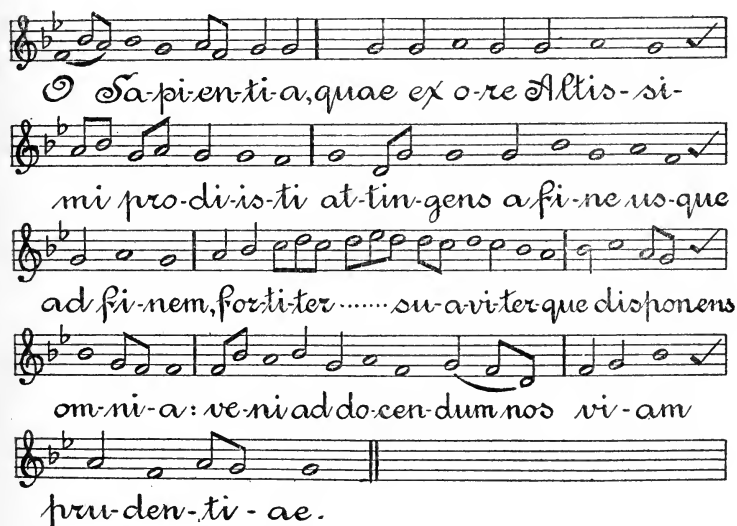
Among the deeds of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, there was discovered a Morality play called "The Pride of Life," written in 1345. This play is regarded by the late Professor Morley as one of the earliest known specimens of its class in the English language. In it are the familiar mumming characters of King, Queen, Nuncio, Bishop, First Soldier, and Second Soldier. There

are 120 quatrains, mostly in dialogue form, one of which will suffice as an example :—

Th^u art lord of lim and life
and King w^t outen ende,
Stif and strong and sterne in strife,
in londe qwher th^u wende."

It has often been a matter of conjecture as to the music which invariably accompanied these Mystery and Morality plays ; but as far as my researches go, the services of a portative or positive organ were invariably requisitioned from the adjoining church. Further, I have discovered that at Kilkenny, the antiphon *O Sapientia* was sung between the acts of the plays, especially at the Christmas season. The following is a transcript of this lovely antiphon, modernized from a fine Antiphonarium formerly belonging to Christ Church Cathedral :

O Sapientia.



O Sa-pi-en-ti-a, quae ex o-re Altis-si-
mi pro-di-is-ti at-tin-gens a-fi-ne us-que
ad fi-nem, for-ti-ter su-avi-ter que disponens
om-ni-a: ve-ni ad-do-cen-dum nos vi-am
pru-den-ti-ae.

John of St. Paul, Archbishop of Dublin, built the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, in 1358, and subscribed to the fund for a new organ. At this date the organist was invariably a cleric,

and was designated "Clerk of the Organs." It is not generally known that the pedal board or pedal clavier dates from about the year 1307, the inventor being Ludwig van Vaelbeke of Brabant, and certain it is that the organ at Halberstadt, built in 1361, had a pedal board with its own pipes.

Thomas Minst, Archbishop of Dublin (1363-1375), almost rebuilt St. Patrick's Cathedral, and added a steeple to it. He was a patron of music. During his rule, a theological chair—to be held by an Augustinian Friar—was founded in the University of Dublin, in 1364, by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Viceroy of Ireland.

About the year 1370 was transcribed the exquisite Psalter of Christ Church (Dublin), which now, alas! is one of the treasures of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Mr. James Mills, I.S.O., Deputy Keeper of the Public Records (Ireland), says that "this psalter must be acknowledged to be the most elaborate extant work of Anglo-Norman art in Ireland."

In 1390, John de Sandale, Precentor of Christ Church, effected some improvements in the musical services. The ordinary choir dress for the Canons was the same as at Salisbury, that is, "black copes down to the feet, and surplices beneath them," whilst the choir-boys wore *cottae* and *rochettae*, or shortened albs, the acolytes being, as a rule, vested in "scarlet cassocks with a scarlet hood over the surplice."

Not alone were Irish students still numerous at Oxford University in the fourteenth century, but Irishmen were found as lecturers at that great seat of learning. Thus, Matthew O'Howen—a name now Anglicized "Owen"—son of the Airchinneic or Erenach of Irishkeen on Lough Erne, "lectured continuously at Oxford for fourteen years," and, as is recorded in the *Annals of Ulster*, died September 4, 1382. These same *Annals* chronicle for us the death of another Ulster churchman, namely Matthew O'Luinine, Erenach of Ards (near Enniskillen), on February 8, 1396. He is described as "an expert, learned man both in poetry and history, and *melody*, and literature, and other arts." Another annalist describes him as Archdeacon of Ardagh, and "well versed in history, poetry, *music*, and general literature."

In the *Red Book of the Exchequer*, now in the Public Record

Office, Dublin, there is a fine transcript of the Gregorian modes, and a fragment of an illuminated Missal following, to a great extent, the Use of Sarum, but without music. At folio 134 is music scanning, written about the year 1398. I give here for the first time

Transcript of the Same.

Ms. {  *Eterne rex altissime*

Restitution of the neums after Sarum {  *Ms.* {  

[Prose] {  *Sospitati dedit egros*

{ 

{ 

(Hymn) {  *Vt queant.*

{ 

a transcript of the Plain Chant notation of this most unique manuscript. Its very existence was unknown to Dom Mocquereau, the learned Prior of Solesmes, who is a living encyclopædia of mediæval musical manuscripts. Having obtained a photograph of the folio, I got it enlarged, and transcribed it according to traditional

methods. However, it will be more interesting to give the transcript, with a restitution of the neums, as kindly furnished by Dom Mocquereau,¹ to whom I gave a copy of the fac-simile reproduction.

We have seen that there was a Chaplain of the Exchequer Chapel in Dublin from the year 1200, which accounts for the inclusion of a Missal in the *Red Book of the Exchequer*. The explanation of the Anthem (Prose) and Hymn lies in the fact that it was a custom, from the close of the fourteenth century to the year 1869 (when the "Church of Ireland" was disestablished), for the choristers of Christ Church, on the third day previous to the close of each Law Term, four times a year, "to proceed to the Court of Exchequer to do homage to the King before the Barons, in open Court, in order to secure their estates and privileges." On these visits the Chaplain recited the Latin prayers contained in the *Red Book*, and the choir sang appropriate antiphons and hymns, "standing on the green cloth," at the conclusion of which they received a certificate that entitled them to all their revenues.

The words in the folio, "et debet incipi a secundario Rememoratori," serve to show that the second Remembrancer, who, of course, was a cleric, commenced the anthem, "Eterne Rex altissime redemptor et fidelium." The hymn, "Ut queant laxis," is the popular melody for the feast of St. John the Baptist, from which Guido of Arezzo evolved the names, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, etc. It is only fair to add that Dom Mocquereau considers the music to be of the early fifteenth century, but I am inclined to date it from about the years 1390-1395.

To Lionel Poner, an Irish composer, is due the first English treatise on music, about the year 1390, and his nationality is beyond question. Davy, the historian of English music, tells us that Poner appears in Coussemaker's great work as "Iconal." His treatise on music is included in a volume which Tallis found in Waltham Abbey in 1537, and which is now in the British Museum, among the Lansdowne Manuscripts, No. 763. Not only

¹ I felt flattered that there was only the difference of four notes between my own transcript and that furnished by Dom Mocquereau (the illustrious founder of "Paleographie Musicale") whose labors in the restoration of Plain Chant have been well summarized in the September issue of THE DOLPHIN.

is it written in English, but it is also illustrated by musical examples.

It is regrettable that we have no details regarding the early life of Lionel Poner. All we know is that he went over to study at Oxford, and became a cleric. As evidences of his advancement of what may be considered "modern music," he established "the use of sixths and thirds, and the distinct prohibition of consecutive unisons, fifths, and octaves." Moreover, he was the first to indicate chords by figures; in other words, he was the inventor of figured bass.

Of Poner's compositions which have survived, Morley, in 1597, knew several, which cannot now be traced. However, in the choir-books formerly belonging to Trent Cathedral, but now at Vienna, out of forty works, mostly by English composers, eleven are by Poner, eight of which were transcribed about the year 1430. Other compositions of his are in the Liceo Communale, Bologna, whilst at Modena eight motets are still to be seen, one of which is for four voices. He also figures in the Old Hall Manuscript (so called from the fact that it belongs to the famous English Roman Catholic College of St. Edmund, Old Hall, Ware), a valuable transcript made in the latter part of the fifteenth century, apparently intended for a church choir.

Under Nicholas Staunton, Prior of Christ Church from 1420 to 1438, the musical services were much improved. Nor was St. Patrick's Cathedral less backward, as we find that Richard Talbot (brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury), Archbishop of Dublin, instituted six minor Canons and six choristers. Each of the six choristers was to receive four marks, English money, and twenty marks were to be paid to the Precentor.

It must not, however, be supposed that Dublin had the monopoly of good music in Ireland. Armagh, Kilkenny, Waterford, and other churches were not far behind. We learn that the Cashel province was equally zealous in the cause of Plain Chant. This is evident from the Eighty-sixth Canon of the Provincial Council of Cashel, in 1453, under Archbishop Cantwell: "*Statuit Concilium, quod in civitatibus et locis in quibus cantus habetur et chorus regitur, nulli ad aliquas praelaturas nisi cantores admittantur, salvo privilegio speciali Sedis Apostolicae.*"

The three most distinguished musicians of the first half of the fifteenth century were Poner (d. 1420), Dunstable, and Dupay. John Dunstable was an English monk, and he founded the English school of music in 1425, dying on December 24, 1453. Guillaume Dupay was the glory of the Flemish school, but he was of Celtic origin, as the Walloons were Celts. His death occurred on November 18, 1474.

In the will of Michael Tregury, Archbishop of Dublin, dated December 10, 1471, that estimable prelate bequeathed "a payre of organs" to St. Patrick's Cathedral, to be used in St. Mary's Chapel. He died on December 21, of the same year, and was succeeded by John Walton, in 1472, during whose rule an Act was passed by the Irish Parliament, in 1474, for the regulation of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Among the manuscripts now housed in Trinity College, Dublin, there are Psalters, Antiphonaries, and Breviaries of the fifteenth century,—catalogued as Nos. 69, 77, 82, 86, 95, 101, 102, and 109, in Dr. Abbot's Catalogue; but, of all these, the most interesting from a musical standpoint is No. 82, being the *Kilcormac Missal*, with a four-lined stave notation. This valuable manuscript, one of the five Irish Missals that have survived the vandalism of the post-Reformation period, was the work of a worthy Irish scribe, Brother Dermot O'Flanagan, a Carmelite Friar of Loughrea. It was written, as the colophon informs us, for Brother Edward O'Higgins, Prior of Kilcormac (King's County), and was finished on March 3, 1458. As is usual in pre-Reformation Missals, there are numerous sequences, and there is a valuable calendar containing obits of benefactors, etc. A charming sequence, "Mellis Stilla," is given for the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Mass of St. Patrick, too, has a very fine sequence, and there is a fragment of the Sequence of St. Brigid.

In 1460 there is a record of a versatile Cistercian monk, at Duiske, County Kilkenny, who was named Brother Aengus. He was at once a harper, organist, organ-builder, and composer. The most famous Irish organ-builder of this epoch was John Lawless. He was held in such high esteem that the Corporation of Kilkenny granted him many privileges on condition of taking

his residence permanently in the cathedral city of St. Canice. Fortunately, among the deeds of the Corporation, there is still preserved a document, dated December, 1476, "on the Monday after the Feast of the Nativity," agreeing to the terms of the ground rent, etc., from John Lawless, "organ maker," with the proviso that he was "to practise his art within the said town of Kilkenny."

The Friar Preachers (Dominicans) of Athenry, County Galway, were able to secure a new organ for their abbey in 1479, as appears from a memorandum in the Sloane MSS. of the British Museum (4784, p. 43, No. 4). We read that Thomas Bermingham, Baron of Athenry, and his wife, Annabella, bestowed "three silver marks toward the building of the abbey church organ." About this time the keys of the organ were reduced in size from 2 inches to $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and new contrivances were devised to facilitate alike the labors of the "pulsator organorum" and the blowers. Each key had its name-letter inscribed on it, namely, F, G, A, etc., which is the true explanation of the name *clavis* or key, the row of tongues being called a *clavier*. The phrase "pair of organs" was merely the English translation of the mediæval Latin plural *organa*, as distinguished from the singular *organum*, a form of part-writing.

Milo Roche, Bishop of Leighlin (1470-1490), was an accomplished musician and "a skilful performer on all manner of instruments." The annalist Dowling says: "Inter bardos numeratur pro omnibus instrumentis;" whilst Ware adds that "he was more addicted to the study of music and poetry than was fit."

With the invention of music-printing, in 1473, the spread of music became more general. It is not a little remarkable that the first book containing Plain Chant in Roman notation, printed from movable types, was issued from the press of Octavianus Scotus, of Venice, in 1481, under the supervision of an Irishman, Maurice O'Fihely, a Franciscan Friar, who was afterwards Archbishop of Tuam.

David Winchester, who had been elected Prior of Christ Church, on March 5, 1489, made music a special feature of the services. In order to secure a permanent music-school in connection with the Cathedral, he founded a professorship in Music

on August 28, 1493,—the endowment to consist of “the oblations offered to the relic of the Holy Staff of Jesus within the said Church,” with various rents of lands in Dublin and Ardee. By the terms of the foundation, the Music Master was bound to teach four choristers and four probationers; and these boys were to assist at “daily Mass of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to sing the Mass of Jesus every Friday in Lent, and at all other times when required.” In addition to being instructed in music, the four choristers were provided with “meat and drink,” and were clothed at the expense of the convent.

The earliest record in Ireland of a lay salaried organist is that of William Herbit, who, in 1506, was appointed “pulsator organorum,” or organist, of St. Patrick’s Cathedral, Dublin, at the stipend of £3. 6s. 8d. a year. The Synods of 1512 and 1518 passed canons relative to the adequate rendering of Plain Chant. A Synod, held at Cashel, in 1512, also enjoined the cultivation of true Church music on the clergy.

As an evidence of the use of organs even in the smaller religious houses, it is merely necessary to quote a State paper, dated July 26, 1538, in which Lord Leonard Gray mentions that he had carried off “a pair of organs” from the Augustinian Priory of Killeigh (King’s County), and had presented the instrument to the Collegiate Church of Maynooth. Moore, in his *History of Ireland*, gives the date as 1537, whilst Renehan, quoting the incident from Moore, assigns it to the year 1539.

By a Royal Commission dated April 7, 1538, a clean sweep was ordered to be made of the Irish monasteries, and pensions were promised to those religious who surrendered. Among the pensions given to the monks of the Abbey of St. Thomas, Dublin, for which a warrant was issued on September 10, 1539, there appears an annuity of £5 to Patrick Clinch, “clerk of the organs,” or organist, of said abbey.

At this epoch, the Prior and Canons of Christ Church were transformed into a Dean and Chapter, and there were eight canons and four choristers, as also a lay organist, Robert Hayward. In June, 1541, when the servile Anglo-Irish Parliament proclaimed Henry VIII as “King of Ireland,” there was a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving and a *Te Deum*, with full organ.

Neither the ritual nor the musical services were in aught affected by the schism of King Henry VIII. By a deed of March 16, 1546, Robert Hayward, Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, was bound "to play the organ, to keep Our Lady's Mass and Anthem daily, Jesus' Mass every Friday, Matins on the eight principal feasts," etc. He was also "to instruct the choristers in *pricksong and discant to four minims*." Henry VIII died on January 28, 1547, and Strype tells us that at the obsequies of the wretched monarch, on February 16, the Bishop of Ely celebrated the Mass of the Trinity, which was sung "in *pricksong discant*, and organ playing to the offertory."

Here I pause for the present. Perhaps at no distant date I may resume some other phase of this interesting subject.

WM. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

Enniscorthy, Ireland.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER XI.—FORESHADOWINGS.

DID Donal believe his father was really insane? No! but he tried to believe it, or rather persuade his judgment that it was so. That is, he wanted to fling away into the background the strange and indeed terrible revelation his father had made; and cloak its awfulness by the belief that his father was the victim of a delusion. Hence, he tried to make no change in his manner toward Nodlag; nay, if anything, he was more affectionate than before, and his sisters jested and said:

"Begor, Donal, it is clear you are goin' to wait for Nodlag; but you'll be the bald old bachelor thin!"

And his father said to himself:

"Did Donal understan' me rightly? He's the wandherful play-actor intirely, knowin' what he knows!"

By degrees, however, the ever-haunting idea of her parentage created a strong revulsion in the mind of the young man. He became moody and discontented; and, as is usual in such cases, he placed the blame everywhere but on himself. Most of all, he

threw the whole responsibility on the child. From time to time, in his lonely communings, the horror of the thing would burst on his imagination; and he would pull in the horses when he was ploughing, and take off his hat, and wipe his brow, and say, half aloud:

"Good God! think of it. Yonder, in my mother's house, taken to her bosom, kissed by my sisters, is the child of the informer, who has sent one dacent man to the gallows, and a half-dozen good neighbors to Botany Bay. An' I can't say a word. Gee-up! It bates the divil hollow!"

Then, one day, the dread of what would happen if the secret were discovered suddenly struck him, and intensified his aversion. His own words to his father came back:

"They'll burn the house about us; and shoot every mother's son of us."

Would they? Faith, they would, and never think the smoke of a pipe about it. If it were whispered abroad that Daly's child was harbored, clothed, fed, at Edmond Connor's house, their lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. There were a hundred ruffians in a circuit of five miles, who would make a holocaust of the whole house and family. Yes! but where's the remedy? To reveal the matter to even one, would be disastrous. He might put it on the plea of his father's insanity; but then who'd believe him? And there was his oath, taken under the stars that momentous night! No, clearly there was nothing to be done but await the development of events.

And so the years went by, the child growing steadily into the affections of mother, sisters, and brothers at Glenanaar, but most of all, into the deep, soft heart of Edmond Connors himself. Donal alone regarded the child with indifference, if not aversion. The shadow of a forthcoming revelation seemed always to hover around her to his mind. She became a very sweet, winsome child, every year seeming to add some new charm to her beauty. She was quite unlike her mother, who was dark and sallow of complexion; whereas Nodlag was exceedingly fair, with large, innocent, blue eyes and a great wealth of yellow hair, which she tossed into her eyes and face, as she ran around the yard or across the fields, or leaped lightly over the river that ran zigzag

beneath the farm in the valley. Often, however, when she was alone, and free from observation, she had a peculiar habit of suddenly standing still, and waiting and listening, as if she heard a voice afar off, and awaited its repetition, thinking herself deceived. On such occasions she leaned her head gently downwards, and sometimes put up a warning finger, as if to arrest her own attention; then, after a pause, as if she had been mistaken, she ran around gayly again. This mood would seize her at all times; and as she grew in years, it became more persistent, so much so that, even at meals, she would forget herself, and pause to listen for the strange voice. So, too, if she leaped a brook, or mounted a ditch, she would stand transfixed for a moment, and lean and listen, and then leap on lightly as before. By degrees, this peculiarity began to be noticed; and she was questioned about it.

"What's the matter, Nodlag? What do you hear?" the old woman would ask.

And Nodlag would give a start of surprise, and laugh, and say:

"Oh, nothin', ma'am. I don't hear nothin'."

But it gave rise to a great many surmises, the more common interpretation being that it was her cruel mother, who, in some far place, was repenting, and calling, calling for her abandoned child.

She was no more explicit, however, with the old man,—her protector and friend, as she knew instinctively. She became, as she advanced toward the years of reason, the companion of his walks across the mountain and down the valleys; and he used to feel an unusual thrill of pleasure, as he lifted her over a brook, or across a stile, or took her up in his strong arms and carried her across a tract of wet bog or moor-land, or over one of those deep ravines cut by the winter torrents out of the soft, pebbly sandstone. He once ventured to ask her more particularly what she waited and listened for, when those strange moods seized her.

"Oh, nothin', daddy. Only I thought some one was callin'."

"Was it like the way the boys are called to dinner, acushla?"

"It was, daddy!"

"Or was it like the way they call after the cows?"

"It was, daddy!"

"Or was it like the chapel-bell for Mass on a Sunday morning?"

"It was, daddy! Ding-dong, ding-dong, an' mo-o-o-o-o!" as she tried to imitate the echo of the bell.

And as all this was very vague, and left things just as they were, they ceased to ask her questions, but all agreed that she was a "quare" child, out-and-out, and altogether.

One day in the early spring of the year in which Nodlag attained her majority of eight years, and was classed amongst those who can distinguish good from evil, the gentleman who possessed rights of shooting over the mountains, came in to Edmond Connors' cottage. He had had a good day, for several brace of wild fowls hung from his shoulder, and he appeared tired. Things had now settled down somewhat; and better relations had sprung up between the gentry and the peasantry of the neighborhood. So he was welcomed with a *Cead míle fáilte*; and took his glass of milk with a little potheen mixed, as humbly and gratefully as possible. He put his gun into a corner, sat on the sugan chair, and sipped his tumbler of milk slowly. When about to leave, he glanced anxiously around the room, and toward the doors of the double bedroom across the kitchen; and said at last:

"By the way, I heard you had a remarkably handsome child here,—a little foundling?"

"Yes," said the old man, somewhat anxiously, for he had an intuitive fear of the "gintry"; and always suspected, even under the most friendly exterior, dangerous and hostile motives. "Is Nodlag there, Joan?" addressing his eldest daughter.

"She is not," said Joan, "she's gone down to the forge with Jerry."

"It was good and kind of you," said the stranger, "to take in a homeless waif like that; and to have all the expense of rearing her, in addition to your own family."

"As for that," said the old man, watching the gentleman anxiously out of his mild, blue eyes, "the crachure is no expinse. One mouth, more or less, does not make sich a difference."

"No, but she'll be growing, and will be soon a young woman," rejoined the stranger. "And that will mean responsibilities which few men but yourself would face."

"Well, sure if she grows, God bless her! she'll be the help, too; and sure the girls will be laving us, wan by wan; and we'll want some woman around the house," said the old man.

"True! I heard, indeed, that one of your daughters was about to marry young Burke——"

"Begobs, your Honor, you have all the gossip of the parish picked up. We thought you knew nothin' but the best covers for the woodcock or the plover," said Edmond Connors, with mild sarcasm.

"When you're out all day alone with your wood-ranger, you must hear things," said the gentleman. "And we have a deeper interest in our tenants and neighbors than we get credit for."

"That's thrue, too," said the old man, still on the alert for all that was to follow. "We never suspect how many friends we have, till we need them."

"I wish to show my friendship for you, Connors," continued the gentleman, "by telling you that I'll take that child off your hands, educate her, rear her, and put her in a position in life where you'll be proud to see her."

"I am much behoulden to yer Honor," said his host. "But for all you're worth in this world, and they say 'tis a good dale, I wouldn't part with that child. But, here she is herself," he said, as Nodlag ran into the kitchen, flushed by her ride on the bay mare, which had been just shod, down at the forge. Donal entered by the front door just at the same moment.

"Good-day, Donal," said the gentleman. "I hope you're well. And this is the little one. What's that you call her? Come here, little one, come to me!"

But Nodlag shrank terrified from him, and put her two arms around the old man's leg for support and protection.

"Well, 'tis a quare name, sure enough," said Edmond Connors. "We call her Nodlag, because 'twas on a Christmas night we found—God sent her," he said, checking himself before the wistful eyes of the child.

"Well, Connors," said the gentleman, preparing to depart, "please yourself about my offer. I'll take the child, and relieve you of all further responsibility about her. I promise you she'll be cared for well,—nearly as well as you can care for her yourself."

"I'm very much obligated to you," said the old man, this time searching the face of Donal, who was listening attentively. "But she's one of ourselves now; and we can't part with her."

There was deep silence for a few moments, during which the child's grasp tightened around the legs of her protector; and then Donal, looking up, said, as if that discussion was well over and ended:—

"You had a good day on the mountain, Sir. That's a heavy bag."

"Yes, indeed," replied the gentleman. "I have never seen so many birds on the hills before. The place is thick with woodcock and gray plover. I think we are near cold weather. The birds are migrating in large coveys to the South and West."

"And the sky is as black as midnight," said Donal. "I think the snow is comin'; and I wish it was, to take away the bitter cold."

"So Linehan says. He thinks we're near a big fall. In that case the sooner I'm near home the better. Good evening!"

"Good-bye and good luck!" said Donal.

"Donal," said the father when the stranger had departed, "wouldn't it be well to gether in the sheep from the hills? It may be a big fall; and there's twenty young lambs, or so, I think."

"There are twenty-four," said Donal. "Yes, I'll get Owen and wan of the min; and we'll gether them in."

"An' my lamb, daddy!" said Nodlag, her eyes wide open in fear and sorrow, "I must go and save Nanny."

"She's not far," said the old man, "but you can go out, and wait for the boys; and they'll search for you."

Nodlag went out; and Donal turned fiercely on his father.

"Why, in the name of God," said he, "didn't you take his offer? It would rid us of all our troubles."

"It might add some others," said his father, meekly. "In any case, I have made a promise, and I'll keep it."

"Sure 'twas God sint Mr. Dunscombe with that grand offer," cried Donal. "It was the best chance we ever got; and it mightn't come agin."

"What was the best chance that might never come agin?" asked Mrs. Connors, coming in from the yard. "I'm thinkin' we're in for somethin' hot an' heavy to-night; and we haven't a hundred of flour in the house. But what was the offer, Donal, ye were spakin' to your father about?"

"Nothin'!" said the young man sulkily.

"It can't have been any great things, thin," said his mother, nettled at the reply.

"'Twas only Mr. Dunscombe wanted to get Nodlag!" said the old man, in the interests of peace.

"An' what did you say?" she asked fiercely, for she had acquired a great love for the child.

"What 'ud I say; but that God sint her to us, and we'll keep her?" replied her husband.

"It would be the quare thing, out an' out, if you said anythin' else," she answered. "And was that what you called a great chance, me *bouchal*?" she demanded, angrily turning to Donal.

"I think," he replied sullenly, "that, as the child didn't belong to us, it was a good chance to get rid of her, especially whin she 'ud be well done for."

"You never showed that child a fair face since she kum into the house," said the mother. "Begor, you begrudge her the bite and sup we giv' her, as if it would lessen you—and thim you want to bring in here to us."

This was an allusion to Donal's projected marriage,—a subject of painful interest always to mothers, who are obliged to abdicate the moment the bride crosses the threshold of the door. It nettled Donal, because this very matter had been a subject of debate between himself and his future bride, who had tried to make it one condition of the marriage contract that Nodlag should be sent away. Nay, this very question, and some delay about her sister's arrangements with young Burke were the main causes of the delay in his own settlement. He had, then, a double reason for wishing that Mr. Dunscombe's offer had been accepted by his father.

"How do we know who or what she is?" he answered in a high temper.

"You know as much now as the night you brought her in the creel, and put her there be the fire. But you have the cowl'd hard heart, Donal," said his mother. "But take care! 'Tis dangerous to thrapple on the widow or the orfin."

Donal was about to make another angry reply, which would have imperilled the sacredness of his oath; but his father, going to the door, looked up and said:—

"I'm thinkin' if you spind much more time in codrawlin', ye'll be lookin' for a needle in a bundle of straw, whin you search for the lambs this awful night."

CHAPTER XII.—THE GREAT SNOW.

So, indeed, it was. A double darkness had come down from sky to earth; and the great eclipse of the heavens began to break into tiny flakes of light, which, hung in the atmosphere, made the darkness deeper, and then shone in a great sea of pearly whiteness, when the soft clear crystals heaped themselves into fleecy masses upon the earth. It was the first fall of the "Great Snow," which commenced that night of the 15th of February, 1837, lasted for three days, and remained two months on the ground, blotting out every trace of verdure, and imprisoning hundreds of people, who, far away from the towns, had to endure the horrors of a half-famine during those miserable weeks. At nine o'clock that night, there were three feet of snow in the yard and fields around Glenanaar; and deeper drifts in the hollows beneath hedges, or piled against stable walls, where the light wind had drifted them, and no stronger wind could dislodge them. From time to time, Donal and Owen and the servant-men came into the yard, sweating and panting, as they flung down a sheep or a lamb, which they had saved. And every time they went forth, their quest became more dangerous and trying, as their strength grew less beneath the strain, and the snow mounted higher and higher in soft hillocks, which concealed dangerous places, and made by their very sinking and yielding beneath the feet the task of walking painful and laborious.

It was ten o'clock, and the snow was yet falling in larger and thicker flakes, when the boys announced that all the sheep had been brought into safe shelter, but that a few lambs had been lost in the snow.

"Thank God, we won't miss 'em," said the vanithee. "Was Nodlag's lamb brought in?"

"Nodlag's?" said Donal, half dazed and blinded from the snow and the fierce exertion he had made.

"Yes," said his mother. "Her pet lamb, with the blue ribbon around her neck."

"I don't know," said Donal, wearily, and half asleep on the hard settle.

"Where is Nodlag herself?" said Edmond Connors, turning around from the fire.

"Where 'ud she be, but in bed these hours?" said his wife. "Look, Joan, and see how's the child!"

Joan took up the candle, and entered the bedroom, where Nodlag's tiny cot lay close up against one of the larger bedsteads. She returned in a moment, with a face full of terror.

"Nodlag is not here!" she said.

"I thought so," said the old man, rising up. "Whilst we were thinkin' of nothing but our sheep and lambs, we've allowed God's child to be taken from us."

"She was with the boys," said Joan, looking at Owen and Donal.

"No, she wasn't," said Donal sullenly. "At laste, she wasn't wid me."

"Nor wid me," said Owen. "I never laid eyes on the child since Mr. Dunscombe left the house."

"She wint out into the yard," said the old man, "and I tould her wait for ye outside, and go wid ye."

"She must have gone off by herself thin," said Owen, "for sorra an eye I put on her, since the snow begin."

Edmond Connors said not a word; but went over and took down his yellow leather leggings from the rack near the fire, and drew them on, and buttoned them.

"Where are you goin', father?" said his daughter, Joan, in dismay.

"Where am I goin'?" he cried. "I'm goin' to seek after that child. Do you mane to think that I'm goin' to lave her out there in the bitther cowl'd to perish?"

"Ye're takin' lave of yer senses," said his wife. "Run out Donal; run out Owen, she can't be much farther than the ploughed field."

"I'm afeared 'tis a poor search we're goin' to make," said Owen, rising wearily. "Come get the lantern, Jerry, and let us see what we can do."

And Donal rose sulkily and followed his brother. Their

clothes were wet through with the snow, and a great steam ascended from them as they stood up to go.

"Give 'em a dhrop of whiskey," commanded the old man. "They may have to go farther than they think."

They needed it; for weakened by long exertion as they were, they had to summon all their strength for the search now before them. It was quite possible that they would have refused to undertake it but that they expected it would be a short one. The child, they reasoned, could not have gone far from home. They would find her in the outhouse or somewhere sheltered under one of the hawthorn trees that crowned all the ditches and fences on the farm. When, however, their search in the vicinity of the house was fruitless; and no answer came to their muffled cries: "Nodlag! Nodlag!" across the snow, they became anxious, and agreed to separate,—Owen and Jerry taking the hills behind the house, and Donal going down toward the river. In a few seconds they were out of sight and hearing of each other, as they moved in different directions, each a ghostly heap of snow, and quite indistinguishable from rifts and white hillocks or burdened shrubs or trees across the dreary landscape.

It was weary work; and Donal was alone in that terrible night-quest. Every limb and muscle ached with pain, as they were strained by the violent and quite unusual exercise, for the young man had to leap and throw himself forward from rift to rift; now falling into wet slush, now stumbling forward, and trying to catch a foothold for a further leap, and always flashing his lantern to and fro in the darkness, and shouting "Nodlag! Nodlag!" across the valley. But no reply came. Only the soft, silent snow sifting down from the blackened heavens, glinting one moment a golden color in the light of the lantern-candle, and then sinking into the soft drift, where it was lost.

Donal began to lose temper. It was only the peremptory challenge of his father that drove him out from the warm kitchen on such an errand. Somehow he had come to persuade himself that this child of misfortune, this inheritress of evil, would be as swiftly and mysteriously taken from them as she was sent. He could not imagine her growing up like the girls, and passing on to honorable wifehood and motherhood. There was something

uncanny about the whole affair, and it would end dramatically and mysteriously as it had begun. Is this the end, here and now? What could be more opportune, more appropriate, than that the child of shame and sorrow should be buried deep in the snow-drifts? It is an easy death, they say. The cold numbs the senses, and then there is sleep and unconsciousness, and death comes gently in the sleep. He sat down beneath a willow, which was so loaded with snow that there was just a tiny space of wet grass beneath. There he began to think. Then the very fate that he dreamed and half-hoped for Nodlag came to himself. He got numbed, and a strange, drowsy feeling came over him. He tried to shake it off, but couldn't. His aching limbs yielded to the momentary rest, the lantern fell from his hands, and he sank into an uneasy slumber. He had a horrible dream. The last thing he saw were the great broad flakes reddened in the lantern-flame; and he thought these were turned into flakes of fire that fell on him, one by one, and burned through the clothing into his flesh, and made him one hot, piercing blister. He flung them aside and rubbed his hands of them; but down they came, mercilessly tormenting him, until at last he woke with a shudder, and saw to his infinite relief that it was the cold snow that was enveloping him and paralyzing his hands with cold. He leaped up, rubbed his palsied hands, beat them under his arms, until a little warmth came back, and, after a little thought, took up the lantern again and strode homewards. But the dream came back. His conscience upbraided him. It said plainly: "The wish is the deed! To abandon is to destroy! Go back!" And he feebly argued: Am I to roam about all night, looking in vain for what may never be found? Is not my own life in peril? Was I not near death a few minutes ago? And then again the thought would arise: How will my father look if I go back without the child? How will his keen eyes pierce me? He'll say nothing; but he'll never forgive! He will tell me for evermore by his silence that I am a murderer.

This thought determined him. He made a savage resolution to find that child, living or dead, or to be found dead himself. He would not return home without her; and, with his strength fast ebbing away from fatigue and cold, he knew what that meant. He turned his face from the direction of home and went down

toward the river. It rolled by in the darkness, a dark, turbid Styx, its blackness made deeper by the white banks of snow that leaned above it and over it. There was the chill of death in the look of it, and a sound of despair in the swish of its waters, as they swept in mad tumult from side to side.

"God help her if she has fallen in there!" he murmured.

He raised the lantern and tried to throw its light across the roaring torrent. A circle of crimson fell on the banks of snow at the other side; and—his heart stood still! There was something dark in the midst of the circle. It was the foot of a child! With sudden, renewed energy he leaped down the drifts along the bank until he came to a wooden bridge, frail and uncertain, for it consisted of but one plank and a fragile hand-rail. The snow was sifted lightly upon it, because it got no foothold on the narrow board, and there in the white powdered crystals were unmistakably the print of Nodlag's feet. He flashed the lantern on them for a moment, then leaped across the bridge, and sped up along the bank at the other side, throwing the light before him. In a few seconds he was on his hands and knees shovelling away the soft snow which enveloped the child, and at length revealed her little figure, with the dead lamb clasped to her bosom. He flung this aside into the stream, and sitting down and opening up his great coat, he gathered the child into his arms. She was apparently dead. No sign of life appeared in the blue, pinched face, or closed eyes, and she hung limp and listless in his arms. In a moment a sudden and complete revolution took place in his feelings toward her. All the aversion of the last few years grew into a sudden, overwhelming love for the seemingly dead child. He felt that he would gladly give his life there in that awful wintry night to bring back life to those dead features and limbs. The powerlessness, the pitifulness of the little waif, the remembrance of her sad destiny, appealed to him so strongly that he wept like a child. And then he prayed to God as he had never prayed before, to give him back that soul that seemed to have sped on its eternal errand. Half-frantically he beat the little hands in his strong palms, rubbed and fomented the stiff limbs, breathed on the stony face, which his tears also washed. For a long time (it seemed to him years in his agony) no sign of life appeared; and

he had made up his mind to lie down there beside her and let them be found dead together, so that no man should say he had failed in his duty, when he suddenly noticed that the little hand shrank from the hot glass of the lantern. He redoubled his efforts, drew the lantern closer, and shed its soft heat over the little limbs; and in a few moments the purple color on the cheeks gave way to a soft rose-tint, and opening her eyes she said, wearily:—

“Who’s that? Is that Owen?”

The words cut him like a knife. He knew how the heart of the child, which he had steeled against himself, softened out to the kindlier brother; and here in the first moment of consciousness, the instinct of trust revealed itself.

“No! ‘Tis I,—Donal! Don’t you know me, Nodlag?”

“Why are you batin’ me, Donal? What did I do?” For he was still chafing gently and slapping the little hands. But the little appeal almost broke his heart.

“I’m only thryin’ to dhrive away the cowl’d, Nodlag. Do you know me now?”

“I do. But where is Owen? I’ll go home with Owen.”

He said nothing. But leaving the lantern behind him, he took up the child, and folding her close to him that the warmth might vivify her, he said:

“Tighten your arms round my neck, Nodlag, an’ don’t let ‘em go. And may God and His Blessed Mother give me strinth to reach home. But I am afeard you and I will have a cowl’d bed before mornin’.”

For now he felt that his strength, momentarily excited by the emotions he had just experienced, was again rapidly ebbing away; and he began to fear that he could never face that hill and the long fields before him, filled deep with the drifts that every moment grew higher and higher. And the terrible flakes, falling so silently, so noiselessly, so mercilessly, blinded his eyes, and weighed heavily on his shoulders, and clogged his feet. And here in his arms was a burden, which, as Nodlag fell into a sleep again, had become more passive and helpless than before. But Love, pure, unselfish Love, especially the Love that grows out of the black root of Hate, is a powerful thing; and Donal felt himself driven

forward, as if a power impelled him, and took from him the office of rescue; and on, on he went, lifting his feet, as if in a treadmill, yet cautiously feeling his way, for he knew the value of the burden which he bore, and the principle of honor had yielded to the stronger propulsion of love. But nature is nature; and, as he threw out the disengaged arm, blindly feeling his way before him, and took great, long strides, feeling for crevices and hollows, he became aware that his mind was beginning to wander. He struggled against it; but in vain. He shouted aloud with the full strength of his lungs; and he thought he heard answering voices. But the delirium from cold, hardship, and hunger, was seizing upon him. He was in the dock; and the Judge was placing the black cap upon his head, as a preliminary to the death-sentence for the murder of Nodlag, when a woman's form, clothed in black, shot up from the ground, and flinging out her arms wildly, commanded the Judge to desist. Then the lights of the courthouse began to flash and flicker before his eyes. The woman turned to him, and cried: "Donal! Donal! Nodlag! Nodlag!" Then everything began to reel around. He felt a burden falling from him; there was a general upheaval and cataclysm; and he himself, in the general horror and disruption, fell forward, dead.

CHAPTER XIII.—A WEDDING AND A WARNING.

The lights that he saw in his delirium were the lanterns of the rescuing party, who had been sent forward to search for him, after their unavailing quest for Nodlag in the mountains; and the voices were the voices of his brother Owen and the men-servants. When he awoke from the stupor and delirium, he found himself lying on the hard settle in the kitchen, propped with pillows; and as the cells of memory began to awaken, and he wandered over the events of the night, he turned suddenly, and said:

"Nodlag?"

"Thanks be to the great God," said his mother, coming over, "you're yourself agin."

"Nodlag?" he said, impatiently. "Where is Nodlag?"

"She's all right. She's in bed; and nothin' the worse for her sousin'."

He relapsed into silence. They gave him some drinks of milk and whiskey. But for a long time he could not catch on to what had occurred; and the dream of his delirium was yet haunting him. Then he asked:

"Who saved us? Where were we?"

"You were near enough," said his sister, "in the ditch at the end of the church-field. But a miss is as good as a mile. You must change, and be a good boy now, for you were never so near your ind before."

"Was it so bad?" he asked.

"'Twas, and worse. You were talking all the *raimeis* in the world."

"I felt my mind wandering before I fell," he said. "It was the quare thing, out and out, altogether."

"Betther get on to bed, now," said his mother. "'Tis time for us all to be there."

"What time is it?" said Donal.

"Just four o'clock!" said his mother. "And the boys must be up at five."

The next day he was all right, except for the intense muscular pains in back and shoulders. His father said nothing; but looked at him with his keen, kind glance, and gripped his hand with a fervor that was more than eloquence. Little Nodlag lay unwell in the inner room. The chill had brought on a slight attack of pneumonia; and when Donal entered she looked very ill and feverish. But she fixed her great shining eyes upon him, and said not a word. The strong man shook with emotion. The very sense that he had saved her intensified the great love newly-born in that night and on that drift where he had found her.

"We lost the lamb, Nodlag," he said. "He wint down the river. I found him dead in your arms, when I pulled you from the snow."

"Was he dead?" she gasped

"He was, and cowld and hard as a stone. But I'll give you another, whin you're up and around."

"This is the second time Donal saved you, Nodlag," said his mother, coming in. "Begor, you'll have to marry him now, whether you like him or no."

"She doesn't want me," said Donal, in a bantering tone; "'tis Owen she wants. She wouldn't believe it was I saved her from the snow and the river."

The large shining eyes of the child were fixed on him. Then she did a pretty thing. She put aside the hot drink which Mrs. Connors was offering her, and asked Donal to give it to her. He held the vessel to the child's lips, and she drank eagerly. But his hand trembled. His mother wiped her lips with a handkerchief; and the child made a sign.

"Stoop down," said his mother, "she wants you." The big man stooped; and Nodlag put one hot arm around his neck, and drew him closer. He pressed her hot lips with his own, and went out to have a good cry.

When they were gathered around the fire that night, old Edmond Connors in the centre, looking, as was his wont, dreamily at the blazing wood-blocks, there was a good deal of banter and fun, which Donal had to bear.

"Begor, Owen, you're cut out altogether. Nodlag and Donal now are bound to one another; and 'twould take the Pope himself to brake it."

"No matther," said Owen, "we must get somebody else, I suppose. 'Twill be a quare story if we can't pick up some likely colleen at Joan's wedding."

"There'll be the power an' all of people here, I suppose," said Donal. "Where'll we put 'em?"

"Aren't the barns big enough for the whole parish?" said the old man. "But, if this weather lasts, the neighbors won't come."

"Won't they, though?" said Owen. "'Tisn't snow, nor hail, nor wind will keep the boys and girls away from a good wedding."

"Wisha, thin, Donal," said Joan, who was anxious to turn away the conversation from herself, "wasn't it the quare things you wor sayin' last night, whin you wor brought in?"

"What things?" said Donal, anxiously looking at his father.

"Never mind!" said the old man. "Shure you were out of your min' with the cowl'd and the hardship; and you didn't know what you were sayin'."

"You wor talkin' and talkin' about jedges, and black caps,

an' informers, an' Daly and his wife, and Nodlag. 'Tis quare how things mix themselves up in drames like that."

"I remimber," said Donal, cautiously, "jest before I fell, I thought I was in the dock, an' the jedge was puttin' on his black cap, whin a woman, a great tall woman stood up, and stopped him. An' thin I heard voices: 'Donal! Donal! Nodlag! Nodlag!' an' I fell."

"'Twas we wor callin'," said Owen. "An' 'twas the devil's own job to make you hear. An' sure 'twas well we didn't miss you both; for ye were like a big snowball for all the world."

"How is the night?" said the old man, anxious to change the conversation. "Do you think ye'll have everythin' in for the weddin', Bess?" he said to his wife. "How many gallons of sperrits did ye ordher?"

"We ordered thirty," said the vanithee. "But sure we can get more."

"An' the rounds of beef?"

"They're all right!"

"An' the hams?"

"They're all right," said the wife, impatiently. "Can't you lave thim things to ourselves; and not be interfaring with our work? Did you settle wid the priest yourself?"

"I did, God bless him!" said her husband, "an' 'twas aisy settlin'. He'll have twinty weddings that day, and more cummin' in; but he'll be here at three o'clock to the minit, he says; so that we can have nine hours rale *Keol*, before Ash Winsday breaks upon us!"

And they had,—real, downright, tumultuous, Irish fun and frolic. From North, South, East, West, the friends came, as heedless of the snow that lay caked upon the ground, and the drifts that were piled in the ditches and furrows, as a Canadian with his horses and sleds. There was the house far off—the objective of all the country that night—with its small square windows blazing merrily under the fierce fires upon the hearth; and afar off, clearly outlined against the white pall on the ground were the dark figures of the guests who had gathered to do honor to a family on which no shadow of a shade of dishonor had ever rested. And they feasted, and drank, and danced; and, late at

night, the old people gathered around the fire in the kitchen, and told stories, whilst the youngsters, to the sound of bagpipes and fiddle, danced themselves into a fever in the decorated and festooned barn. And Donal led out Nodlag, and insisted on dancing an Irish reel with her, much to the disgust of his intended bride, who watched the child with no friendly eyes, and half determined that the moment she became mistress of Glenanaar farm, out that waif and foundling should go, and seek a home elsewhere. But no shadow crossed the mind of the child, now thoroughly recovered from her illness; but she danced, and danced with Donal, and Owen, and Jerry; and some old people shook their heads, and said 'twas the fairies brought her and left her, and that somehow there was something uncanny about it all.

At last, twelve o'clock rang out from the kitchen timepiece—an old grandfather's clock, an heirloom in the family for generations,—and Lent broke solemnly on the festivities of the night. Some of the youngsters, a little heated, insisted on keeping up the fun till morning, and quoted as an excuse for additional revels the old distich:

Long life and success to the Council of Trint,
That put fast upon mate, but not upon drink!

But the elders were inexorable. This was the day of ashes and humiliation, the first day of penance, and all should yield to the Church's behests in this grave and solemn matter. So in the moonlight of that March night, the great crowd dispersed with many a good wish for the happiness of the young people who commenced to carry the burden of life together that solemn night.

As they said goodbye! after many a *dhoc-a-dhurrus*, young Burke, the bridegroom, whispered to Donal:—

“Light your pipe, and walk down a bit of the road with us!”

Donal did so. Burke and he had been always close friends, even before they assumed this new relationship. They allowed the cars to go on before them with their female relatives, and trudged along the hardened snow, smoking leisurely.

“’Twas a pleasant night enough!” said Donal, not wishing to make too much of their profuse hospitality.

"Nothin' could be grander," said Burke. "It bate every weddin' in the parish."

He went on, smoking silently.

"I hope you'll be good to Joan," said Donal; "there isn't, and 't isn't because I say it, a better girl nor a claner housekeeper in this counthry."

"Do you doubt me?" said his companion, half-offended.

"Devil a doubt," said Donal, "but we were fond of Joan, an' we'll miss her."

Burke was again silent.

"You've somethin' on your mind to tell me," said Donal. "Wasn't everythin' right, marriage-money an' all?"

His companion gave him a rude shove.

"Thin you have somethin' to say," cried Donal. "Out wid it, man! What have you to be afeared of?"

"I'm afeard of nothin' for meself," said Burke. "But I'm afeard for ye."

Then suddenly turning, he asked fiercely:—

"Who's that girl ye have up at the house?"

"Girl? What girl? We've no girl there but Norry and Peggy!"

"I don't mane thim. We all know who thim are. But who's that young *thucka* ye danced with to-night?"

"I danced with many a one," said Donal, on his guard. "With your sisters, and your cousin, Kate Heathy, and Lucy Kelly, and —"

"I don't mane thim naither," said Burke. "I mane that youngster whom ye tuk into yere house, and who's been wid ye since."

"Oh! Nodlag!" said Donal, waking up.

"That's her! Who is she? Where did she come from? Who're her belongings?"

"Ask me somethin' aisy," said Donal, fencing and parrying the question.

"Do ye mane to say, Donal Connors, that nayther you, nor your father, nor your mother, know who the devil's breed it is ye are keepin' on a flure that was wanst dacent enough?"

"You've taken a little dhrap too much to-night," said Donal,

"altho' ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's case. All that I can tell you is, that no sign or token has come to us to tell us who the girl is, since the night I found her meself amongst the cows."

Burke walked on in silence, till they came to the forge just at the cross-roads above the bridge where old Edmond Connors had interviewed Nodlag and her mother. Here he stood still, and hailed the cars that were beneath them in the hollow where the bridge was sunk. He held out his hand.

"I see ye don't know it, nor suspect it," he said in a hollow voice, "tho' it is the talk of the country-side, and is spoke of where you wouldn't like to hear. *Thiggin-thu!* Well, I'm your brother-in-law now; and wan of the family. So I put you on your guard. If the boys," he whispered hoarsely, looking around cautiously at the time, "find out that what they suspect is true, there'll be a bonfire at Glenanaar before St. John's Eve."

And swinging his hands loosely, he passed on, and overtook the cars that held his young bride and the members of his own family.

Donal stood still for a moment, shocked at the unexpected revelation of his father's secret. Then, when he thought of all he had suffered for Nodlag that night, three weeks gone, when he rescued her from the snow, and the winning ways of the child, and her utter helplessness, he muttered between his teeth:—

"Why the d——l can't they keep their selves quiet? There's always some blackguardin' and ruffianism brewing betune them. What's it to thim who Nodlag is, or where she kum from? But, be the powers——"

"Fine night, Donal Connors," said the cheery voice of the blacksmith, Redmond Casey, or, as he was popularly known, "Red" Casey, partly as an abbreviation of his name, and partly explanatory of a red shock of hair which was always victoriously engaged in a deadly struggle against the black dyes of the smithy. He was a young man, and had taken over the business on his father's death a few years previously. His aged mother was his housekeeper; and his smithy was, as is usual in Ireland, club and news-shop and House of Parliament for half the country-side. Here, in the fierce light of the mighty fire, fanned by the huge bellows, and to the music of the clanging sledge and anvil, were

all subjects of parochial, national, political, and ecclesiastical affairs discussed,—the only silent man being the smith himself, who pared and cut, and measured and nailed, drinking in every kind of information, but saying nothing. He stood this night of the wedding, calmly smoking at the door of his forge. He had been kept busy up to the last moment, “frosting” and “kniving” the horses that had borne the merry crowds to and from the wedding.

“’Tis a fine night, Red,” said Donal, coming over. “I’m sorry you couldn’t be with us.”

“So was I; but there was no help for it. Ye broke up airy.”

“We did. The ould people would have no more dancin’ nor sportin’ after twelve o’clock. An’ now we have to face the black tay in the mornin’.”

“Well, but ye’ll be havin’ your own wedding soon,” said Red. “An’ I hope we’ll have a rale night of it.”

“I hope so,” said Donal, moving homeward.

“I say, Donal,” said Red, as if suddenly recollecting himself.

“Well, Red, what is it?” said Donal.

“’Tis a family business, an’ I suppose I shouldn’t interfere,” said Red, blushing in the darkness. “But they say your intinded, Donal, don’t want Nodlag on the same flure wid her, an’ the ould woman here does be lonesome sometimes——”

“You mane you’ll like to have her here?” said Donal.

“That is, av there’s no room for her at Glenanaar,” said Red.

“So long as there’s bit, bite and sup yonder,” said Donal solemnly, “Nodlag will have her place at our table, no matter who comes in——”

“Oh, I meant no offence,” said Red.

“An’ I take none,” said Donal. “An’ at laste, it is somethin’ to know that she has a friend in you, Red, if all fails her.”

“That she has, and some day I may have the chance to prove it,” said Red. “Good-night!”

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

NOTES ON THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRAE."

IN the following article we present Mr. Warren's treatment of the three stanzas, IV to VI, of the famous sequence, followed by Dr. Henry's literary comment on the same stanzas. The reader familiar with the literature of this subject may have noticed that not only Mr. Warren, but commentators generally have done scant justice to American Catholic translators of the Hymn, and it is therefore pleasant to note that Dr. Henry has laid particular stress upon the fertility which characterizes this field of English versions. As a result partly of our suggestion made in the pages of THE DOLPHIN, that readers of these articles would kindly indicate to us any new translations of the hymn made after the year 1895, Dr. Henry has been enabled to record no less than thirty-five Catholic versions, only a few of which had been noticed heretofore from the viewpoint of literary comment. Thus the value of Dr. Henry's articles consists not merely in the fact that he offers original criticism on a theme of world-wide literary interest, but also in this that he directs attention for the first time to the labors of Catholic translators among the host of hymnologists who have occupied themselves with this theme.—EDITOR.

STANZAS IV-VI.

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

4. Mors stupebit, et Natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The first line of this verse probably describes simply the instant cessation at the last day of the whole former course of things, without any direct reference to the text which tells us that Death and Hell shall be cast into the lake of fire. Though Crashaw would seem to have had this in his mind by his line—

"Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!"

and one version of Dr. Coles, instead of, like Crashaw, adding Hell, substitutes it for Nature. But most versions have *Death and Nature*

(trochaic), or *Nature and Death* (iambic), a few *Death* alone, and Archbishop Trench *Nature* alone—

"What amazement shall o'ertake
Nature when the dead shall wake,
Answer to the Judge to make."

Besides several very general versions, two (Isaac Williams and Father Caswall) have written *Death and Time* with a remembrance probably of the angelic oath that there shall be time no longer; Archbishop Benson has *Earth and Death*, and Mr. W. H. Robinson *Death and Life*. This last translation is perhaps a rather daring one, but I am tempted to think that it best represents the original word, which is plainly opposed to *Mors*. The whole verse is this, and is a good one—

"Death and Life astonished view
Every creature rise anew,
Rise to meet the judgment true."

Among others of the more ordinary type, Dean Alford's is one of the best—

"Death shall shrink and Nature quake
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their God to make,"

though I rather doubt the replacing of *Judge* by *God*. One American writer has this, plainly taking *Nature* (as is shown by the adjective) in the so common modern sense of the mere external face of things—

"Death shall die, *fair* Nature too,
As the creature, risen anew,
Answers to his God's review,"

a stanza which is an admirable instance of the uncertainty pervading so many versions: *fair Nature* is a decided blunder, and indeed it must be said rather a silly one; but *Death shall die* is a fine expression, first used in the *Saturday Magazine* paraphrase of 1832 by Canon Parkinson; it brings to mind that grand sonnet of Donne's (most readily perhaps to be found in Trench's *Household Poetry*, p. 144), which ends thus—

"Why swellest thou then?
One short sleep past we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die."

With respect to the translation of *stupebit*, it need only be said that it seems better, like Thomas of Celano, to apply one word, and that a simple one, to both subjects, Death and Nature, rather than to endeavor to differentiate that which is predicted of each, and to go about in search of elaborate expressions to that end. Where, as is here the case, almost every writer has a different form of language, it is not easy to select examples : one striking expression is used by the old Rosarists, who make Nature and Death *stand at gaze* ; but as a rule the error has been greatly in the direction of too much elaboration ; if it may be so said without irreverence, such phrases as *Death shall swoon and Nature sicken* are far too like the words of a physician who should describe with accuracy the symptoms of his patients. The strangest version of this kind is the following :

“ Death aghast and Nature dying
Start and swoon.”

Dean Stanley, however, having avoided the (so to say) technical words above quoted, has produced a striking couplet—

“ Nature then shall stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast ;”

and Mr. Simms' is also fine—

“ Death, the last enemy, shall fall,
And Nature cease to be.”

Mr. Blake's version in *The Lamp*, 1856, is good too in its own style—

“ Nature will tremble with affright
And Death recoil before the sight,
When God shall come to judge with might.”

The word *creatura* is, of course, used as we now say “ the creation ;” it is all creation that is here stated to rise, not man simply ; as Mr. T. D. Morgan has in this verse taken it—

“ Death shall grow pale and Nature quake
To see created man awake,
An answer to his Judge to make,”

nor does the last line prove Mr. Morgan right, for angels too are to be judged. I think we are familiar enough, from the Epistles of St.

Paul, with *the creature* in the sense of *the creation* to use it so here, though if we do we should apply no epithet to it. I do not speak positively; but if not this phrase, *creation* should be used in preference to *each* or *every creature* or *all creatures*—it seems hardly well to use the English form of the original word in any but the exact original sense; and such phrases as *the pale offender* (Lord Roscommon), or *the buried ages* (Father Caswall), should, strictly speaking, be kept for less literal versions.

But I must go on to my tabulation, which will be more incomplete even than usual; the phrases chosen (especially to represent the *stupebit*) are so very various that it is impossible to give them all, and a selection can be but made of some which are more important or less common.

Line i.—Nature and death, 60; death (alone), 7; nature (alone), 1; death and *all* nature, 1; death and time, 3; death and life, 2; death and creation, 1; earth and death, 1; death, earth, skies, 1; the world, 1.

Quake, 13; quiver, 1; shake, 1; shiver, 1. Other words beginning with q and s are quail, start, sink, shrink, sicken, swoon. Of phrases the commonest is stand (or be) aghast, 8; *stand at gaze*, 1.

Line ii.—The creature, 7; every (or each) creature, 7; the (or all) creatures, 5; creation, 12; the dead, 13; man, 4; mankind, 2; mortals, 2; earth, flesh.

Line iii.—Judge, 24; judge and master, 1; judicature, 1; God, 6.

Rise, or arise, 24; wake, or awake, 11.

Answer, 12; make (or give) answer, 12.

5. Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

The judgment was set and the books were opened (Dan. 7: 10). This verse of Daniel the prophet would so plainly tell us, if we wanted telling, what book the "liber scriptus" is, or rather what books are represented by it, that the mistake of Mr. Hutton in the *Spectator* is a very strange one. He writes thus:

"Then shall the book divine appear
Where every word of God stands clear
For which the world must answer here,"

taking the "liber scriptus" to be the Bible; stating indeed in his subsequent analysis¹ that he so takes it. This is a solitary case; but into an error of another kind many translators have fallen by speaking only of what Dr. Dobbin calls our "daily defalcations," only, if one may so say, of the debtor's side of the account and disregarding the creditor's. But the book of judgment contains all deeds of men whatever, good and bad; and in a translation of the *Dies Irae* the original should not be so far narrowed as to exclude its one-half. The true meaning is clearly given in Mackellar's version—

"The written book will forth be brought
With good and evil records fraught,
And man be judged for deed and thought,"

in what must be called the "Thomas à Kempis" version—

"Then is brought forth that great record
Containing each thought, work and word
Which damns or saves before this council board,"

and in another style by Mr. Justice O'Hagan, who remembered the text just quoted—

"Open then with all recorded
Stands the book from whence awarded
Doom shall pass with deed accorded."

Little more need now be said on the two first lines of this verse; the actual words taken to turn *liber* and *mundus* are very commonly the best and simplest ones, *book* and *world*; and though a few idle epithets,² such as *the mystic leaves of the dread book*, are occasionally found, or the leaves "burn," or the whole book perhaps "glares," or is not a book at all, but a "huge unwieldy volume," a description which, suggesting as it does nothing but an enormous bank ledger, by no means adds to the dignity of the idea—yet the versions, where free from the mistakes already mentioned, are so far tolerably good. Where failures chiefly shew themselves is in the third line, either by sinking it altogether or by such careless work as this—

¹ This analysis is a singularly mistaken one. The writer writes of a *silver-toned* trumpet—of *flute-like* notes—charming all by *suasive coercion*, by *invisible compulsion*, before the judgment seat! Fancy such epithets of the trump of God.

² A version in *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1869, calls it "writ in blood;" which if intended to have any meaning is wrong, and if not, is idle.

"Comes that Judge His book unsealing,
Secret writ of doom revealing;
All attent *but none appealing*."

—Dr. Macgill, 1876.

"Then the mighty book unsealing
Whence all deeds shall have revealing,
God shall judge *the world appealing*."

—Round Table, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1867.

Which two versions I put together for the sake of shewing the directly opposite statements they make, the idle character of the former, and the mistaken one of the latter. For what appeal could then possibly be made? and if the idea be introduced which is expressed by the laxer use of the word, it should be worked out as Crashaw has worked it out in the grand lines—

"O that Judge, Whose hand, Whose eye,
None can endure, yet none can fly;"

where *none can endure* gives the cause which a lost soul may be perhaps imagined to attempt to shew, and then *none can fly* the utter uselessness of it. An appeal indeed there is, or rather has been; but it must be made in due time, before the time in which this verse places us; and this, too, Crashaw gives us—

"But Thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we
Take refuge from Thyself in Thee,"

to which appeal we shall come in the eighth verse, after the first six have described the judgment, and the seventh has shown the impossibility of an appeal *then*.

Line i.—Book, 54; books, 5; volume, 7; doomsday book, doomsday volume, doom-book, book of doom, each 1; record, 3; scroll, 2; roll, 2; writing, 2; pages, 2; page, 1.

Epithets. Written, 12; close-writ, 1; clear-writ, 1; of ages, 4; of record, 3; great, 3; awful, 3; solemn, 2.

Line ii.—Can hardly be tabulated.

Line iii.—World, 23; living and dead, 4; quick and dead, 6; judge, 5; arraignment, 7.

6. Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Of this verse the simplest and best rendering is probably that of Archbishop Trench—

“When the Judge His place has ta'en,
All things hid shall be made plain,
Nothing unavenged remain ;”

which is to be praised for its literal turning of *quicquid latet*.³ In this phrase translators have often fallen into an error somewhat like that mentioned under the last verse. *Quicquid latet* is of course simply *all which is hidden* ; but it has often been taken for *all sin which is hidden*, an idea which does not come in till the third line. This second line is the really important one of the verse ; as to the others, the great majority of translators have used the word *Judge* ; one or two have contented themselves with suggesting it in some such phrase as *that awful session*, and one has substituted the name of the attribute *Justice* ; Father Aylward has adopted the unusual form *Lord of Judgment*. Of these the word *Judge*, as the commonest, is also the best. Lastly, where the third line is literally turned, the favorite words have usually been *unavenged*, *unrequited* or *unpunished*, of which the former seems preferable as less common and yet intelligible. There is a various reading *incultum*, meaning simply, I suppose, neglected ; but it does not appear to have been much adopted by translators—though in truth there are plenty of vague versions which might just as well stand for one as the other.

Line i.—Judge, 48 ; sits, shall sit, be seated, etc., 22 ; take, claim, ascend, etc., throne, 9 ; seat, 8 ; chair, 2 ; station, 2 ; place, 1 ; session, 4 ; assize, 1.

Line ii.—If in this line a man should turn to his algebra and calculate the number of permutations and combinations of such words as *hidden*, *secret* ; *thoughts*, *works*, *deeds*, *feelings*, not omitting the different forms of the two first, such as *hid*, *secret* as an adjective, *secret* as a substantive, *secreted*, etc. ; if a man, I say, did this, his total would not very much exceed the number of different versions I have found. And equally numerous are the representations of *apparebit*.

Line iii.—Unavenged, 15 ; unrevenge, 1 ; unpunished, 5 ; unrequited, 2 ; remain, 8 ; escape, 6 ; pass, 2.

³ The only objection is the elision in “ta'en.” Anything forced for the sake of rhyme is objectionable.

COMMENT ON THE "DIES IRAE."

STANZAS IV-VI.

IV.

Mors stupebit et natura
Cum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

IV.

Death and nature shall be amazed
When the creature shall rise again
To answer the Judge.

Death and Nature are personified. Death shall be astounded to find its ancient reign ended, its quiet thus disturbed, the primal curse at length removed, and the type of the Risen Lord followed, so far at least, by all the children of men. "And the sea gave up the dead that were in it; and death and hell gave up the dead that were in them: and they were judged everyone according to their works" (Apoc. 20: 13). Nature shall share the amazement at witnessing the fulfilment of the prophecy of St. Paul: "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (I Cor. 15: 53).

Is the singer speaking mystically as well as poetically in his personification of Death and Nature? To build up his poem into a logical and chronological sequence, he has rifled all parts of the Scriptures, both the Old and the New Testament; and just at this place, he seems to have in mind the awful description given by St. John in the Apocalypse.

The word *mors* offers no difficulty to the translators; but *natura* has been variously rendered. What does it really mean or suggest? It can not easily mean the "fair Nature" of one translator, that is, the external face or appearance of the earth and the sky.

Other translators understand it to mean the "great frame" of the universe. The oath of the Angel that "Time shall be no longer" (Apoc. 10: 6) is echoed by Father Caswall's version in its rendering of *natura* by "time." Others, perhaps considering that the poet meant some opposition between the words *mors* and *natura*, and doubtless justifying their contention on the ground of the relation between *natura* and *nascor*, have ventured, as prettily as daringly, to translate *natura* by "life." Thus Dr. Schaff in one of his German versions:—

Tod und Leben seh'n mit Beben
 Die Geschöpfe sich erheben,
 Antwort vor Gericht zu geben—

although in another version he wanders farther afield, with the picture of the Apocalypse in his mind :

Erd' und Hölle werden zittern
 In des Weltgerichts Gewittern,
 Die das Todtenreich erschüttern.

Spurred on, doubtless, by the desire to avoid monotony, Dr. Duffield frequently omits the "Death and Nature" entirely, giving a paraphrastic version,—his eighteen translations almost compelling him thereto. Similarly, W. W. Nevin gives both words in six of his nine renderings, while one has "Death and Life," and the remaining two have "Nature" only :—

Nature reels in blanched surprise
 When the sheeted dead arise
 And falter to the grand assize.

Nature cowers with faint and quiver
 When in a weird spectral river
 Death and Hell their dead deliver.

The Catholic versions, which as a rule stick with remarkable pertinacity to the text of the Latin throughout the hymn, attempting no interpretation and following the tradition of literalness established by the translators of the Douay Bible, seeking first of all a direct and simple rendering, have nevertheless used some freedom in translating this stanza of the hymn. Mr. Warren, while praising highly the qualities of simplicity and fidelity exhibited by Roman Catholic translators of the hymn, has quoted but few illustrations, comparatively, in his analysis of the several stanzas of the hymn. Partly, therefore, in recognition of the excellent versions of those of "the household of the Faith," and partly in illustration of the stanza now under consideration, we shall give here a few quotations from Catholic translations. As a rule our American versions render *mors* and *natura* by "death" and "nature." The first translation given below is that of Mr. Charles H. A. Esling, whose many versions of the Latin hymns have received recognition from Protestant as well as from Catholic sources. His version appeared in the *Catholic Record*, a monthly magazine published in Philadelphia. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 appeared in the *Catholic World*. The last named probably first appeared in the *Sunday Press*, under the pseudonym of "Rev. John Bird, of Albany," and afterwards in the *Catholic World* with the initials

"C. W." Its author was the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, a priest of undoubted poetic gifts as well as theological learning. The version afterwards appeared in "*Andiarocte and Other Poems, Hymns, etc.* By Rev. C. A. W."¹ The version is unique in its rhymic build, having sometimes three, sometimes two, and sometimes no rhymes in the stanzas.

1. C. H. A. ESLING. 1874.

Death and Nature see with wonder
The dead burst their tombs asunder,
Answering those tones of thunder.

3. J. D. VAN BUREN. 1881.

Death in stupor, Nature quaking
When the dead are seen awaking,
Each to summons answer making.

5. J. M. BROWN. 1884.

Nature and Death amazed will stand
When that innumerable band
Shall rise to answer God's command.

2. JOSEPH J. MARRIN. 1882.

All Nature, and e'en Death shall quail
When, rising from the grave's dark vale,
Mankind pleads at the judgment rail.

4. GEORGE M. DAVIE. 1884.

Death and Nature stand aghast,
As the Legions of the Past
Rise to meet their doom at last.

6. REV. C. A. WALWORTH.

Death shall stand aghast, and Nature,
When from dust the summoned creature
Rises trembling to make answer.

No. 7, by Miss Emery, first appeared in the *Boston Advertiser* of March 21, 1887, and reappeared in the *Sacred Heart Review*, Boston, November 26, 1904. No. 8 first appeared in the *Student*,² November, 1890 or 1891, signed with the single initial "G." It was written doubtless by the Rev. F. P. Garesché, S.J. It afterwards appeared in a fly-sheet. No. 9, by the Rev. Florence J. Sullivan, S.J., written some time after 1895, similarly appeared in a fly-sheet. No. 10 was published in *THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW*, December, 1895. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14, by the Rev. J. E. Dunn, of Catonsville, Md., are still in manuscript, having been composed the present year. No. 12, in trochaic 5s, was suggested by the version in iambic 6s which appeared last month in *THE DOLPHIN*.

7. SUSAN L. EMERY. 1887.

Death stands wondering and all Nature
At the uprising of the creature,
To meet its awful Judge and Teacher.

9. REV. F. J. SULLIVAN, S.J.

Both Death and Nature stand aghast,
As man the creature wakes at last,
His Judge to answer for the past.

8. REV. F. P. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

Nature and Death, in dread surprise
Will shudder, as all men arise
To answer at that dread assize.

10. REV. H. F. FAIRBANKS. 1895.

Death and Nature with surprise
Shall behold the creature rise,
And in judgment make replies.

¹ Putnam, New York, 1888.

² Immaculate Conception College, New Orleans.

11. REV. J. E. DUNN. 1904.

Death and Nature stand aghast :
Creatures risen must at last
To the Judge unfold their past.

12. REV. J. E. DUNN.

Death and Nature, quake !
Creatures shall awake
Answer strict to make.

13. REV. J. E. DUNN.

Nature and Death, aghast,
Shall quail when men at last
Rise to unfold their past.

14. REV. J. E. DUNN.

Death and Nature shall affrighted
Quail, when men shall rise, now cited
To respond, that wrong be righted.

All of the quotations from versions by American Catholics, as just given, stick closely to the original. Not so the versions by our British brethren. Father Caswall, who, in his *Lyra Catholica*, translated all the hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal, translates *natura* by "time." He is followed by "F. J. P." (Mrs. Partridge) in the *Catholic Hymnal*, whose version has been ascribed variously to Father Faber, and to the Rev. A. D. Wackerbarth:

1. REV. EDWARD CASWALL. 1848.

Time and death it doth appal,
To see the buried ages all
Rise to answer at the call.

2. MRS. PARTRIDGE ("F. J. P."), 1860.

Death and time in consternation
Then shall stand, while all creation
Rises at that dread citation.

Charles Kent, in the *Month*, 1874, retains the two words, but in nearly all else departs from the original. The Rev. Dr. Wallace (*Hymns of the Church*, 1874) similarly departs from the original in the second line.

3. CHARLES KENT. 1874.

Nature, death, aghast, affrighted,
Then will view from depths benighted
Myriad life flames re-ignited.

4. REV. DR. WALLACE. 1874.

Death and nature stand confounded,
Seeing man, of clay compounded,
Rise to hear his doom propounded.

Dr. Wallace's "of clay compounded" was, doubtless, suggested by the necessities of rhyme; but the effect gained was not happy, as he forthwith proceeded to rhyme it with "propounded." The Dominican Prior Aylward left behind him at his death many translations of Latin hymns, and amongst them a rendering of the *Dies Irae*, over which he appears to have spent much time and effort, resulting in many tentative stanzas. Two variations are given here:

5. REV. J. D. AYLWARD.

Nature and death in dumb surprise
Shall see the ancient dead arise
To stand before the Judge's eyes.

6. REV. J. D. AYLWARD.

Death and nature in surprise
Shall behold the dead arise
Summoned to that last assize.

Justice O'Hagan's translation (*Irish Monthly*, 1874) is very good, as is also that of the Rev. W. F. Wingfield (in *Prayers for the Dead*, 1845; also in Shipley's *Annus Sanctus*, 1884).

7. J. O'HAGAN. 1874.

Startled death and nature sicken
Thus to see the creature quicken
Waiting judgment terror-stricken.

8. REV. W. F. WINGFIELD. 1845.

Now death and nature in amaze
Behold the Lord his creatures raise
To meet the Judge's awful gaze.

The first of the following versions is that of the *Daily Exercises of the Devout Rosarists* (Amsterdam, 1657), bearing on its title-page the initials "A. C.," and "T. V.," of the Order of St. Benet. The second is that of *The Great Sacrifice of the New Law expounded by the Figures of the Old*, by "James Dymock, Clergyman, 1687."

9. THE ROSARISTS. 1657.

Nature and death shall stand at gaze
When creatures shall their bodies raise
And answer for their sore-spent days.

10. REV. JAMES DYMCK. 1687.

Death and nature both shall quake
When mankind from death shall wake
Rising his accounts to make.

The first of the following versions is that printed anonymously in *The Following of Christ*, 1694. The second is the one commonly attributed to Lord Roscommon, but probably with greater justice to Dryden, whose authorship of this version, as well as of versions of many other Latin hymns, Mr. Orby Shipley has done so much to point out and to prove.

11. ANON. 1694.

Amazed will death and nature be
When they shall every creature see
Intent to answer his dread scrutiny.

12. DRYDEN OR ROSCOMMON.

Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

The paraphrastic translation of Canon Husenbeth appeared in the *Missal for the Laity*, 1831. It is in sestet form, the third and sixth lines rhyming. It is to be regretted that this particular stanza should represent so poorly the occasional excellence of the version. Opposite to it we shall place the version of the Very Rev. W. Hilton, V. G., which appeared in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1883.

13. REV. F. C. HUSENBETH, 1831.

Nature and death shall see arrayed
Poor trembling man for judgment raised
Leaving the dreary tomb.

14. VERY REV. W. HILTON. 1883.

Death and nature shall affrighted
Rising see the creature cited
And before the Judge indicted.

The version of Richard Dalton Williams, in the *Manual of the Sisters of Charity* (1848), links two stanzas of the Latin in a single 8-lined stanza, the fourth and eighth lines rhyming. The version is quite paraphrastic; as also is that of Crashaw, in *Steps to the Temple* (1646), which we place beside that of Williams.

15. R. D. WILLIAMS. 1848.

Death sees in mute surprise
Ashes to doom arise—
Dust unto God replies—
God in His anger.

16. RICHARD CRASHAW. 1646.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come, we come!" and all
The caves of night answer one call.

The version of the Right Rev. John MacCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (July, 1888). Beside it we place that of the Rev. John A. Jackman, Ord. Min., which appeared in *St. Anthony's Annals* (Dublin, November, 1904).

17. BISHOP MACCARTHY. 1888.

Nature and death shall stand amazed
When they shall see the dead upraised
That their past lives may be appraised.

18. REV. JOHN JACKMAN, O.M. 1904.

Nature is stupefied, and Death,
When creatures, who resume their breath,
Answer to what the wise Judge saith.

We shall conclude our quotations from British sources with the fourth stanza of the version of Father Ignatius Ryder, Superior of the Oratory at Birmingham. The translation, for a copy of which we are indebted to the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., editor of the *Irish Monthly*, was reprinted in full in that magazine, August, 1902, with the editor's comment,—“a very beautiful and original version.”

REV. IGNATIUS RYDER.

Death and nature stand aghast
At the creature hurrying past,
Answering to the Judge at last.

Two more illustrations (but American ones) and we shall have finished. The first is taken from the *ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW* (April, 1890); the second, still in manuscript, is by Albert Reynaud, Counsellor-at-Law, New York City.

19. ECCLES. REVIEW. 1890.

Death and nature, awed, unduly
See the creature rising newly
To the Judge to answer truly.

20. ALBERT REYNAUD. 1905.

Death aghast and nature see
Rise whence every grave may be
Creation answering God's decree.

The stanzas quoted here from thirty-five British and American Catholic versions will serve to illustrate somewhat the activity of Catholics in translation of the hymn, and the wide limits of interpretation some of them have taken in rendering this fourth stanza of the *Dies Irae*.

V.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.

V.

The written Book shall be brought forth
In which all is contained
Whence the world is to be judged.

"The judgment sat and the books were opened" (Dan. 7: 10).
"And I saw the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged by those things which were written in the books, according to their works" (Apoc. 20: 12).

Daniel sees in his vision "books"; St. John also sees "books." In so far they agree; but St. John adds: "And another book was opened, which is the book of life." Wherein does the distinction lie? St. Augustine understands by the "books," those of the Old and New Testaments, which contain all the laws of God and their sanctions stated; and by the "book," the record of each one's life, "to show what commandments each man has done or omitted to do."

In this sense have practically all the translations understood the *liber scriptus*; and the unlucky exegesis of Mr. Hutton (*Spec-tator*, March 7, 1868), who renders the phrase by "the written Bible," has been ridiculed by other editors than Mr. Warren. The following stanza would indeed seem to take the ground from under Mr. Hutton's feet; for it continues the thought of the bringing forth of the *liber scriptus* with: "When therefore the Judge shall have been seated, whatsoever is hidden shall be revealed, and nothing shall escape its appropriate punishment." There have been, however, other interpretations. St. Anselm understands by the *liber vitae* of St. John, the life of our Saviour; the Angelic Doctor contends³ for the interpretation "Book of the predestined," and of the predestined unto glory,⁴ whether irrevocably by absolute predestination or merely through the posses-

³ *Summa Theol.*, I, q. 24, art. 1.

⁴ *Ib.*, art 2.

sion of sanctifying grace (which is forfeited by mortal sin) and therefore not irrevocably.⁵ Cornelius a Lapide understands the Apocalypse here to speak of absolute election, inasmuch as at the Judgment the record of the soul is a finished record.

There can be hardly a doubt that the author of *Dies Irae* had in mind the passage of the Apocalypse in writing *liber scriptus* and not *libri scripti*; and it seems probable that he had also in mind the interpretation of St. Augustine, given above. Perhaps we may find in this stanza, therefore, another intimation that the author could scarcely have been a Dominican, at the time when the Angelic Doctor was lecturing on the *liber vitae*. St. Thomas dissents from the opinion of St. Augustine in the gentlest possible manner (as was his custom when differing from anybody), and finds a sense in which that opinion can be verified. And he indicates this sense very neatly; but let us hear St. Augustine himself.⁶ By the "books," he says, "we are to understand the sacred books, old and new, that out of them it might be shown what commandments God had enjoined; and that book of the life of each man is to show what commandments each man has done or omitted to do." A material interpretation of this book would, he continues, make it of incalculably ample dimensions, for it shall contain all the thoughts, words, actions, of all mankind for all the ages,—it is the "book of Life." He concludes that by the "book" is meant a certain divine power by virtue of which a full record of its past is presented to each soul, so that this knowledge may excuse or accuse; and that this divine power is called a "book" because in it, as in an opened volume, each may read his judgment.

Hereupon Sixtus Senensis, the Dominican who has become famous—or notorious—for his depreciation of the *Dies Irae* as an "uncouth poem," remarks: "Thus St. Augustine, whose view seems to have been in the mind of the author of that uncouth poem (*inconditi rhythmici*) which the Church sings in the sacred mysteries for the dead:

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur."

⁵ *Ib.*, art. 3.

⁶ *De Civ. Dei*, xx. 14.

To sneer at such a hymn was a hardy thing for Sixtus of Siena to do; and all he succeeded in accomplishing against it was to furnish an easy argument for its Franciscan authorship. Saintsbury hints, in his *Flourishing of Romance* (p. 9), at more modern critics of what he styles "the greatest of all hymns, and one of the greatest of all poems, the *Dies Irae*." He says: "There have been attempts—more than one of them—to make out that the *Dies Irae* is no such wonderful thing after all; attempts which are, perhaps, the extreme examples of that cheap and despicable paradox which thinks to escape the charge of blind docility by the affectation of heterodox independence. The judgment of the greatest (and not always of the most pious) men of letters of modern times may confirm those who are uncomfortable without authority in a different opinion. Fortunately there is not likely ever to be lack of those who, authority or no authority, in youth and in age, after much reading or without much, in all time of their tribulation and in all time of their wealth, will hold those wonderful triplets, be they Thomas of Celano's or another's, as nearly or quite the most perfect wedding of sound to sense that they know." A Roland for an Oliver; and it is not unlikely that we must thank a Sixtus for a Saintsbury.

Or, instead of Sixtus, did Saintsbury have in mind—"There have been attempts—more than one of them," he says)—the writer in *Notes and Queries* (July 27, 1850), who, not having the courage of his convictions, contented himself with signing the letter "C" to his communication? This critic's diatribe was occasioned by the terms "extremely beautiful" and "magnificent," applied to the *Dies Irae* by some of the correspondents of *N. and Q.*, against which he desired to file a protest. He thinks the hymn "not deserving any such praise either for its poetry or its piety." He considers the first stanza the best, though he is "not quite sure that even the merit of that be not its jingle, in which King David and the Sibyl are strangely enough brought together to testify of the day of judgment. Some of the triplets appear to me," he concludes, "very poor, and hardly above macaronic Latin." Macaronic Latin, quotha! The *inconditus rhythmus* of Sixtus of Siena was a gentle phrase in comparison, although either might well serve to account for the evident indig-

nation of so great a critic as Saintsbury. To his sensitive appreciation of the *Dies Irae*, it is possible that the very praise of a writer in the British *Quarterly* (xxxviii, 39) proved somewhat offensive, inasmuch as, while proclaiming the sublimity of the hymn, he couples with his praises such expressions as "uncouth Latin" and "barbarous Leonine rhyme." This writer was speaking of "Psalmody"; and having shown how beautiful certain of the Ambrosian hymns were, although not phrased in the purest of classical Latin, he proceeds to consider the claim of some mediæval hymns: "But if we have already almost lost caste," he says, "among classical critics of the old school, we fear that we shall excite their horror still more by proclaiming how highly we admire the sublimity, we use no humbler term, of a hymn composed in uncouth Latin and barbarous Leonine rhyme. Spirit of Dr. Parr, repose in peace! We, however, shelter ourselves behind the authority of a writer whom, in point of taste, we are inclined to consider the representative of the old school of classical English poetry, that of Gray and Mason—Mr. Mathias. This distinguished scholar, who, in the decline of a life devoted to the most elegant literary pursuits, is basking in the delicious climate and inhaling the airs and poetry of his beloved Italy, has put forth an unpretending tract, entitled 'Excerpta ex Hymnis Antiquis,' in which he has anticipated some of our selections. The effect of the hymn to which we allude we must give in his own rich and nervous Latin." Mr. Mathias speaks of having entered St. Peter's at Rome one afternoon and hearing the full choir singing the *Dies Irae*, and of the tremendous effect upon his soul. He quotes several stanzas, which the writer in the *Quarterly* repeats, of the *Dies Irae*. "We are sincerely of opinion," he continues, "that the hymn will justify this lofty panegyric. Most of our readers are familiar with Luther's 'O God, what do I see and hear, The end of things created'; and Heber's Advent Hymn is admirable; but to our taste the simplicity and homely strength of the old monkish verse surpasses every hymn on a similar subject. It has the merit common to some others—it seems to suggest its own music."

The article in the *Quarterly* was probably written by Dean Milman. The excerpt we have made shows how deeply the

author was impressed by the sublimity of the Hymn, even if he found fault with its technical qualities considered as a Latin poem—technical qualities which, as we have seen, were the very things selected by Saintsbury for praise. The Dean subsequently modified somewhat the harshness of his terminology, and in his *Latin Christianity*⁷ referred to the "rude grandeur" of the hymn, which made it, together with the *Stabat Mater* (because of the "tenderness" of this Marian hymn), "stand unrivalled" in Latin hymnody.

VI.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit ;
Nil inultum remanebit.

VI.

When therefore the Judge shall be seated,
Whatsoever lies hid shall be seen ;
Nothing shall remain unpunished.

The five stanzas from *Judex ergo* to *Non sit cassus* arouse the enthusiasm of Saintsbury; for in them "not a word," he thinks, "could be displaced or replaced by another without loss."

This stanza, describing the formal seating of the Judge, is the second of the three stanzas used by Goethe for his "Faust;" on hearing it, Marguerite is overwhelmed with fear.

In a Manuscript of the twelfth century (found in Edélestand du Meril and Mone), containing nearly four hundred lines, from which two stanzas have already been quoted as forming an introduction to the *Dies Irae*,⁸ occurs a stanza which may be quoted here as suggestive of this strophe, the last line of which is practically identical with the last line of the quatrain:

Expavesco miser multum
Judicis severum vultum,
Cui latebit nil occultum,
Et manebit nil inultum.

This sixth stanza of the *Dies Irae* closes the epic or narrative part of the hymn, the remaining stanzas being intensely lyric in character. This will, therefore, be a fitting place to consider the contention of one of the most recent translators of the hymn, W. W. Nevin,⁹ that, as the hymn is redolent of the terminology of mediæval jurisprudence, a translation should seek to preserve,

⁷ Book 14, Ch. IV.

⁸ See DOLPHIN, January, 1905.

⁹ *Dies Irae*. Nine Original English Versions. By W. W. Nevin, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

as far as may be, the legal phraseology of modern vernaculars: "It was many years ago," he writes, "while studying for the law, that my attention, in reading the *Dies Irae*, was arrested by the remarkable amount of legal phraseology used in its brief lines. Witness as to this: 'Teste,' 'Judex,' 'Judicanti responsura,' 'Cuncta stricte,' 'Judex cum sedebit,' 'Quem patronum,' 'Juste Judex,' 'Diem rationis,' 'Culpa,' 'Reus,' 'Gere curam,' 'Reus judicandus;' and every verse is gloomy with the black imagery and depressing atmosphere of the court-room. It is a picture of a criminal trial, as criminals were tried in the thirteenth century—dismal, hopeless, hapless." He thinks it "hard for any one, not read in the history of criminal jurisprudence, adequately to conceive the terrible and hopeless surroundings that environed the unhappy accused, put on trial in mediæval times. . . . The prisoner at the bar stood alone, without friends, without rights, without a cause, removed from human aid, and apparently from human sympathies. The very charge seemed to take him out of this world, and throw him on the kinder mercies of the next. . . . It is hard for us now to conceive of such merciless conditions, but even in later times, and under the milder common law of England, a prisoner on trial for a capital crime was not so much as allowed counsel. Indeed, this privilege was never fully attained until the reign of William IV, and then by statute." Accordingly, following this conception that the poem is a picture of a trial, Mr. Nevin "endeavored, in translating it, wherever possible, to render the Latin legal terms by the equivalent terms or formula in use in our land and time, or as near as can be, for it is not always easy to find the exact equivalent in English, for even Spanish or French legal terms in use at this very hour, and this difficulty increases very greatly in going back six hundred years."

It is needless to point out that many translators have used legal phraseology, and indeed could scarce avoid doing so, in rendering the words which are common both to legal and to ordinary speech: *e.g.*, Judge, judgment, culprit, crime, criminal, plea, plead, cite, summon (and their derivatives), etc. Some versions, moreover, have consciously borrowed, and with effort, from distinctively legal terminology; as in the words "assize" "dooms-day book," "session," "daysman," "counsel." Mr. Nevin's nine

versions strive manfully to add to the atmosphere of the courtroom by such translations as these :

Coget omnes ante thronum.

All before the Bar compelling (No. 1.)

To the Judgment Bar appalling (No. 2).

As to the Bar all souls are led (No. 5).

To the Bar the quick and dead (No. 6.)

All flesh before the Bar is found (No. 7).

Shall compel all to the Bar (No. 8).

To the judgment Bar are led (No. 9.)

Judicanti responsura suggests such phrases as these : " Answer at the final hearing," " At the summons," etc., " Rangèd at the last assize," " to judgment come," " To answer at the bar of doom," etc. *Ante diem rationis* appears as : " Ere the last adjudication," " Ere the day of last citation," " Ere the final condemnation," " Ere is closed the final writ," " Ere the Day without appeal," " When comes the day of last assize." *Gere curam* appears as : " Take my cause " (used thrice), " Let my last end be thy commission." *Huic ergo parce, Deus* appears as : " Spare him, God, the undefended," " . . . the lone defendant," " . . . in that inquest."

In his desire to make his English versions of the hymn a counterpart of the legalistic Latin of the original as he conceives it, Mr. Nevin tries to have every verse, as far as may be, " gloomy with the black imagery and despairing atmosphere of the courtroom"; for, he says, the hymn "is a picture of a criminal trial as criminal trials were tried in the thirteenth century—dismal, hopeless, hapless." But has he not ventured rather far, in translating the "thronus" of the Apocalypse into "Bar"? Has he indeed caught the finest argument of the hymn at all? Has he heightened the tragic feature of the hymn by comparing—rather than contrasting—its terrors with the criminal jurisprudence of the thirteenth century, as he conceives that jurisprudence? Did it give an added touch to any dramatic conception of the Last Judgment in the minds of men in the thirteenth century to say of it, that it should reproduce, in its "hopeless, hapless" character, the features assumed to have characterized the jurisprudence of that century,—that, in short, it was to be the Last of those earthly trials with which people were familiar, "dismal,

hopeless, hapless"? Men get finally used to "dismal, hopeless, hapless" procedures; and if the Last Judgment were to be only like the innumerable human ones that had preceded it, much of the Hymn's terrific power must have been lost for the minds for whom it was written. But if Mr. Nevin's view of the old jurisprudence is much exaggerated; if trials were not quite so dismal, hopeless, and hapless as he conceives them to have been; if it is not true, even of the "judicium Dei," that "everything proceeded on the fundamental assumption that the accused was guilty in the eyes of man, and was to be cleared or saved only by the special interference of God,"—if, in short, a contrast could be effected by the hymn between the gleams of hope that lit up an orderly trial of the thirteenth century, and the dreadfully rigorous scrutiny (*Cuncta stricte discussurus*), the certain disclosure of the most hidden offences (*Quidquid latet apparebit*), the inevitable character of the punishment (*Nil inultum remanebit*) to be meted out even to the slightest fault, the loneliness (*Quem patronum rogaturus?*) of the culprit and the hopelessness of his case (*Quum vix justus sit securus*),—if such a contrast and opposition, rather than the comparison and quasi-identity conceived by Mr. Nevin, could be set up by the hymn, surely its dramatic horror would be immeasurably increased, while the argument based on that dreadful disparity of the human and the divine judgments would be immeasurably strengthened. And such we believe to be the fact. Trials were not quite the dismal and hapless things pictured by Mr. Nevin and other commentators on the jurisprudence of the thirteenth century. Walter Map, the courtly Archdeacon of the time of Henry II, "himself a judge," although he wrote probably a century before the composition of the *Dies Irae*, could see the force lying in the argument of contrast, when, singing of the Last Judgment, he said:—

Ibi nihil proderit quidquid allegare,
Neque vel excipere neque replicare,
Neque ad apostolicam sedem appellare;
Reus condemnabitur nec dicetur quare.

Cogitate, miseri, qui et qualis estis,
Quid in hoc judicio dicere potestis
Ubi nullus codicis locus aut digestis—

for, unlike the human courts of law, the Last Judgment will not permit defensive allegation, noting of exceptions, formal replies to the exceptions, appeals to another venue, etc.; and there Christ shall be accuser, witness, and judge—"idem erit iudex, actor, testis."

It is scarcely logical to categorize under the one heading of the "Middle Ages" the various centuries in which various usual and unusual forms of legal procedure were used, and to jumble together under the one title of "Criminal Jurisprudence" such various procedures as (1) Compurgation, which flourished in Germany and other northern nations of Europe down to the sixteenth century, and was formally abolished in England only in the year of grace 1833; (2) Ordeals, prohibited by Innocent III († 1216); and (3) the Wager of Battle, "which, though even more strenuously opposed by the Church, did not meet with the same hostility from the secular authorities, and is to be met with occasionally as late as the sixteenth century,"¹⁰ and in England was not formally abolished until 1819. The "Judgment of God" was appealed to when the question to be settled transcended the wisdom of men, and cannot be considered the normal method of legal procedure, whether in mediæval or in modern England. "But it was in this barbaric, bloody and revengeful way," writes Mr. Nevin, "that these people in the thirteenth century tried each other, and expected God to try themselves." "Throughout the Middle Ages," says another writer, "the theory of the law placed the burden of proof on the negative side; and it may be counted a most important step in the progress of European civilization when the Germanic idea finally gave place to the Roman maxim that it is impossible to prove a negative, and that the necessity of producing evidence lies with the accuser."¹¹

"Throughout the Middle Ages," says the last-quoted writer. The phrase is at least ambiguous; for we find Peter the Venerable replying to the strictures of St. Bernard on the monks of Clugny: "It would be proper for you who make these charges to substantiate them by some written authority, to which we must yield, and not let them rest on your bare assertion, by which we are not

¹⁰ *Trans. and Reprints*, etc., Vol. IV, No. 4.

¹¹ *Trans. and Rep.*, Vol. IV, No. 4, p. 2.

greatly moved. For thus the law requires, that he who accuses any one should prove his charge, since the burthen of proof always lies on the accuser" (Maitland's *Dark Ages*, No. xxiii). The Latin text can be found in Migne's *Patrol. Lat.*, Vol. clxxxix, col. 143. This letter of Peter's was written, not in the thirteenth century, but in the early part of the twelfth. It urges, as a well-known principle of the law, that *the burden of proof rests always with the accuser*, "actori probatio semper incumbit."

This idea of contrast rather than identity of procedure should, we think, be emphasized, if we shall hope to appreciate at its best the terrible picture drawn by the grand Hymn of Judgment. Mr. Nevin's interpretation does not appeal to us as a happy one; and, without presuming to compare our layman's knowledge of "the criminal jurisprudence of the thirteenth century" with that of a lawyer discoursing on the history of his profession, we nevertheless venture to think that his statement of the features of that mediæval jurisprudence is too sweeping. The reply of Peter the Venerable (a slight portion of which we have just reproduced above) to the chapter of accusations composed by St. Bernard is a voice heard, not in "the thirteenth century," but as early as the twelfth; and it utters, as a matter of common notoriety, the great principle that "on the accuser rests the burden of proof." But however the matter be, the translation itself of the hymn is hardly affected by Mr. Nevin's interpretation. He may crowd as much legal phraseology as he well can into the English rendering, without doing violence to the sentiment of the picture—which is, after all, one of a judgment—drawn by the mediæval artist. The only thing we are now contending for is the propriety of contrasting, rather than of identifying, the dreadful conditions of the Last Assize with those of any earthly tribunal whatsoever, ancient, mediæval, or modern.

In this sixth stanza we reach the conclusion of the descriptive part of the hymn. Within the narrow limits of eighteen lines the mediæval singer has marvellously condensed the various Biblical allusions to the Last Judgment, and has constructed a picture as majestic and overpowering as the great fresco of Michelangelo.

H. T. HENRY.

Overbrook Seminary, Pa.

IRELAND'S UNIVERSITY.

MR. WYNDHAM, Ireland's present ruler, has said that his Government cannot give a Catholic University in the country over which he rules, because the Catholics there are not agreed. And they are *not* agreed.

It is useless, and not honest to deny this, whatever pie-crust there may have been in the promises of politicians. At the same time, the very disagreement among Irish Catholics disproves in part the old-time insolence of "nobody believes in the existence in Ireland of the independent Roman Catholic layman." In the speech of an Irish lay-convert, Sir Henry Bellingham, about the proposed university, we read that "it was absurd to talk about priestly domination in this matter; and the statement was only used as a weapon to throw dust in the eyes of the lowest class of ignorant Protestants in Belfast and in England, who imagined that no lay Catholic had any opinion of his own."

Now, to begin with, some things must be clearly kept in mind. There are two universities in Ireland; and yet, properly speaking, there is but one,—that is, the University of Dublin, identified since its foundation with its one college, Trinity. The Royal University is merely an examining board, with several institutions throughout the country, preparing students for its examinations. The chief of these institutions are the University College in Dublin (once the Catholic University), and the Queen's College in Belfast, Cork, and Galway (once forming the now suppressed Queen's University).

Catholics freely go up for the "Royal" examinations, and receive degrees. Very few, probably no more than from 5 to 10 per cent. of its students, go to Trinity College. But no religious tests exist there these thirty years and more; and the last "fellow" elected on its foundation is a Catholic. The latest offer of Trinity College to the Catholic bishops was for the college to provide a Catholic chapel within its walls, on equal footing with the Protestant one. This offer was summarily rejected.

The bishops' own proposals are, first, a college within the University of Dublin on an equality with Trinity College; secondly, a college fully equipped and endowed, with residences for students,

to form part of the Royal University; or, thirdly, a separate Catholic University. In all cases, the endowment is to come from the State.

A Catholic college or university means, the bishops say, an institution as Catholic as Trinity College is Protestant: open to all, but with a Catholic ideal, spirit, and tradition. The government of the new institution would be, according to the episcopal admissions, in the hands of a board with a lay majority; and no claims would be made for the endowment of a theological faculty. If that is denominational, why, they fairly ask, is the corresponding Trinity of to-day, with its Divinity School, not more denominational still?

In *Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism*, Matthew Arnold held a brief for a Catholic university in some such sense, and thus expounded the case he so often pleaded:—

“The Irish Catholics, who are the immense majority in Ireland, want a Catholic university. Elsewhere, both Catholics and Protestants have universities, where their sons may be taught by persons of their own religion. Catholic France allowed the Protestants of Alsace to have the Protestant University of Strassburg; Protestant Prussia allows the Catholics of the Rhine Province to have the Catholic University of Bonn. True, at Strassburg, men of any religious persuasion might be appointed to teach anatomy or chemistry; true, at Bonn there is a Protestant faculty of theology, as well as a Catholic, [and at Strassburg is now, since 1903, a solemnly inaugurated Catholic theological faculty, as well as a Protestant]. But I call Strassburg a Protestant and Bonn a Catholic university, in this sense: that religion and the matters mixed up with religion are taught in the one by Protestants, and in the other by Catholics. This is the guarantee which ordinary parents desire, and this at Bonn and Strassburg they get. The Protestants of Ireland have in Trinity College, Dublin, a university where the teachers in all those matters which afford a debatable ground between Catholic and Protestant are Protestant. The Protestants of Scotland have universities of a like character. In England, the members of the English Church have, in Oxford and Cambridge, universities where the teachers are almost wholly Anglican. Well, the Irish Catholics ask to be allowed the same thing.”¹

¹ *Mixed Essays*. p. 101.

To this the reply would probably be made that it is one thing to accept the result of the past in a Scotland, the overwhelming majority of whose possible university students would be Presbyterian, or in an England, where a great majority likewise would be Anglican, and to accept the institutions already existing, with their position and goods more or less honestly come by, to which they have pretty fair prescriptive rights anyway, whatever be the bearing thereon of "the Scottish Church case" of our day. It is another thing to found a university in a country where it is doubtful whether the Catholic three-quarters would at present furnish very many more students than are furnished by the Protestant one-quarter. Can it be fairly said by Catholics, "We are the nation"? What if American Protestants said this? Yet Protestants are a quarter in Ireland; and Catholics are not a quarter in the United States. And further, Protestants in Ireland have nearly all the land, and most of the wealth, with its consequent advantages, and the proportionately more general demand for higher education. *Nous n'avons pas encore changé tout cela.*

But, to justify our Irish plea, are we sure there is really the firm base of no possibility whatever for Irishmen having in a renewed and modernized Trinity College "religion and matters mixed up with religion taught by persons of their own religion?"

Mr. John Dillon gave last December some German experiences illustrating what Matthew Arnold explained to his earlier generation. In Baden, as Mr. Dillon notes, Heidelberg is "Protestant," Freiburg "Catholic." "In Freiburg there is a Catholic faculty of theology, and all the professors who teach philosophy and morals are Catholics; but many of the other professors are Protestant, and, as a matter of fact, I chanced to get an introduction to the Professor of English Philosophy, who had just been called from the Protestant University of Strassburg, and who told me that there was no objection to Protestants, and no difficulty about Protestant teaching, though Freiburg is universally recognized to be a Catholic University." Would there be less "difficulty" if Trinity became a "Catholic" Bonn with two faculties; even if it were no longer a double-facultied "Protestant" Strassburg? This is what we shall consider.

We know it is maintained that Trinity College blocks the way

toward what is desirable, *i.e.*, a National University,² because the authorities of Trinity are not willing to have another college, forming with it the University of Dublin. To all intents and purposes Trinity College has been the University; and admitting another college is giving up the rule of its own house. At the foundation of the university, it is true, there was a thought of another college; and in the possible future such a one there might be. That also is true. Indeed—as the 1903 Royal Commission's evidence recalls—the Catholic Relief Act (when, under Grattan's Protestant Párlament, the franchise was granted to Catholics in 1793) enabled Roman Catholics “to take degrees and hold professorships in a university college, subject, however, to two conditions: first, that the college should be thereafter founded, thus excluding [Catholics] from Trinity College; and secondly, that it should be a member of the university. Therefore, the provision then contemplated for the education of Roman Catholics was a college in the University of Dublin, not being Trinity College.”

And the 1591 charter itself is: “*Unum Collegium Mater Universitatis . . . quod erit et vocabitur Collegium Sanctae et Individuae Trinitatis.*”

The present Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Alexander, has favored this plan of a sister, if not a daughter college. He himself is an Irishman,—but a graduate of Oxford. At a recent General Synod of his Church he declared for what he thought might be called the “University of Ireland”; and he noted that “The examination of the Royal Commission has brought out one or two pieces of evidence from Roman Catholic gentlemen of eminence. One, that of a prelate, Limerick, reveals a mind of remarkable power, faultless in reasoning, passionate and pathetic, rising at times to almost tragical interest, or touching with a lash that cuts like a knife. I should gather that, while he would prefer the foundation of a new University for Roman Catholics, he is most strongly hostile to the plan that I have mentioned. The other witness is a man of whom his Church, his University (Dublin), and his country are proud; who possesses the impartial spirit of a great magistrate, the severe discipline of varied

² Bishop of Raphoe's speech at the laying of the foundation stone of his diocesan college in 1904.

studies, and the sweet reasonableness that would respect everything that is reasonable. Every brick in the structure of his argument has been rung and measured before it was laid. The ideal solution, according to the Lord Chief Baron (Palles),³ is the establishment of a College as Roman Catholic as Trinity College is Protestant, affiliated with, and a constituent of, Dublin University. He proves that the advantages would be threefold,—first, the bringing together of students of different denominations ; secondly, the magic and prestige of a university that would be open to all Irishmen ; thirdly, the level of university education kept up to a high standard.”

And it is thus, too, that Trinity College was included in Lord Dunraven's lately proposed scheme ; which, however, suggested Queen's College, Belfast, for another constituent in a new university. And Trinity College was to be paid for becoming a part, not the whole. Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, as mentioned above, gave evidence against such a plan, and he has written :—

“ Then, I think it most unfair to Trinity College. They have a University of the very highest type. If it were a Catholic institution, not £10,000 a year, nor all the money in the Treasury, would induce me to surrender my charter, and break with my history, give up my status, and go into federation with two colleges, one of them a Queen's College, and another *in nubibus*. Well, what I would not accept as a Catholic, I am not going to force on my Protestant fellow-countrymen. I shall do my best for ourselves ; but I shall try to do so, as long as I can, without hurting the interests, or wounding the feelings of any section of my fellow-countrymen.”

He does add : “ But if Trinity College or its friends take up the position that they will not admit a Catholic College into Dublin University, and will equally oppose a university or a college for Catholics in another university ”—the plan which the bishop himself favors—“ they must only blame themselves if trouble comes upon them.”

Bishops Catholic and bishops Protestant, therefore, differ, in Ireland, as to how university education may be gained for the whole country. The Protestant Primate declared that only after

³ One of the three Irish Catholic judges, who all are from Trinity College. There are thirteen Protestant judges.

long months of groping could he see his way to that best ground (as he thought), of Trinity College with a new college, forming the University. But his colleagues will not stand there as a body with him; and if the Catholic bishops would be willing so to stand, were the ground offered them, yet some would prefer to take up other ground, where would be formed a new university, leaving Trinity alone.

Within Trinity College itself a strong opposition was roused against her absorption. It is said that when a prominent don favored it, he killed his chance for the Provostship of the College, a post soon afterwards vacant, and worth some \$20,000 a year. The cry raised within the College was the familiar one, that it is open; let all come; we are not Protestant; Catholic students have no complaint to make; we all live here happily. And so on. This is indeed the ideal that Trinity College has not unfairly formed; the realization of which has not come, because few Catholic students have entered it. Perhaps some of us will be thinking of how happy and comfortable the panther would be with the hind inside. Anyway, no amount of passionate declaiming, of eloquent denunciations, of bland or fatuous self-content, of earnest longing or theorizing, will alter the fact, that Trinity College, so far as it has any religious aspect, is still as it was, Protestant. The Protestant chapel is before you, as you enter the first quadrangle; with its daily services, its formal Sunday scene of Provost, Fellows and students in surplices, its sermons by heads of the Divinity School, integral part as that is of the university. These preachers and theological teachers, strong against Rome, by word and writing, are the teachers, on week days, of philosophy and ethics. The whole thing recalls Thomas Moore's diary as a Trinity College student, and his remarks on his final abandonment, when there, of the irksome practice of confession just before he mentions his pleasing Protestant parson tutor. If the modern tutor is more likely to be a layman—a lay Provost has now been appointed, the first in a hundred years⁴—he is

⁴ There were two lay Provosts in the eighteenth century: Andrews (1758-1774), and Hely Hutchinson (1774-1794). And there seems to have been three lay Provosts at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and not long after the founding of the College.

none the less ignorantly, if not bigotedly unsympathetic with the religious world of his Catholic pupil.

But let us change all that, as has been suggested above, and force or lead Trinity College to realize the ideal it has formed with our transforming selves within it. Let us make claim for large grants to its transformed self, in touch with a whole people, having active interest in all that concerns the country's well-being, in all things material, and in things imaginative also. Let us have no plans of a university with colleges in various places; that vain thing fondly invented. Let us have no plans of another college in the University of Dublin; even were the consent of Trinity to such a thing a possibility; because the separation will be more or less for religious reasons; there will not be the common interest that may indeed exist between Oxford and Cambridge colleges, to which men go by chance, as it were, and between which there are no barriers of a separate preparatory training and education; whose members constantly meet, too, in lecture rooms, in common societies and clubs, and in games. This ideal, that a Catholic bishop and a Protestant archbishop have, of a national university, of all going to Trinity College, and making it what it says it would be,—let us realize it. If we transform it, that will be what Trinity willed. Perhaps we ought to say—though in no bitter spirit, but in generous emulation, and in love and hope for truth and justice—if we do *not* transform it, that will not be our fault.

Such is an ideal within our reach. We shall not then be going to Trinity College as it is, but to a college with a Catholic chapel and all things provided, with a Catholic faculty of theology, with Catholic professors of philosophy, if not of history. “Bless thee! . . . thou art translated.” The present lay Provost, Dr. Traill, has not spoken sympathetically—perhaps that were for him impossible—but he has written boldly that it will require an Act of Parliament to make Trinity College give up its theological faculty. He adds allusions to the offer to put Catholics in the same position as Protestants, which implies (whether the Provost can—I say this because he should have been as explicit on this point as on the former—bear to contemplate it or not) a Catholic faculty of theology also. What he says, however, is probably true, that—

“The whole secularist policy, based either upon some unworthy jealousy, or some hatred of all religion, is simply a secularist propaganda, which never has been, and never will be accepted in Ireland. If there is one thing upon which all denominations in this country are agreed, it is that education shall not be divorced from religion. Some, no doubt, carry this doctrine to extremes; but that it is a fact cannot be ignored or gainsaid, and any policy which runs counter to this fact is bound to fail and come to grief. Let us consider the matter a little more closely. Has there ever been in the histories of universities a case where, even after a revolution, an ancient university has ceased to have a theological faculty? After every search, I can find none. I find examples where they have been doubled, and others where they have been changed, but none where they have been expelled.”

It would certainly take long, following the usual order of things, for rulers in the highest places of Trinity College to be Catholics. But even for that, provision, in the meantime, might be made. Is it impossible? And in any case, would not the mass of Catholic students of necessity demand wary walking from the most self-confident old-timer? Might the very majority of students be Catholics? The possibility of which thing has actually suggested, as must be mentioned, a revival of the old difficulty under new faces. As long ago as September, 1847, in the *Dublin Review*, Judge O'Hagan—after a distinguished course in Trinity College, and having at first, on leaving college, been strong for mixed education, though acknowledging, in himself, lack of “depth of faith,” wrote:—

“The education would not be altered,—not at least until Catholics had such a majority in the governing body of the College that they could direct it according to their pleasure; and if such a contingency came about, the changes they would introduce might possibly be as unjust to the religion of Protestants as the present system is to Catholics. The Protestant atmosphere would not be altered, unless everything connected with religion at all was summarily banished from the College, which [putting the Catholics out of the question] would be an injustice to Protestants who do not desire education without religion. But in any case we could not consent to having our Dublin University like London. The fact is, that in our age and country it is not merely the

effect of anti-Catholic instruction, but the absence of positive Catholic instruction that is to be dreaded."

And to-day Mr. Balfour, to whose truth and loyalty in this matter Irish Catholic bishops from time to time have borne hearty witness, condemns flooding Trinity College with Catholics—we know he would found a University to which Catholics would be allowed to go—and he thinks it "a great advantage that in a country predominantly Catholic there should be a centre of Protestant teaching to which Protestant parents could send their sons without fear." He submitted to the charge of being "a bigoted Protestant," so far as not to desire to obliterate the Protestant character of Trinity College. That it has that character now, Mr. Balfour at least is not absurd enough to deny. But those whose spokesman we are for the moment would say (if they were in America), that it is no use "borrowing trouble." They might say further, that Irish Catholicism has no persecuting past to revert to; and that universities founded in peace are likely to ensue in it, if let alone. Anyway, to repeat, what is the likelihood of any overwhelming majority of the Irish university-going classes being Catholic?

And yet, that they have Trinity College within their power is felt and unfortunately feared by some Presbyterians, a prominent minister connected with the Royal University assuring us that he deprecated Catholics going to Trinity, for that in a short time they would have it all their own way, "and we should be asking to get out." We need not draw the Presbyterian professor's conclusion; but his words would be weighed. They expressed, he told me, the feeling of many of his younger colleagues.

And now, on December 8th last—a date of good omen—nearly the best-known voice from Trinity College, Dr. Mahaffy's, was heard at the Dublin Mansion House, where the Catholic Nationalist Lord Mayor presided, and listened to Mr. John Dillon, to Dr. Walter McDonald, of Maynooth, and to the voice from Trinity College.

"No one regretted," said Dr. Mahaffy, "more than he did, the small number of Catholics who had taken degrees in Trinity College,—for he did not believe that Trinity College was safe until

a much larger number of Catholics took their degrees there, and were content to take them. But when he looked at the long series of distinguished men, beginning with Chief Baron Palles, and ending with his friend, Mr. Kelleher, who got his Fellowship the other day,—to think that these men were not to be utilized for the education of the youth of Ireland appeared to him to be a monstrous state of things. It had been said that, whatever great National University they might create, the Catholic atmosphere was to be made by the students sent there. Well, they could turn the atmosphere of Trinity College into a Catholic atmosphere if they liked. . . . Though it was founded on too narrow a basis—and no one regretted it more than he did—still it was a great Irish institution, and whatever claim they might make in the future, they must reckon with Trinity to help them and not to oppose them."

These may be new words. But take them as true words. And what then? Are they a sign of the most recent times? For, what had the priest said before the minister? No wonder Dr. Mahaffy remarked that it was important to hear a well-known Maynooth professor declare that he thought "*many of the bishops would be inclined to think that if they had no effective control over the professors in the proposed new university, it might be better for them to make terms with Trinity College, and the Queen's College, and to make use at once of the remedies that might exist.*" In that latter view," said the priest, "I am inclined to sympathize; for the reasons that the suggested new university is not likely to be a successful remedy, and that in any case it is not likely to come within a time making it worth while to toil to get it."

Mr. Dillon's argument is, indeed, that in a country chiefly Catholic, a National University would have to be as the country. His words apply, do they not, to a Trinity College used by the Catholic majority, even though, we may allow, they would apply yet more fully to a new institution with an even more Catholic constituency? If Mr. Dillon says Trinity College's traditions are anti-National, do not let him forget many a great patriotic name there. And, anyway, its past, such as it is, has entered into the history of the nation. Its past is not all the National history. No more are the bards and the hedge-schoolmasters, and all the

persecuted. We cannot undo the past. It is Jacobin-like folly to ignore it, as if a nation could ever start afresh.

Trinity College, when first opened by Fawcett's Act, in 1873, did make offers to provide, within the walls, for the teaching of Catholic students by priests. Perhaps even then, had the Catholics desired it, arrangements might have been gradually made to have a chapel and all that would be offered now. As to teaching, a Catholic bishop at the Royal Commission went so far, in his evidence concerning the proposed new college or university, as to say that, while philosophy had to do with opinions and might require two professors, history had to do with facts, and could be taught by one.

All that has been noted here, of these plans and facts, has to do with clerical students as well as lay. And the same Protestant Archbishop already mentioned⁵ alluded to this :

“With regard to the study of theology in universities, I desire to offer a few remarks. In any country of different religious persuasions the solution which has been arrived at in Germany is, I think, the only one possible. There are two departments of the theological faculty. The question which every aspirant to a degree must answer is simply, ‘to which cult do you belong, the Roman Catholic or Reformed?’ Thus in every [*sic*] theological faculty there are two theological departments, each with its own staff of professors and teachers. In one university at least—Bonn—there are also two professors of history. You will observe that the University School of Theology is not a professional school for making priests or ministers.”

But Trinity College was evidently misinformed when it inferred that the Catholic bishops as a whole “do not wish their clergy to be educated in company with their laity.” And the present Provost should weigh and consider their words before he judges heatedly in so grave a matter, to the prejudice of his cause. We know now that the taking away of the lay students from Maynooth was the act of a Government; because the laity, it said, were being made too clerical, and because Trinity College would be deprived of students. And at the present time, the Bishop of Limerick’s “own personal feeling is to bring the clergy actually into

⁵ Dr. Alexander.

contact with the laity of the country while they are being educated"; while the Archbishop of Tuam, who himself was a member of the Royal Commission on this university question, has just ordered that all his ecclesiastical students must pass their examinations for degrees in the Royal University, expressing his regret, evidently, that they cannot have a university education in a more proper sense. Dr. O'Dwyer and Dr. Healy are certainly spokesmen among their brethren, whether these all see eye to eye with them or not. The former speaks bitterly of the disadvantages of purely professional studies for the Irish Catholic clergy. He contrasts "the Protestant clergy throughout England," who

"have been the fellow students of the laity. Their distinguished ecclesiastics have not been brought up in water-tight compartments away from the rest of their fellow-countrymen; and in after-life they bring to the discharge of their duties characters broadened and strengthened by the free air of the universities in which they have been educated. In Scotland . . . there is a rule requiring every candidate for the Presbyterian ministry to study for two years in one or other of the universities. . . . It is quite true that the system of education that is necessary for our Catholic priests is very different from that of the Protestant clergy of various denominations. The greater relative importance in it of professional over general studies, and the large part which is covered by the formation of character and habit, by special spiritual training, makes the segregation of Catholic ecclesiastical students, in separate colleges, a regular part of the Church's discipline. But that is no justification for cutting them off totally and absolutely from all share in the life and culture of a university; and the invidious distinction which is thus drawn in this Catholic country, between our priesthood and the Protestant clergy of England, Ireland, and Scotland, is one of the most galling evidences of the practical ascendancy of Protestantism which still survives, seventy years after we are supposed to have been emancipated. . . . It is no answer to say that Maynooth is endowed. Maynooth is not a university; it is an ecclesiastical seminary,—almost exclusively devoted to professional studies; but it is in no sense an equivalent for a university."

With this Bishop agrees the priest-professor quoted again below:—

“Most of us feel that there are many subjects, necessary for clerics, which cannot be taught satisfactorily in our colleges. To take one example, Science. I think no one would say that our Mathematics course, and especially our Physics course, is at all satisfactory. As regards such extensions of science to life as Botany and Philosophy [*sic*], why, they are never thought of. Yet students are taught Psychology, to give one example out of many, and read about the soul and its faculties, about the body and its organs, without understanding a great part of what they learn. That is why Philosophy, the science of sciences, is for them a huge effort of memory, a necessary evil for a year or two, to be learned unwillingly, and to be gladly forgotten. Try how much knowledge have they got from contact with the most elevated subjects that ever exercised merely human wisdom, and you will find it small indeed. . . . I believe myself that Philosophy, as taught in our colleges, far from making our students think, confirms them, at a most critical period of their lives, in the bad habit of using their memory at the expense of their judgment. . . . And, as for having, at the end of their course, a comprehensive view of the doctrines of Theology, and of their relations to one another, it is the exception when it should be the rule. . . . Our colleges, with their limited means, cannot altogether correct this evil, and very often serve only to increase it. A university alone, with all the modern ideas of teaching, can overcome it. What I have said about the study of Philosophy and Theology could be said with at least as much truth about the usual methods of studying Sacred Scripture; and that, too, in the face of recent discoveries, and of the learning of our opponents. It is the university that must help to remedy all this. . . . That we clergy may be able to cope with the spirit of secularism, we must show the educated classes that we have as much learning and intelligence as they have themselves; we must study with them, mix with them, read the same course, and take the same degrees. In this way we shall not only win their respect, but we shall come in closer contact with them; mutual esteem will be the result; and a closer union between the clergy and laity will strengthen our hands against the enemies of the Faith. . . . Then at last shall we be freed from the stigma of being almost the ‘Ultima Thule’ of the Catholic literary world.”

It is quite true, however, that one of the youngest of the bishops, Dr. O'Dea, of Clonfert, a former Maynooth professor,

does not think it possible, nor even perhaps desirable, that the bulk of Maynooth students should frequent the accepted university college in Dublin, whatever that be. Nor does he think the bishops will see their way to send them.⁶ On the other hand, a later bishop, of 1904, Dr. Fogarty, of Killaloe, also, after having a long service at Maynooth, has deplored publicly the loss, to the intelligent and zealous students he knew there, of having no university training,—something this young Bishop seems only ardently to desire for all of them.

Let no one amongst us fantastically think, now, if the Catholics were to settle the matter by founding a university, with their own money—if one of their rich men were to found one—that it is illegal in modern British Ireland, or that it will not have all rights and privileges accorded by the State. And this university let them found, if, says an Irish Protestant bishop this year, “the Catholics wish to be a peculiar people apart.”

It will be readily seen that there the question is the old one, that ever goes its weary way between those who hold that you can have education neutral as to religion—that hard-dying lie, as in *La Chambre des députés* the frank anti-religious Socialist, M. Viviani, calls it—and those who hold you cannot, at any time or in any place, have any such thing.⁷ But we are looking here, not to a neutral “godless” college, as Protestants first called a secular university in Ireland, but to a German-like, double university; to Germany, which puts religion in every school, and not to France.

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(To be continued.)

⁶ Vide his brochure, *Maynooth and the University Question*. Dublin: Browne & Nolan; 6d.

⁷ It is almost a pleasure to quote his plain words (in M. Janrès' Socialist paper, *L'Humanité*): “To frame individual morality on a purely secular foundation is to deliver children from superstitious heresies; it destroys the morality connected with heavenly rewards, and binds the child's conscience to humanity alone.”

American Ecclesiastical History.

THE WORK OF MOTHER VERONICA,
Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

(Continued.)¹

THE idea of founding a religious community whose members were to bind themselves by regular vows to continue the charitable works inaugurated under the direction of Father Preston, had, as we have said, nothing strange in it to the mind of Mrs. Starr, whose actual mode of living differed little from that of a nun devoting her time to the service of the poor, the ignorant, and the sick. The interior spirit in which she made this service contribute to her personal sanctification, as well as to that of those who labored with her in the same field, would have called for no change of purpose. It is true she was still "in the world," as the term is understood when we speak of community life in which the principle and exercise of charity are not confined and accompanied by fixed forms of devotion, and under the canonical restraint of a discipline which controls all the external acts of the individual. But her heart was striving after perfection with the same singleness of aim which characterized the great saints in their early efforts to please God by the practice of self-sacrifice and the extension of the Kingdom of Heaven through active charity.

There had hitherto been also certain ties which bound her to guard the home of her family, and which were of a nature not to be set aside by what is understood to be the higher law of perfection in the acceptance of the evangelical counsels. At her husband's death she was left with the care of two little sons. Had God at that time placed before her the alternative of devoting herself to the training of these two children or of renouncing all to follow Him, she would probably have had no hesitation in making the greater sacrifice. But it was not simply a question of sacrificing her affection for them, it was a question also of preserving them from impressions that might injure their future life,

¹ See THE DOLPHIN, Jan., page 76.

and no one could feel and meet this responsibility better than she. She owed them in the first place that charity which she was ever prompted and ready to give to the outcast child in the streets of the large city; and with the good sense that always distinguishes really holy people she assumed this duty without lessening her devotion to others who were in similar need of care for soul and body. It was with a view of facilitating this twofold obligation of attending to the education of her children, so far as this became a personal task, and of directing the organization of the House of the Holy Family, that she took a residence in close proximity to the latter.² Thus her time was closely divided in the service of her children, and of those sadder orphans to whom she sought to be mother in the higher sense of the word. But when she had accomplished the duty of the Christian mother in its truest sense, and saw that her children were both in the way of being established in a career where it was possible for them to make right use of the noble legacy of Christian principles which she had bequeathed to them by her teaching and example, she gave herself wholly to work that would reclaim the waif and the wayward.

The fact that in 1881 Father Preston had, in consideration of his services as Vicar General of the New York archdiocese, been tendered the dignity of Domestic Prelate to Pope Leo XIII, whilst it did not alter the canonical status of the good priest or increase his ecclesiastical powers, yet served to strengthen the confidence in his guidance, and brought with it also a certain influence which was likely to forestall many difficulties which ordinarily accompany the first foundation of a new Religious Order. He undertook with infinite patience and care to draw up the Rules and Constitution by which the new society was to be governed. It is not necessary here to repeat those grand and abiding maxims upon which the strife after perfection by mutual service of charity and forbearance, no less than by prayer and mortification, is based "in the religious life, as the masters of spirituality have taught us." The main outlines of the spiritual organism which is to promote the various forms of active charity are readily sketched, inasmuch as they are determined by the char-

² This was in 1882. The House of the Holy Family was No. 136 Second Avenue; her own was No. 134.





REAR VIEW OF CHURCH, SHOWING APSE.

acter of the principal works to be undertaken on the part of the members, either singly or in union, but always under one directing spirit. And the means by which this organism is kept in a healthy and perfect condition is "entire consecration to our Lord," so that the members are continually drawn to "follow Him and Him only, in seeking and saving the erring and the miserable."

The keynote of the Rules, as well as the inspiration of the entire Constitution, is "The Divine Compassion." It is this beautiful image of a supernatural sympathy which animates all the enterprises of the Institute and operates within and without the precincts of the conventual life. The intimate study of the Sacred Heart becomes thus the daily occupation of each religious, whilst the imitation of the Good Shepherd in seeking the lost lambs and tenderly caring for them must be the abiding labor of the community, in harmony with the impulses of compassion which is not merely human and sentimental, but prompted by the supernatural motives of the Divine Master who rules and guides the Institute. In this sense we read that "the Sisters are taught to be the instruments of His mercy, to breathe the spirit of His gentleness, and to draw their religious life from the tenderness of His heart. If they can imitate Him, if they can speak His words and convey His piety to those who sadly need it, they will be following His dear footsteps who left the ninety and nine that never sinned to seek the wanderer, who sought the desert, to bring back to His Father's house the sheep that was lost."

The principal officers of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion are: an Ecclesiastical Superior General,³ a Mother Superior General,⁴ an Assistant, a Mistress of Novices, and a Treasurer. There are, as in all other religious institutes, numerous minor offices.

The body of the Sisterhood is divided into three grades. In the first are numbered those whom the society finds most suitable for its major labors of teaching and guiding the children of the House of the Holy Family, and from whose ranks the general officers of the Sisterhood are chosen. These are called the Choir

³ This office was held by Monsignor Preston until his death in 1891.

⁴ Mother Veronica held the office from 1886, the year of the Sisterhood's foundation, until her death in August, 1904.

Sisters. Next in order are those whose duty it is to assist the Choir Sisters in somewhat the same manner as the coadjutor priests coöperate with the professed Fathers of the Society of Jesus. This class is called the "Little Sisters." The last division consists of the "Out Sisters," or those who transact all outside business for the community. Just as the three grades differ in duty and responsibility, so the religious habit which they wear distinguishes them externally, one from the other. The Choir Sisters, in order that they might ever be mindful of their special consecration to the Compassionate Heart of Jesus, wear a habit of black woolen material, with a narrow band of crimson—symbolic of Precious Blood—around the edge. The head is covered with a black veil which falls to the ground at the back. The coif and bandeau are of white material. The cincture is black, and from it depends a fifteen decade rosary, to which is attached a medal bearing on one side an image of our Divine Saviour, with His hands bound,—emblematic of the virtue of obedience; around the edge of the medal runs the beautifully characteristic inscription: *Compassio Divina Amantissimi Jesu*. The reverse of the medal shows a figure of Our Blessed Lady of Sorrows, and the words: *Mater Dolorosa, dulcedo, spes nostra*. The crucifix worn by the nuns is of silver, and bears on the back the inscription: *Divina Compassio Domini Nostri Jesu Christi sit in cordibus nostris*. The second band of workers who vow their service to the divine work of Compassion is that of the "Little Sisters." Their dress does not differ from that of the choir nuns, except in this that, being consecrated to the Compassionate Heart of Mary, the band around the edge of the gown is blue instead of red. The "Out Sisters," or those who attend to all business matters, which must bring the community into direct contact with the outside world, are dressed in a habit of black material with a purple edge, and, when on the street, wear a cape which falls below the waist. The form of this habit indicates in a manner that these members, whilst they form an intimate part of the community, one with it in spirit and action, and enjoying the religious privileges of the other members of the Society, yet their state of religious life must, in a manner, remain concealed from the eyes of the world, in order that they may be enabled to carry out undisturbed, and with greater facility, their

special duties. Thus, according to the intention of Monsignor Preston, this class of Sisters would attract no special attention in public, but rather appear like ladies of moderate means, who dress quietly and with a certain disregard of prevailing costume or fashion. It follows from the particular purpose which inspired this latter distinction in dress, that the habit of the "Out Sisters" might be changed at any time as necessity demands or prudence suggests.

The new Rule had thus been carefully prepared by Monsignor Preston. It required only the approbation of the Ordinary in order that arrangements for its immediate application to community life might be made. On May 28, 1886, the Most Reverend Michael Augustine Corrigan, who had during the previous year become Archbishop as successor *cum jure* of the deceased Cardinal McCloskey, gave his blessing and solemn approbation to the Rules and Constitution of the "Sisters of the Divine Compassion." Although there could be no doubt as to who should be the first Superior of the new religious community, Mrs. Starr was far from considering herself in any other light than that of a simple co-laborer in the work which she had indeed begun and thus far done largely upon her trust in the sincerity of her purpose; and while she had actually led the destinies of the "Holy Family" work for so many years, and felt that in yielding gladly to the suggestion of her spiritual director to assume the religious vow, she would only bind herself more closely to the task she really loved for the sake of her Divine Master, yet she felt that there was a difference in the responsibility which should come to her were she to undertake not only the direction of the work, but also the government of a community whose members she would be bound by a sacred pledge to lead at the same time to their individual perfection. However, Monsignor Preston, acting immediately under authority from the Archbishop, prevailed upon her, simply and submissively to accept the evident designs of Providence in assuming the general Superiorship of the new religious institute.

Confident that the blessing of God had come upon all the work she had done during the twenty years of her conversion, and assured by Monsignor Preston that our Heavenly Father could not but assist her in so noble a work, she promptly and humbly

accepted the trust placed in her, and remained as the head of the society until she went to receive her reward from the hand of God. Her name in religion was Mother Mary Veronica. A few words taken from a sketch of Mother Veronica's life, written by herself in obedience to Monsignor Preston, forcibly tell us how eagerly she and the other happy souls awaited the day when they were to receive the habit of the newly instituted Order. "June came," she said, "and still Monsignor Preston could not appoint a day,—the great day. But early in the month, he said: 'The second of July is the Feast of the Sacred Heart this year, and the feast of the Visitation,—that shall be the day.' Then we both looked in the calendar to see what day of the week it was, and we found it was the first Friday in July. So, there was the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood, and our Blessed Mother all coming together the same day for the birth of our Sisterhood. Oh! what a day it was to our souls,—to us who had watched and waited and prayed for sixteen years! And when it came, it was like the birth of the little Child in Bethlehem."

What the new life meant for the young community only those can understand who have made the sacrifice, irrevocably sealing the compact between the soul and God, to serve Him body and soul under whatever hardships, with a firm trust in the Heavenly Bridegroom to whom the heart is espoused. How grateful Mother Veronica felt for the coöperation she received on every side may be gleaned from a letter which she writes the following year to thank those faithful laborers, one and all, whose hearty coöperation and sympathy had sustained her efforts and lightened the burdens of the Institution.

"We must speak here of those who from the beginning have never failed, and to whose untiring zeal and generosity the Institution is in a great degree indebted for its existence. For eighteen years they have worked together with the utmost devotion and unanimity of purpose, and it is worthy of note that there has never been a shadow of misunderstanding or disunion to mar the harmony of their work. May the tie that had bound them thus together, remain unbroken until the end! They have aided in establishing a work whose foundations have been laid in silent, patient, unostentatious charity. We believe that the work will stand and with it their names will be held in grateful remem-





CRYPT OF THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE COMPASSION, GOOD COUNSEL—TOMB OF THE FOUNDER, MONSIGNOR PRESTON.

brance. Their reward, too, will be great ; for, directly or indirectly, they have been the means of 'turning many to justice.' Of the souls that have been saved during these eighteen years, who shall speak ? Of the thousands that have passed through the Institution, receiving, according to their capacity, the benefits conferred upon them, who shall tell the history ? Much of it is known to God alone ; but what is known to us would fill volumes ; and these volumes would tell of children rescued from an atmosphere of crime and depravity, who, saved and grown to womanhood, are now good wives and mothers. They would tell of young girls, who, led to ruin by vanity or their own hearts, have been restored to virtue, and, with a higher model before them, have begun life over again. They would tell of families reunited, whom sin had separated. They would tell of souls consecrated to God, who think one life too little in which to make reparation of the past ; and, finally, they would tell of souls purified even here by suffering and tears, and who are now, we believe, in the enjoyment of a blessed eternity. We have seen miracles far greater than those in which the lame walk and the blind see. We have beheld miracles of conversion and miracles of perseverance, and these so manifestly the work of God that we could only adore His power and compassion, while we acknowledged our own nothingness."

The Sisters had been living next to the House of the Holy Family since the establishment of their Order, but Mother Veronica saw in the growth of her Community the necessity of a separate and larger building where the daily religious life of the Sisters could be carried on more thoroughly. Aided by a gift from Monsignor Preston, she purchased in the spring of 1890 twelve acres of land situated at White Plains, N. Y. This property consisted of well-cultivated farming land, a fine old country mansion with beautiful lawns and shade trees and well-stocked orchards. After the mansion had been renovated, and most of its costly furniture sold in order to meet expenses, the Sisters took possession of it, and gave to it the name of "Good Counsel." The main object of the purchase, besides giving the Sisters proper accommodations, was to erect a home for the wards of the Association, where in fairer light and softer air they might be more easily drawn to the better and higher paths of life. "Good Counsel" henceforth became the mother-house and the novi-

tiate of the Sisterhood, and it was an abode which by its very name suggested happy forecasts of the blessed work to be done within its precincts.

Mother Veronica had formed a plan which she mentioned to Monsignor Preston, namely, to transfer the principal work of the Order from the city to the country. This necessitated the erection of a new building near the mother-house. The ever-helping hand of Providence again came to her aid in the form of a legacy left to her in the estate of a friend, and with this as a foundation she commenced the building of the "Good Counsel Training School" for girls, which was completed in the autumn of 1891. But success simply would not be the sign of the Divine approval. Those who had devoted themselves to following their Heavenly Spouse were to know Him by the presence of sorrow as well as by the power that protects from real harm. The new edifice of the Training School had been practically completed when God called home the one man who had fostered the first germs and tenderly watched and cared for the growing plant until it began to yield its first fair fruits. Monsignor Preston died on November 4, 1891. He was buried from St. Patrick's Cathedral, the late Archbishop Corrigan celebrating Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem. The scene itself was an inspiring one, and the tender sympathy of those who knew and loved the venerable priest lying before them, received fitting expression in the words of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who preached the funeral sermon. "It seems almost a pity," said the preacher, "that a sermon in words should disturb the still, impressive eloquence of the scene-sermon before us. Everything whispers to the intellect, heart, and imagination, and I feel my voice but silences that whisper, and that the deep, tender sounds of the Church's ritual and the Church's funeral music should alone be heard. This beautiful, widowed church, which he built and adorned, mourns over his coffin; the silent confessional, where he breathed forth pardon, peace, and consolation, speaks of him; the glorious altar, the throne of the Living God, has a voice from him as Christ's ambassador to you . . . Few, during the century which has passed, have left a greater impress upon the history of Catholicism in America than the Founder of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion. Gifted by

God with a keen and forcible mind, remarkable for his abilities as a preacher and controversial writer, he has left behind him, in the fruit of his life-long labors and in the character of his priestly and scholarly attainments, monuments that mark the pathway of his whole life, that will perpetuate his name and his glory, and whose results will deepen and broaden with the onward surge of time.

. . . He was above all loyal to truth wherever he found it, and though stern and unrelenting toward those whom it was his duty to reprimand and correct, he was withal gentle and affectionate, and realized the qualities which go to form the ideal gentleman—manly in strength, gentle in feeling and word—a man like Onias of old, modest in looks, gentle in manner, and graceful in speech. Dignified and courteous in all his actions, he made one feel when in his presence that he was a man, without forgetting that he was a priest of God. He never desired nor sought popularity. And the outside world which appreciates to some extent, at least, its own weakness, honors the magnanimity of the man who troubles not nor cares for its passing approval, and admires him who seeks none." Such were in substance the words of the prelate who had known Monsignor Preston and mourned in him a lost friend.

Monsignor Preston was a voluminous writer, especially on religious subjects. Among his best known works are: *God and Reason*, a defence of natural religion from a Catholic viewpoint; *Reason and Revelation*, an apology for natural religion and revealed truth; *The Vicar of Christ*, on the supremacy of the Papacy; *The Protestant Reformation*; *Protestantism and the Bible*; *The Divine Paraclete*; *The Divine Sanctuary*, and many other writings of a devotional character.

His last wish was to be buried among his children of the Divine Compassion, but the little chapel at White Plains was not suitable for building a crypt, and his remains lay under the high altar at the Cathedral until 1897, when they were transferred, as we shall see, to the Church which Mother Veronica erected near the mother-house.

(To be continued.)

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Non-Euclidean Geometry.—In the last year's proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, published toward the end of the year by the permanent secretary, there is a very interesting discussion of some of the newer phases of geometry. The subject may seem to smack more or less of the absurd to those who are pronounced in their devotion to Euclid, but many of the higher mathematicians are deeply interested in it. Euclid is founded on certain axioms. These axioms cannot be proved, but must be accepted as the ground-work of the science of geometry. The non-Euclidean geometry is based on postulates which contradict some of these axioms of Euclid. The most celebrated of the old geometrician's axioms was the so-called parallel-postulate, which may be stated thus: two straight lines which cut one another cannot both be parallel to the same straight line. A Magyar mathematician named John Bolyai and a Russian named Lobachevski created a geometry founded not on this axiom, but on its direct contradiction. The marvel is that this new geometry turned out to be perfectly logical, true, self-consistent, and for mathematical minds at least of surpassing beauty.

As the result of this, many of the axioms that are most familiar suffer complete contradiction. For instance, through any point outside any given straight line there can be drawn an infinity of straight lines in the same plane but which nowhere meet the given line, no matter how far produced. According to Euclid the sum of the angles in every right-angle triangle is just exactly two right angles. In the new geometry on the contrary the sum of the angles in a right-angle triangle is less than two right angles. In the non-Euclidean geometry parallels always approach. According to Euclid all points equidistant from a straight line are on a straight line. In the non-Euclidean geometry all points equidistant from a straight line are on a curve called equidistantal.

These are only a few of the contradictions of apparently self-evident truths that may be worked out by non-Euclidean geometry. It would seem as though the study of this form of mathematics would not be likely to add much to the knowledge of mankind. But that remains to be seen. It has been asserted that we live in Euclidean space. As a matter of fact, however, it must not be forgotten that many of the finer requirements of Euclidean geometry are impossible of demonstration owing to the limitations of the methods we must employ. Euclidean geometry has had to be taught by the idealization of lines that were very crude, of angles that were unequal, no matter how carefully constructed, and in the face of many other mechanical impossibilities. It seems to Mr. George Bruce Halsted, who was the chairman of the section on Mathematics and Astronomy, that our actual space to-day may very well prove to be the space of Lobachevski or Bolyai, or at least some modification of what is usually called Euclidean space.

One of the curious assertions made by Professor Halsted is that the definition for a line which has usually been accepted as more or less mathematically correct, namely, that it is the shortest distance between two points, has now been given up by the higher mathematicians, who substitute for it some such learned, though not always satisfactory, expression as, a line is a portion of the circumference of a circle whose radius is infinity.

Sometimes, when one finds speculations of this kind in the midst of the more practical scientific discussions of the sections of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, one is tempted to wonder why modern scientists, as a rule, have not more sympathy with the philosophic and scientific speculations of the later mediæval period. If the divagations of nominalists and realists be compared to these highly imaginative bits of modern science, while the supposed waste of time on dialectics and in endless argumentation on strictly scholastic lines be set over against the consuming attrition of time in the technics of modern laboratory work, our mediæval brethren will not, after all, seem to have been so different from these heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time, who are prone to think that only in these later generations has man acted up to his high intelligence.

Definitions of Matter.—In his address on "Concepts of Physical Science," delivered at the Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis, Professor Nichols, of Cornell University, suggests a modification of Oliver Lodge's recent definition of electricity and his explanation of its relation to matter. For the word electricity, Nichols suggests the substitution of the word ether. "Ether under strain, then, constitutes charge. Ether in locomotion constitutes current and magnetism. Ether in vibration constitutes light. What ether itself is, we do not know, but it may, perhaps, be a form or aspect of matter. Now, we can go one step further, and say matter is composed of ether, and of nothing else."

It would seem, then, as though at last some basis for the concept matter, quite apart from the elements, is to be found. It has been the custom among scientists recently to speak of *prothyle*,—from the two Greek words, which would mean "primal stuff," and which bears, as Father Gerard has recently pointed out, a very striking similarity to the term of the schoolmen, "prime matter." It would, indeed, be interesting to find that not only the concept "prime matter" should resume its sway, but that also the substance itself, despite the vagueness with which it is conceived, should come to be recognized as manifesting itself by certain definite phenomena.

Professor Nichols says very distinctly that the evidence obtained by J. J. Thompson and other students of ionization, that electrons from different substances are identical, has greatly strengthened the conviction which, for a long time, has been in process of formation in the minds of physicists, that all matter is, in its ultimate nature, identical. This conception, necessarily speculative, has been held in abeyance by the facts regarded as established, and lying at the foundation of the accepted system of chemistry of the conservation of matter and the intransmutability of the elements. If matter is to be regarded as a product of certain operations performed upon the ether, there is no theoretical difficulty about transmutation of elements, variation of mass, or even the complete disappearance or creation of matter. From this to the mediæval position with regard to the philosopher's stone is not very far. Evidently, human thought, even in the realm of science, is about to complete another cycle of its existence.

Progress in the History of Science.—It would seem as though all that is needed to dispel certain illusions which exist as to a supposed opposition between Science and Religion in the past is to state frankly the details of the history of Science and the lives of the great discoverers. For those who are interested in the science of the seventeenth century, and especially in what concerns the attitude of the clergy and ecclesiastical authorities of the times toward science, there is a very interesting article in the last number of the *Medical Library and Historical Journal*, Vol. II, No. 3. It will be remembered that not long before the middle of this century came the condemnation of Galileo. That this Congregational decision, however, did not mean any opposition to science on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities is very well demonstrated by the fact, as pointed out by Dr. James J. Walsh in an article on Father Kircher, S.J., in *THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW* for November, 1904, that it was a clergyman who was most active in upbuilding the science of that century, whilst they were ecclesiastical authorities who not only encouraged Father Kircher's work, but also materially contributed to the making of the collections which now form the famous Kircher Museum. Further evidence of the lack of opposition between scientists and ecclesiastics is to be found in the article in the *Library Journal* just mentioned.

It is a sketch of the life of Nicholas Steno, which was read before the medical students of St. Louis University last year by Dr. Frank Lutz, the Professor of Surgery in the University. Dr. Nicholas Steno, besides being a physician, was distinguished in other sciences, especially geology, and after a successful scientific career, became a priest and subsequently a bishop in Italy, though he was a Dane by birth. When the International Congress of Geologists met in Italy in 1883 they placed a memorial tablet in honor of Nicholas Steno in the Church of San Lorenzo, at Florence, and considered in doing so that they were honoring one of the greatest scientists of the seventeenth century. The visitor to Copenhagen, who goes through the anatomical department of the University, will be surprised to find among the portraits of distinguished anatomists one of a Catholic bishop, and will think that the churchman is in strange company. Steno's contribution to anatomy, however, was the discovery of the duct

which conducts saliva from the parotid gland, lying just in front of the ear, into the mouth.

Besides very interesting anatomical work on the mouth, Steno added some rather important details to our knowledge of brain anatomy. It is very interesting to find how much he insisted in his demonstrations to his students that anatomy, and especially the anatomy of the brain, far from leading to materialism, or even to skepticism as regards the existence of a Creator, rather confirms the notion of design in the world and of the necessity for a Creator. Something of his modesty and a charming simplicity of spirit may be judged from this extract from one of his lectures:—

“That is true anatomy from which we at first gain a knowledge of the animal body and afterwards a knowledge of God. Therefore the anatomist must not ascribe his discoveries or proofs to himself. He only presents the work of God, who not only observes him but helps him. Should you observe anything worthy of your expectations in my own demonstrations, I would ask all of you to praise with me the Divine Goodness, and to ascribe all my mistakes, both of the tongue and of the hand, to my impatience or my concealed pride.”

While studying in Italy in the hospital at Florence in 1667, Steno became a Catholic. Five years later he returned to his native country to accept the professorship of anatomy at the University of Copenhagen. Notwithstanding the fact that he was living in an intensely Protestant country, he kept up the practice of his religion, and after two years resigned his professorship and a year later became a priest with the deliberate idea of devoting himself to the conversion of the northern nations to the faith. He was undoubtedly one of the great men of science of his day, and, besides his pioneer work in anatomy, he was the first one to point out the significance of fossils in geology and also to begin the comparative anatomy of fossil bone which later developed into the science of palæontology. For his distinguished services as a clergyman he was made a bishop. One of our American historians of medicine, however, can find no better term for him than that of “a peripatetic converter of heretics.” Scientists often complain of the intolerance of ecclesiastics. The mirror might be held up to nature for themselves.

The Rotary Engine.—One of the problems that has been before the mechanical world for many years has been the invention of an engine that would not be so wasteful as in the ordinary reciprocating engine. The fact that the piston must travel backward and forward, stopping at the end of each part of the stroke and then beginning its career once more, represents a decided disadvantage that even the most unmechanical mind can recognize at once. The question has been to employ steam in such a way as to produce continuous rotary motion without the necessity for the to-and-fro motion of the present piston engine. In one form this has been solved in recent years by means of the turbine engine, the toy of two thousand years ago. Just, however, as the turbine is coming to be introduced, because of its efficiency and the lack of vibration, there comes the announcement that a rotary engine has actually been perfected rather different from the turbine in principle and yet combining all of its advantageous features.

The inventor is W. M. Hoffman, who has spent twenty years and a fortune of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars made on previous inventions in perfecting his rotary engine. It is said that the Hoffman engine can be put on the top floor of the highest building without any danger of its vibration injuring the walls. Power cost will be reduced nearly, if not quite, one half, and electric lighting can be accomplished at scarcely more than one-third the cost now necessary. There is practically no limit to the speed that may be maintained with this engine, except the molecular resistance of the steel of which it is composed. There is absolutely no vibration, no oscillation, and no sound, except that of the exhaust, while the engine occupies only one-fourth the floor-space of any other steam engine and takes in its simplest form only about three-fourths of the steam. The most noteworthy feature is the power to regulate its speed, which is almost perfect. It can be made to furnish a hundred horse-power, and in less than two seconds later, less than one horse-power. If all that is claimed for it be true, then perhaps the day of the turbine is not here yet.

The N-rays.—It is now nearly two years ago since Professor Blondlot announced the discovery of a new form of radiation to which, because of its indefinite character, he gave the name "N-rays,"—*N* being the letter familiar to mathematicians for such an

expression. His discoveries were confirmed only by certain French observers. After a time, however, the French Academy of Scientists decreed him a medal for his discovery and thus placed the seal of official recognition on his claims. German observers particularly insisted that they could not find the luminous manifestations which were supposed to demonstrate the presence of these rays. At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science last year, still further doubt was thrown upon the new discovery. An American scientist, Professor Wood, of the Department of Physics in Johns Hopkins University, with true American enterprise, resolved to study the subject for himself in Blondlot's laboratory.

Since his return, Professor Wood has lectured on the subject at Johns Hopkins University and declared that he was not convinced in the slightest degree of the existence of such rays, but on the contrary had come to the conclusion that all those who had seen the supposed manifestations of them were in some way deluded. The N-rays have been the subject of no little discussion in so-called popular science. They have formed the material for many a paragraph in science columns of papers and magazines as well as in public lectures before audiences supposed to be getting the very latest thing in science. As the action of the N-rays was mainly physiological, the possibility of their use in medicine has even been discussed, and suggestions have been made as to just where they would probably prove useful in therapeutics. Long ago Virchow said that the latest thing in science is often only the latest error. "Do not," he said, "present science to the general public until it has been amply confirmed and until the true significance of the phenomena observed is well understood." So long, however, as sensational science titillates national feeling and continues to be an object in universities, because it is supposed to advertise scientific departments, such fiascos as this may be expected.

Studies and Conferences.

THE PERPETUAL VIRGINITY OF MARY AND THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

To the Editor of THE DOLPHIN :

In the January issue of *THE DOLPHIN* (page 100), a correspondent mentions the fact that "in touching upon the subject of the Immaculate Conception . . . a teacher in a well-known secular college for young ladies asserted that the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of Christ was contradicted by the language of the Bible. As your inquirer was the only Catholic in the class," etc.

In thanking you for the adequate and interesting reply given to your correspondent's questions, which must have pleased others as well as myself—not to speak of your correspondent—I venture to call your attention to one or two interesting matters in connection with the incident. First of all, the question arises: How could the Jubilee Celebration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception have become appropriately a topic for discussion by a teacher in a "well-known secular college for young ladies"? The highly indecorous presumption of such a teacher in such a "secular college" is thus made known to the world at large by the fortuitous circumstance of the presence, in the class, of a Catholic—"the only Catholic in the class." Now, where there is only one Catholic in a class in any secular college, the fact becomes very soon well-known not alone to the members of the class but as well to the instructors; and we may fairly assume that the teacher in this particular case was aware of the presence of a Catholic in her class, and that nevertheless she ventured, with a presumption not short of insult, to arraign that Catholic's religious belief before a senate of those who were at once her class-mates and her sectarian opponents. If presumption can go thus far under circumstances that should be so deterrent, what may we not fairly surmise to be the riot of presumption in secular colleges where there does not happen to be any—even a single Catholic in the class? "If these things be done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry."

But instead of describing such presumption as abhorrent to politeness, good taste, fairness, decency, and the ordinary amenities of life, let us smile at it and call it "ludicrous." And without further com-

ment thereupon, let us proceed to another consideration. It appears that "in touching upon the subject of the Immaculate Conception," the teacher somehow became involved in a far different question—that of Our Lady's *perpetual virginity*! I feel that I may fairly assume as an explanation of this very strange confusion of topics, the almost universal misconception among Protestants of the meaning of our dogma concerning the Immaculate Conception. We can recall how very recently even such an authority on things in general as Goldwin Smith managed to get himself badly tangled up in the meshes of theology in this very matter of the "Immaculate Conception." I have no doubt, therefore, that the teacher mixed up two ideas: first, the idea of the conception of Our Lady in the womb of St. Anne; and second, the idea of the birth of our Lord from the Virgin Mary. The first is called by Catholics the "Immaculate Conception"; the second is called by Protestants the "Miraculous Birth." Now, "miraculous" and "immaculate" sound somewhat alike; and as it is the persistent ear-mark of the Protestant teacher to blunder badly in questions even of fact—not to speak of logic—when such a teacher ventures beyond his brief to take up the cudgels against Catholic belief and practice, so the conclusion we are forced to arrive at is that this particular teacher has not the faintest notion of what Catholics mean by the "Immaculate Conception"; that she confounds it with the question of the virginal birth of Christ. What, indeed, has the dogma of the Immaculate Conception to do, in any wise, with the question of the "perpetual virginity" of Mary?

I have taken the trouble to write this letter in the hope that it will fall under your correspondent's eye, and that she may perhaps find opportunity to propound to her teacher the question with which I have just concluded my comment on the "incident."

A TEACHER.

We have to thank "A Teacher" for his interest in the above-mentioned discussion, but wish, at the same time, to correct an apparent misapprehension. As we understand it, the incident which gave rise to the question with which we dealt in our last issue at the request of the Catholic pupil in a secular college, was not prompted in any sense by bigotry, but occasioned by a reference to topics which the professor of common modern history is not always at liberty to shirk; nor was the college one of that class of public schools where any allusion to what may be the religious convictions of an individual is

necessarily out of place as suggestive of sectarian views. Thus, any pupil in the history class of a college might ask for an explanation of the terms used in connection, for example, with the historic definition of the Immaculate Conception, of the Infallibility, or the Vatican Decrees, which men like Gladstone misinterpreted, and many Protestants misunderstand. Hence, we could hardly admit that such mention in itself constitutes a violation of fairness, or even of good taste. As for the possible misinterpretation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, we quite agree with "A Teacher" that ignorance on the subject is common enough. To the non-Catholic mind, the ideas of the Immaculate Motherhood and of the perpetual virginity are, of course, naturally allied.

THE AGE OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The various views expressed by recent scholars in philology regarding the confusion or separation of languages mentioned in the Book of Genesis, have somewhat altered the general aspect and position occupied of old by the Bible as the most ancient product of a complete national literature. The old rabbins maintained the tradition that the Hebrew language was the earliest form of phonetic and articulate utterance in which man held converse with God and his fellows, and that the Hebrew Bible was the first set of written documents, historical as well as religious and revealed, whose character-forms man had been taught by God on Mount Sinai. Moses had thus not only learnt the script used in the writing of the Law from the tablets on which the finger of God had traced the Ten Commandments, but he had in turn instructed Josue and the scribes in the art by which the first foundation of Hebrew and all subsequent literary expression was laid.

As a matter of fact the Books of the Old Testament represent not only practically all that we know of Hebrew literature, but are at the same time the most complete and perfect digest of ancient writings in existence, although there are some fragmentary evidences of similar writings, such as the inscription of Siloe discovered in 1880 at Jerusalem, which carry us back some seven or eight hundred years before Christ. But whilst the sacred character and purpose of the Old Testament text have given to it a certain perfection of form, safeguarding it at the same time from

changes and mutilations or loss, preserving intact its main consistency through generations during which other literary monuments were lost and destroyed, there have come to light during late years numerous indications to show that the Hebrew was only one of several branches of a language which had had their seasons of development and brought forth a literature rich in thought and feeling. This literature exercised also its influence upon the Jewish writers who, like Moses, were directed by a divine impulse to devote their acquired knowledge of speech and writing to a more exalted and perfect utterance, that found its full expression in the Sacred Text. Thus, when St. Paul tells us that Moses was "skilled in all the knowledge of the Egyptians," we know that he must have been familiar not only with the famous literature of the *Book of the Dead*, of which "thousands of copies—some over a hundred feet long (scrolls) and with very elaborate pictures, and other brief extracts—are among the chief attractions of our museums of antiquities," but also with those sacred books enumerated in the catalogue of the library of the temple at Edfu, and the writings brought from the five pyramids opened in 1881, which date back more than a thousand years before the time of Moses. Besides this exclusively *religious* body of writings there existed an immense store of didactic, scientific, historical, legal, and poetic literature, all of which point lessons in many respects analogous to the later Mosaic code, showing that the inspiration which guided the Hebrew lawgiver taught him to use whatever was good in the older customs, albeit he purified and elevated every observance by the nobler motives which his high mission dictated. To understand this fully it would be necessary to enter into details such as are given in the works by Maspero and Wiedemann on this subject.¹

What is said of Egyptian civilization as preceding and influencing the literary expression of Hebrew thought and feeling set forth in the Old Testament writings is applicable even more to Babylonian (Semitic as well as the earlier Sumerian) culture. Loftus, Taylor, Sarzec, and, most of all, Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania, have by their explorations enriched the

¹ The English translation, *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians*, of Wiedemann's *Religion der Ägypter* is better than the original edition, having been newly revised.

ancient records of Babylonian literature, which carries us back without doubt about three thousand years before Abraham emigrated from Chaldea. These contain not only sacred poems similar in many expressions to the Davidic psalms, but also the epos of the Creation, upon lines closely suggestive of the order in the Mosaic Pentateuch; likewise the Story of the Deluge, and numerous legends which indicate that many of the facts which Moses recorded and preserved under the divine inspiration had been kept as sacred traditions from the earliest times, though they were naturally corrupted and mingled with fable among those who did not follow the direct divine guidance, as in the case of Abraham and the patriarchs.

Whilst therefore we may not claim that the Hebrew Bible represents the oldest literature in the world, or that the Hebrew tongue is the earliest form of speech conveying to later generations the history of man's creation and of his wanderings under the special guidance of God, it nevertheless stands out as the sacred vehicle which carries that knowledge in most trustworthy fashion, because it is the direct medium by which the inheritance bequeathed to Moses and his people has come to us. All other and earlier literatures gather around it and make it of central interest, inasmuch as they lead up to, confirm, and explain the details of its vital messages. "The ancient culture of the East was preëminently a literary one," says Prof. A. H. Sayce, who is well qualified to speak on the subject. "We have learnt that long before the days of Moses, or even Abraham, there were books and libraries, readers and writers; that schools existed in which all the arts and sciences of the day were taught, and that even a postal service had been organized from one end of Western Asia to the other. The world into which the Hebrew patriarchs were born, and of which the book of Genesis tells us, was permeated with a literary culture whose roots went back to an antiquity of which, but a short time ago, we could not have dreamed. There were books in Egypt and Babylonia long before the Pentateuch was written; the Mosaic age was in fact an age of a widely extended literary activity, and the Pentateuch was one of the latest fruits of long centuries of literary growth."²

² *Introd. to the Book of Genesis.*

If this subverts some of our traditional notions about the Hebrew literature, it does so only because we had no means of studying the past such as we have gained through the spirit of travel and exploration for historic and scientific purposes. It does not alter our faith or our reverence for the Bible, for the things therein taught remain the same sacred truths which God's inspiration has vouchsafed from the beginning. We may learn to understand some of the things in a way different from that which we were taught or which we fancied. But these are not of the essence of the things which God teaches through the Bible; and the Catholic who follows the interpretation and teaching of the Church (which does not mean every teacher in the Church), will find no obstacle in any statement that comes with her authoritative sanction. The Bible still remains for every intelligent Catholic the inspired truth of God; and the more he studies facts of ancient history, the more will he become convinced of this truth.

VILE BOOKS AND THE LITERARY HAWKERS.

Some one asks us: "What of a Rev. Mr. Crowley's book, which, under the title of *The Parochial School*, is being heralded by the journals as a revelation of Catholic iniquity which has long been secretly abroad in the land? I had supposed it to be one of those sensational insolences into which men who have disgraced their clerical calling are apt to break out when they have been repudiated by their superiors; but in a number of the *Independent* just shown me by a friend, I see the book noticed in all seriousness. Has the writer of the book any standing whatever, which could lend credit to his utterances, even assuming that he feels it necessary to separate himself from belief in and obedience to Catholic authority?"

We answer: It is not necessary to know anything of the past career of Mr. Crowley to warn the discerning and clean-minded reader that a book which is made up of such grossly offensive attacks, scurrilous insinuations, and indecent vulgarities, strung upon generalities, and supported by partial truths and isolated facts which may or may not be as stated by one who seems to glory in his disgrace, is unworthy of notice. That the daily, and especially the "yellow," journals, in their search after sensational news, would make a "feature" of such books is not strange; as for the sectarian press, it is to be expected that it should

repeat the old calumnies under every accessible pretext. The *Independent*, though rarely foul-feeding in the grosser sense of the word, sometimes lets the ignorant, as in this instance, speak through its columns. In its case, it may be said that where one hates instinctively, one is often innocently credulous. The writer, moreover—not Dr. Ward, we are sure—betrays such utter ignorance of the very first principles of the Catholic theology to which he ostentatiously refers, that one must doubt his ability to comprehend the truth, were we to take the trouble to point out the erroneousness of his jaunty statements about Catholic belief and Catholic morals. “Published by the author” would suggest that no respectable publishing firm could be found in this broad and tolerant land to put its imprint on the above book.

A COMET'S MOTION.

(Communicated.)

A writer upon recent science, in the “Student’s Library Table” of the January issue (page 94), speaking of Encke’s Comet, and referring to its “very brilliant caudal appendage,” says: “It must not be forgotten that this is a misnomer, and that the tail is really in front of the comet in its course, or at least points toward the sun.” Leaving aside some exceptional cases, the statement that “the tail is really in front of the comet in its course” is true only when referred to that half of the comet’s orbit in which the comet has passed perihelion, and is, consequently, *receding from the sun* on its way to aphelion; from which point to the next perihelion passage the luminous train streams out *behind* the comet, and, therefore, constitutes a “caudal appendage” in the usual sense of that term.

Instead, moreover, of the general principle indicated, namely, that the tail (always) “points toward the sun,” even the most recent authors are agreed that the exact opposite is the truth, and that this is the reason why at the perihelion point the train swings round, *away from the sun*, and in this position precedes the head until aphelion is reached.

The exceptional cases intimated above are those in which the tail at times describes a considerable curve in the direction in which the comet is moving, and sometimes even forms a right angle with a line joining the sun and the centre of the comet’s head. But even here, it will be seen that the train does not extend in the direction of the sun.

TYRO.

SECRET SOCIETIES AMONG CATHOLICS.

There are some misconceptions current among Catholics regarding the nature of the societies whose members pledge themselves to secrecy, when they profess at the same time to be faithful communicants of the Church. It should be understood that the obligation to observe secrecy concerning the deliberations or transactions of a society or corporation, does not constitute a note which renders such a society forbidden, unless the secrecy imposed upon a member is *absolute*, so that it may not be revealed to even those who have a natural or divine right to the loyalty and honest service of their subjects. Thus societies of Catholics who combine for the promotion of some worthy object, might find it advisable to keep secret their deliberations, just as bankers in their financial operations, or officers of the army, observe secrecy, lest those who could injure their common interests or take advantage of their position, might anticipate and frustrate their legitimate plans of promoting their corporate welfare. But this necessity of observing a secret can never extend toward those in proper authority, such as the rulers of religious or civil society, whose object it is to safeguard the interests of their subjects. If the State is to protect its citizens against injustice, it must have the means to discover the perpetrators of such injustice, a means which it would be deprived of by a society that could carry out its purposes of uncontrolled right or wrong, in the dark, or withdraw its members from the responsibility which they owe, as subjects and parts of society, to the law. The same holds good in a more emphatic way with regard to the Church, constituted to direct not only the external acts of religious worship, but also the consciences of its members. Both, the Church and the State, have a prior and a superior right to the exactions of civil and religious responsibility, which no private organization can undo or override by restraining the just freedom of its members to the possible disadvantage of the civil or religious community.

This applies likewise to the duty of loyalty, which implies obedience to law, and which may never be so constrained within any private circle by absolute pledge of fealty to a private society as to withdraw itself from the obligation of observing the precepts of the authority which safeguards on the one hand the common-

wealth, and on the other the moral integrity and conscientious exercise of freedom in the individual.

Hence, no allegiance can be lawful before God which pretends to control the individual so exclusively as to *take from him the right to communicate his thoughts* or to *submit his will to the legitimate authority* of the Church or the State, which protects his interests, temporal and spiritual, on condition that he is willing not only to make manifest the dangers which may threaten the commonwealth from individual malice, or negligence, or imbecility, but also to coöperate, by obedience to the common law, in the defence which authority prescribes against a common danger; and in this freedom he may not be hindered by any private society that demands his allegiance under oath.

The distinction between an oath of secrecy and obedience which is *absolute*, and a pledge of secrecy and obedience which extends *only to those who have no right, or reason to know, or to command*, is not always clearly marked in the mind and conduct of men, especially young men, who become members of organizations wherein such pledges of secrecy and loyalty are customary. And, indeed, there is danger in this confusion of principle, which would lead to a false loyalty, based upon unthinking enthusiasm, especially where a thorough knowledge of religious principles, by which the educated Catholic discriminates between his duty to God and his loyalty to his fellows, is lacking.

Bishop Harkins, of Providence, has well defined this distinction in a recent address to the Knights of Columbus, which contains at the same time a note of friendly warning to the members of the organization, in whose loyalty the Bishop has full confidence. He bids the members keep guard, and rightly to understand their compact of secrecy. "There is great danger," he says, "when total secrecy is imposed. Any society that will not reveal its secrets to proper authority, when required, is a danger to the State. History proves the truth of this statement." Turning to the subject of absolute submission in advance, and by oath, to the dictates of an unknown superior, in the name of the society, whether for good or for evil, Bishop Harkins says:—

"Another pitfall is blind obedience to those who govern. Authority and its correlative obedience are necessary to society. But no obedience directed against Church and civil authority is permissible.

There is a higher law, the moral law, contrary to which no society can claim any authority. It is only societies recognizing the binding force of the moral law that can have the blessing of the Church. Such societies will always have her approval in formal documents. And if the Knights will be faithful to the Church and State, the Church will be ever ready to prosper their order. The Knights have been most faithful heretofore, and there is no reason for believing that they will not continue as in the past."

Referring to these words of the Bishop one of the representative Knights at the banquet of the Society pointed to the safeguards which the Order has in its Constitution: there is a clause in the Constitution of the Knights of Columbus by which they are enjoined to reveal to the civil and ecclesiastical authorities the secrets of the Order.

Some one has defined the order of the Knights of Columbus as the "repository of the chivalrous precepts of the past, in the exercise of which lies the exemplification of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man." That definition is not at all a happy one. The Knights need not seek their glory in the revival of precepts of the past, but in an observance of the precepts that are present, those of God, who speaks to His children through the Church and the State. We take it that what the Knights of Columbus aim at is a revival of the *spirit* in which the knights of the ages of chivalry observed and defended those laws that are ever binding and present. It is the spirit of loyalty, of heroic courage, of chivalrous honor and love of truth, which characterized the Catholic knights of old, and which the true Knights of Columbus will seek to emulate. And the eternal laws are shaped into right application to present circumstances by present precepts of Church and State, which, if obeyed in the spirit of ancient chivalry, prompt actions that bind us to God, through true charity to our fellows.

Thus our Knights take their precepts from the present; but the noble spirit in which they observe these precepts, they take from the past, creating a high-minded consciousness that acts upon enlightened conviction in the manner of the early Christian chevaliers, who were proud of the Cross, even to the shedding of their blood in its defence against the Saracen with his crescent.

Criticisms and Notes.

HERALDS OF REVOLT. Studies in Modern Literature and Dogma. By William Barry, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1904.

The individual Catholic student of art and literature, however broad his sympathies or sensitive his appreciation, must, like the Church from whom he receives his highest ideals, stand for definite principles, amidst the clash of opinions and the bewildering variety of specious views on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good,—the dazzling sight of the “ten thousand banners” that “rise into the air with Orient colors waving.” To such Dr. Barry’s *Heralds of Revolt*, in the epigraph of which these words are quoted, will be a guide and an encouragement. Others will, of course, dismiss it with remarks, assumed to be axiomatic, on the impossible attitude of the critic who would be dogmatically religious and yet artistic. But no such necessary contradiction exists for those who hold that a true philosophy of life is also a complete one, and bears on art and literature as on every other manifestation of the human spirit.

The book consists of papers reprinted from the *Dublin and Quarterly Reviews*. The subjects cover a wide range of English, French, and German literature, and the connecting link is the spirit and purpose of the author. It might be expected that the figures depicted for us would lose some of their roundness in being brought into line, according to an abstract idea; but the author has the novelist’s gift of realizing and vivifying his characters. And thus the most varied personalities live afresh for us in his pages. “Hence we pause in front of these pictures, taking them one by one, each for its own sake, subdued by the miracle of a mind which has found unique expression in color, tone, harmony, never again to be repeated” (Preface, p. viii).

The opening chapter, on “The Genius of George Eliot,” and that on Heine, are excellent examples amongst others of Dr. Barry’s skill and sympathy in literary appreciation. But these qualities are, so to say, incidental; at all events, they are subsidiary to the main purpose. This is, in the words of the preface, to bring the new philosophy and the old religion face to face, and “we pass from considerations which

bear chiefly on literature to the first great question, 'What is the meaning of life?' "

There is a certain amount of repetition in the answer, as was perhaps inevitable in expounding the same idea with reference to kindred, though different, subjects, and in essays written at different times. The biographical method is largely used to elucidate the views of the men of letters under discussion; and the sketches of Pierre Loti, J. A. Symonds, and Friedrich Nietzsche, may perhaps be singled out as instances where this is done with particularly good effect. Pantheism, agnosticism, neo-paganism are discredited, not only in their tendencies, but as well in their actual effects on the lives of typical representatives. But the essays are too various to be summed up in general terms.

To George Eliot her high place in literature is fully conceded; but her tenderness, her humor, her insight into life and character, her vivid reproduction of past and present, her winning and striking qualities, surely call all the more for the author's reservations on the mere humanitarianism, especially of her later works.

The study of "John Inglesant" does full justice to the beauties of that "hybrid," which "combines romance with metaphysics, and false with true, in proportions out of the common" (p. 31); and the critic has, of course, easy play with that embodiment of traditional Jesuitism entitled Fr. St. Clare, and the whole gloomy misrepresentation of Catholicism.

Carlyle is drawn in his rugged sincerity, strength, and unconquerable gloom. His new gospel, like that of his master, Goethe, is shown to be but a part of the old, and the eliminations to be due to his Calvinistic training. "If we are to speak of religious teachers, and to be guided by their words, let us never forget that the absolute teaching, as is confessed on all hands, remains that of Christ" (p. 74). "This great and noble spirit did not know Christ. In this way he fell short of the standard of truth, and eclipsed the light of his fellows. He sank to the level of a heathen stoic" (p. 73).

In the fourth essay, we have the pathetic, astonishing, by turns alluring and repellant, figure of Amieh. The strange reality of the metaphysical dreams in which he lived, acting like an opiate, unfitted him for action. He himself anticipates the verdict of the critic, that he has the maximum of culture and the minimum of will and character. He is an "apostle of Nirvana." "As devoid of self-will as the most ascetic Hindu," he passed through "the pilgrimage, so often described,

which, beginning with spiritual recollection, ascends to rapturous heights, and ends too commonly in despair and madness" (p. 107). With him it ended in a melancholy pantheism.

The poet Heine "was all impulse, regret, and longing. Life denied him that which he sought, and he could not rise to a philosophy of renunciation" (pp. 140-141). He "came forward as the poet of freedom, who would acknowledge no standard but his momentary feeling, no tradition except for the ends of art . . ." (p. 145). "A blythe Paganism, instead of Christianity with its Golgotha, was to be his theme" (p. 147). In his early and late poems alike, "all is impulse, indulged or thwarted, still hoping to satisfy itself, if only with the husks of the 'Hegelian swine,' or furious and despairing, when the senses which ministered to it in the heyday of the blood are paralyzed and no longer obey its call" (p. 155). He was "a musical soul, which in better times, or in heroic obedience to the faith it scorned, might have filled its generation with melody, kindled hope, lightened a thousand hearts, and drawn to itself unspeakable love and veneration" (p. 156). But he misunderstood Christianity, and "one thing he has proved to evidence,—that genius without principle acts only as a chaotic force. And a second is, that no mere Hellenism will save the world" (p. 157).

The three chapters on French novelists (The Modern French Novel, French Realism and Decadence, Pierre Loti) are too full of matter to allow of detailed description; but one short quotation will indicate their general drift. The critic finds common features in the varied personalities of these writers. "Negatively, they are not controlled by that reason which discerns the laws of life, morality, and the Divine Presence in the world. Positively, they write under the pressure of passion and instinct" (p. 224). The chapter on Loti, whose place is apart, is one of the most charming appreciations in the book.

The attempted revival of Greek ideals, dealt with in the chapters on Neo-Paganism, and Latter-Day Pagans, is thus summed up: "The intoxication and the awakening, the defiance which modulates into despair, and the despair which would fain lose itself in a never-ending whirl of passion,—these are notes of a significant and widespread movement in our time which has been called the New Paganism" (p. 272).

Neo-Classicism and Neo-Paganism are traced from the hard-working pioneers of the study of antiquity—Hinckelmann, Lessing, Wolff—to their developments in the calm and cheerful Goethe; in

the French "artist" Gautier, to whom are applied Pater's words, that the artist "will have gradually sunk his intellectual and spiritual ideas in sensuous form" (p. 280). In Leconte de Lisle they become melancholy and disillusionment; the study of beauty of form develops into the opposite extreme of morbid curiosity in Baudelaire; in still later writers the movement results in defiance and blank denial. This essay contains, in its concluding pages, some striking words on the strides of immorality and infidelity toward substituting themselves for a religious creed in modern France; and distinguishes the different elements in Hellenism, contrasting the spirit of the noblest pagans, whose lives were "the true preparation of the Gospel" (p. 335), with that of the modern Neo-Pagans. Of Symonds and Pater we read: "And yet these two famous Humanists recanted!—the one by casting literature and art from him as inferior to the meanest action, the other by leading his Cyrenian youth along paths of sympathy and self-denial into the communion of saints and martyrs" (p. 342).

The essay on Nietzsche is a powerful exposition of destructive criticism leading to unbelief, unbelief to pessimism, pessimism to the establishment of self-assertion as the only law, the whole mode of thought ending in madness for its author.

The book is not all negative, but furnishes, incidentally, many positive arguments for Christianity. The historical Catholic Church is beautifully described in the chapter on "John Inglesant"; the question of miracles is lucidly treated in that on Carlyle; of "Marius the Epicurean" we are told that in his life-long wanderings "there is not one pearl of price, one element holding of the beautiful, that he is told to cast away on entering the Christian temple" (p. 335).

The conclusion, indicated in the Preface, is that "revolt to the ideals of anarchy is contrasted with obedience to the Master of the Beatitudes" (Preface, p. viii). The Christian ideals are no vague ideals, "but ascertained and ascertainable experience. Life is an art too complex for any rule but one, and that is the Imitation of Christ" (p. 380).

M. R.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE. Considerations and Meditations for Boys.
By Herbert Lucas, S.J. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co. (St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.) 1904. Pp. 298.

The limitations of page-space forbid our doing more than simply recommend here these admirable discourses addressed by Father Lucas to the boys at Stonyhurst College. They deal with the ordinary topics,

—the Presence of God ; Vocation ; Repentance ; Preparation for Death ; My Crucifix ; the Sacred Heart ; etc. But there are also subjects which one meets more rarely in such books,—Good Work for Willing Workers ; Self-Conquest ; John Henry Newman ; etc.—which intimate that the thoughts and ways are often new and made attractive by the form in which the teacher puts them before the young mind. Father Lucas speaks to the heart, and his voice is borne upon the spiritual wheels of pleasant imagery and simple logic, both enough to fascinate any boy.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Bindweed: Nellie Blissett. *Smart Set*. \$1.50.

The recent fall of the Servian reigning house is the culmination of this story, in which places and persons are but slightly disguised by change of names, and some very great Russian personages are treated with astonishing frankness. The late Queen is the "bindweed," the creeper which, innocently carrying out the law of its nature, destroys everything to which it clings, the three men who love her being her victims. The book is unsuitable for girls' reading, although written as delicately as may be.

Captain Amyas: Dolf Wyllarde. *Lane*. \$1.50.

The chief character is a brute with no human graces, and the entire book is devoted to description of his brutishness.

Divorce: Paul Bourget. *Scribner*. \$1.50.

The divorced heroine's secular union with a man whom she loves is happy for some years in spite of her alienation from the Church, but in swift succession she finds herself separated from her daughter about to make her first Communion ; from her son deter-

mined to marry a woman of irregular life and insolently asserting her equality with his mother; and from the man whose name she bears, inasmuch as he refuses, when her husband dies, to submit himself to the Church and to marry her. The author does not preach; he merely exhibits the logical consequences of certain acts.

Dr. Tom: John Williams Streeter.
Macmillan. \$1.50.

The hero, placed in an entirely lawless community, shows himself a better shot and as good a fighter as any of its members, and he becomes its leader on the road to civilization, enticing it by a hundred wiles. In his hour of triumph, he is shot while trying to save the life of a comparatively worthless person, and his death is the logical result of his killing two men in self-defence at the moment of his entrance upon the scene. The story is excellently constructed.

Falaise of the Blessed Voice:
William Stearns Davis. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

St. Louis, Blanche of Castile, and Eleanor of Provence are chief characters, and the time is the moment when the king renounces his submissive attitude to his mother and assumes the government of the kingdom. Falaise is a blind girl who plays good genius to the king and queen, and circumvents the rebel De Coucy and his daughter. A Nuptial Mass said "in the dying twilight" is an innovation, innocently introduced by the author.

Farm of the Dagger: Eden Philpotts. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

Two Dartmoor farmers of the early nineteenth century are the chief personages, and the book relates their deadly antipathy and the love of their children. It is a grim tale and its picture of the Americans in the war prison does not lighten it.

Food of the Gods: H. G. Wells.
Scribner. \$1.50.

England with a little brood of giants and giantesses just coming into maturity, and disposed to claim the right to a comfortable, happy existence, is the scene of this fantasy. The discovery of an intensely stimulating food accounts for the giants, and also for swarms and packs of enormous insects, and vermin, that appear from time to time. The tale is well-imagined, and some of its passages are as full of horror as can possibly be desired.

Genevra: Charles Marriott. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

The story of a woman who sacrifices her own wishes to the happiness of her brother, and of a man whose anxiety to preserve the calm necessary to the full development of his artistic gift. Her self-sacrifice is fruitless, and by the time the man wishes to marry she has taught herself indifference.

Good of the Wicked: Owen Kildare. *Baker.* \$0.75.

The author sets forth in description and anecdote the good which is done by the criminal and half criminal and ably defends

them from the charge of speaking the dialect manufactured for them by certain authors.

Greselda: Marion E. Gray. *Turner*. \$1.00.

A brief story written by a very young girl, telling of an unloved child's conquest of her unsympathetic aunt and of her adventures in preparing Christmas pleasures for certain poor folk. Its interest is chiefly that which attaches to the unexpected, but its frank simplicity is an interesting study for the teacher of girls.

Her Fiance: Josephine Daskam. *Altamus*. \$1.00.

Stories of college girls, the first of whom, an unscrupulous coquette, ruins a man's life for the sake of an hour's amusement; a second, whose friends think that she has nothing to do; a third, who refuses to be made unhappy by her sister's foolish jealousy, and a fourth who ably assists her uncle's love affairs.

Hills of Freedom: Joseph Sharts. *Doubleday*. \$1.50.

A view of the working of the underground railroad, and of one of its most remarkable black conductors, shares the interest of this book with a love comedy in which a helpless veteran effects the willing marriage of his son and ward in spite of their preliminary refusals and repulsion.

Little Miss Dee: Roswell Field. *Revell*. \$1.00.

The heroine is the last of a race in which there is a prophecy that one of its scions shall perform

a great deed. She unwittingly fulfils it by behavior of almost superhuman unselfishness, but dies regarded by those who know her as a species of simpleton.

Millionaire Baby: Anna Katharine Green. *Bobbs*. \$1.50.

A detective story describing the theft of a child rich in her own right and having a rich father. The reader has the clue to the thief, almost from the beginning, but is bewildered as to the motive.

Modern Composers of Europe: Arthur Elson. *Page*. \$1.60 net.

Living composers' names are included in the list of those whose biographies are given and work described in this volume, so that as far as European music is concerned, it serves the purpose of "Who's Who?" and the "Dictionary of Biography." It is illustrated by thirty portraits, and is bound as a gift-book.

Mountains: Steward Edward White. *McClure*. \$1.50 net.

Desultory articles describing the mountain regions of the Far West, and those who live in them, either in a settled habitation or in constant movement; they are interesting studies, abounding in anecdote, and are well illustrated.

Nostromo: Joseph Conrad. *Harpers*. \$1.50.

A curious study of the rise and fall of an unlearned but able man, living in a land of chronic revolutions and political corruption. Uncertainty slowly gnaws

away his sense of honor, the repeated contemplation of immense thefts weakens his honesty, and his end is destruction.

Pages from a Country Diary:
Percival Somers. *Arnold*.
\$1.50.

The diarist hunts, visits, meets interesting persons who tell good stories, makes some pleasant observations in natural history, and constructs a book more interesting than most novels, and giving a good view of the country-life of a man of position and means.

My Literary Career: Mme. Adam. *Appleton*. \$2.50.

A straightforward story with few reservations, unfit for youth, because of its adoption of the morals of a certain circle in the Third Republic as normal. It is curious, but so logical is the French mind that common knowledge of the persons mentioned will enable one to guess at half the contents of the book, and it is less necessary to the student than many English biographies of personages of less consequence.

Quest of John Chapman: Newell D. Hillis. *Macmillan*. \$1.50.

A rather long story of the early years of the Ohio valley settlements, the whole serving as a background for the real and wise doings of John Chapman, who not only planted fruit orchards but persuaded his neighbors to do the same, and in his old age went about planting apple-seeds everywhere. It is worth reading as a record of a beneficent life, and as a picture of simple manners.

River's Children: Ruth McEnergy Stuart. *Century*. \$1.25.

A series of studies showing some of the personages, white and black, peculiar to the region of the lower Mississippi, their character and acts being delicately modified by the phenomena of the river. The author skilfully avoids the obvious temptations to exaggerate and to imitate French work of a similar character.

Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten:
Oliver Herford. *Scribner*.
\$1.00.

Very funny quatrains, solemnly describing the kitten's feelings during certain perfectly normal incidents recorded in admirable pictures. Her philosophy is quite as good as that of many imitators of Omar.

Scroggins: John Uri Lloyd. *Dodd*. \$1.50.

A short story published in the decorated holiday fashion, but very simple in itself. Its hero inherits a fortune, of which he is at a loss to dispose, either for his own benefit or for that of any other person, and so he goes back to his original work of driving a stage coach.

Three Dukes: G. Ystridde. *Putnam*. \$1.50.

The seamy side of character and life in the Russian upper class is shown in this book not with any imitation of the French or Russian literary manner, but in accordance with the conventions of English literature. The eccentricities displayed are amazing, but there is no apparent exagger-

ation. The story classes itself with the writings of Miss Hapgood in giving an impression of Russian life, without the conventional police in the foreground.

Unpardonable War: James Barnes. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

The author uses many of the

actual occurrences of the spring of 1898, and almost exactly describes the conduct of certain newspapers, while relating the history of a supposititious war with Great Britain, deliberately caused by interested speculators, writers and politicians. The gist scarcely passes the bound of possibility.

Literary Chat.

An Australasian subscriber to THE DOLPHIN sends us the following clipping from a *Sydney* morning paper: "The New Zealand Government has just issued a unique proclamation, which places on record the first instance of a single sea-fish being specially protected by law. This favored specimen is the *dolphin*, known to mariners and travellers as Pelorus Jack. It was believed to be a beluga, or white whale, but recent investigations proved it to be a Risso's dolphin (*Grampus griseus*). It has become famous for its habit of escorting vessels through the French Pass in Cook Strait, where it was first noticed fifty years ago, and as it never fails to turn up, and always keeps to the deep water, mariners have come to regard it as an effective pilot. Others who can claim an intimate acquaintance with Jack say that he keeps a look-out for passing ships, because he has found them convenient for rubbing the barnacles off himself. At all events, mariners here and in New Zealand are delighted that their marine pet has been placed under the protecting wing of the law. Pelorus is one of the sights of New Zealand, and travellers from this side show their interest in him by keeping a sharp look-out for his appearance when passing through the Straits." The New Zealanders are said to be the best educated community in the world; that is, they have the most efficient public-school system; and though Catholics are only about fifteen per cent. of the entire population, they maintain excellent primary and high schools of their own throughout the island; accordingly their appreciation of THE DOLPHIN is not merely confined to the fish species.

Mr. Francis Deming Hoyt writes a rather instructive preface to his recently published translation of Montalembert's *Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, in which he touches upon the singular phenomenon of the difficulty experienced by the average educated Protestant in understanding Catholic devotion and Catholic loyalty. It is a theme upon which Montalembert's own elaborate introduction to his biographical sketch of the Saint sheds strong light. Montalembert was a man of singularly broad sentiment, which is perhaps due to the fact that he had an English mother and was himself born in England. His father had served in the English army in Egypt, India, and Spain; and when the boy had attained the age which made him capable of cultivating a taste for art, he accompanied his parents to Stuttgart where he acquired his ready knowledge of German. With all this his temperament was

wholly French and the enthusiasm as well as the nobility of his Poitou ancestry colored all his actions and aspirations. His singularly deep convictions on religious subjects, paired with a childlike loyalty to Holy Church, made him none the less capable of putting himself in a tolerant position toward those outside the fold who were sincere in their prejudices.

The charge has been made against Montalembert that he openly opposed the intended dogmatical definition of Papal Infallibility. This is true; he believed as men like Newman, Dupanloup, Gratry, and Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick did at the time, that such a declaration would strengthen the sceptical attitude of liberal Catholics in Europe, and prevent that general tolerance which humanly speaking seemed to be a necessary condition for the spread of the faith. But if we duly weigh the known motives of Montalembert in this question, we can only admire the sincerity of the man which by no means lacked the loyalty of submission such as Fénelon displayed when he read his own condemnation from the pulpit of his Cathedral. Only a week after the letter in which he set forth his views had been written, the Countess de Merode led Montalembert to speak of the subject of Papal Infallibility, and, seeing his reluctance to be convinced, she had asked him point blank: "And what would you do if the Council with the Pope were actually to define Papal Infallibility as a dogma?" He answered in the gentlest tones: "O then of course I should simply believe it!" There is still need of a good biography of Montalembert from an able Catholic pen. We have indeed Mrs. Oliphant's finely written memoir in two volumes, from which Madame Craven made her matchless biographical sketch; but neither as an historical estimate nor as an intimate life story do these accounts pretend to give the satisfaction which the noble figure of this Catholic statesman, historian, and litterateur, justly claims.

A writer in the current *Dublin Review* who signs himself "J. C.," reads Dr. Alexander MacDonald a severe lecture for publishing his book, *The Symbol of the Apostles*, without having consulted the various Catholic and non-Catholic authorities who have written on the same subject. It is true that Dr. MacDonald could probably have enlarged his reading, and perhaps also his views regarding matters in which other men differ from him; but that may also be said of his critic, who certainly knows more of names than of things. We doubt that any but a very much insulated scholar would make so much of a misprinted Greek letter, for which nobody thinks of blaming an author, as does this generous London censor; and it is somewhat amusing to find him gravely inform the readers of the *Dublin Review* that in once making use of the expression 'tell that to the marines' "Dr. MacDonald of course means the horse-marines."

Mr. W. S. Lilly in his recent volume entitled *Studies in Religion and Literature* (Chapman and Hall, London), gives as a note to the chapter on "The Theory of the Ludicrous" a letter from J. C. Covert, of Cleveland, Ohio, addressed to the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. In this epistle the writer protests against the statement made by Mr. Lilly that the North American Indians are destitute of all sense of the ludicrous, and in support of his contention cites several incidents from

accounts of the missionaries in Canada to show the contrary to be the fact. Among other things he relates how some Indians, noting the anxiety of the Jesuit Father Paul le Jeune to learn their language, volunteered to instruct him. They gravely told him a number of terms and expressions representing apparently sacred names and then induced him to speak to their tribe. When he came to preach after careful preparation what he believed to be an exposition of certain truths of faith, he found the Indians wild with mirth and loud laughter, encouraging him to go on. To his dismay he discovered soon after that his wily instructors had taught him to say the most ridiculous things, making sport of his simplicity, until they began to realize the good Father's mission.

In his translation from the Latin of the apocryphal *Gospel of the Childhood of our Lord*, Mr. Henry Greene speaks of Our Blessed Lady as the "divine Mary." This is a mistranslation which ought to be noted because it gives non-Catholics an occasion for misunderstanding traditional Catholic devotion and honor paid to the Mother of the God-Man. The Latin is *diva*, which takes its meaning from the manner in which the classical writers applied the term to the heroes whom their contemporaries desired to canonize after death. Thus they speak of the *Divus Antoninus*, or of the *Divus Hadrianus*, because they wished to indicate that these emperors would after their death receive divine honors, which of course could not make them God in the sense that they were not still creatures. In like manner Christian writers speak of "Divus Thomas," etc., which, as always when it occurs in connection with the saints or heroes of the Christian Church, means "holy."

Miss F. M. Steele (Darley Dale), whose different books, dealing with early monastic subjects, show her to have a decided preference for mediæval and mystic erudition, has an interesting paper on religious conditions in Thibet in the January number of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, in which she compares Buddhist monasticism with Catholicism. The article recalls the famous Abbé Huc's *Travels in Thibet*, as well as his *History of Catholicity in those regions of Middle Asia* which are just now the field of political and military contests, and where it is hoped Christian civilization will soon obtain permanent foothold.

An almost forgotten volume, and one which deserves to be reprinted for the special use of preachers and lovers of the Blessed Sacrament, is "*Eucharistic Hours, or Devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament of the Wise and of the Simple in all times.*" It is a collection of gems from the treasury of the Church's doctrine and the deep mines of her history. We are reminded of its existence by the fact that, although the work was published twenty years ago (Washbourne, London), the author of it appears in the present number of the REVIEW, as the writer of the Introduction to *Mary and the Church Militant*, in conjunction with Father Philpin, of the London Oratory. From the same pen we have *Legends of the Blessed Sacrament*, published anonymously, and *Mary, the Perfect Woman*, as well as *Mary and Mankind*, which appeared serially in THE DOLPHIN last year.

The current *North American Review* (Harpers) has an article by Mark Twain in which the American humorist deals seriously with the question of limited copyright. Our laws do not protect the privileges of original authorship or ownership of literary products after a lapse of forty-two years, during which period the application for authorized registry has to be renewed at least once. In view of the fact that the popularity of literary works is in the first instance dictated by professional log-rolling, personal correlations with the wire-pulling brotherhood or with the press-organs, it frequently happens that works of superior merit, but devoid of the aptitude and opportunities for creating artificial sensation, remain in comparative obscurity until the sober judgment of later critics gives to them due meed of recognition. Then when the author or his children are at length on the point of obtaining a tardy remuneration, the law steps in to declare that the right of accepting the merited earning has been forfeited.

The Messrs. Benziger Brothers announce a series of articles on Modern Christian Art, from the pen of Dr. Albert Kuhn, to appear in their monthly magazine, beginning with the March number. There is probably no better living authority on this particular branch of ecclesiastical knowledge, which appeals to a large number of priests and religious, engaged in the decoration of churches and chapels, than the eminent Swiss Benedictine, with whose works in different departments of the history, technique, and æsthetics of Catholic art, scholars and artists are familiar. It is a good thing to popularize such knowledge in America, where there is not generally found the traditional great estimate of such information, but where it is needed. Dr. Kuhn's training as professor of sciences for many years has given a particular force and accuracy of statement to his exposition.

From the *Spectator* (London) we take the following verses of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson :—

CAROL.

Sweet Babe, new-born
On earth again,
Each Christmas-morn
To dwell with men ;

Though my hands hold
No precious things—
Nor myrrh nor gold
Of Eastern kings ;

Though I've no part
In gold or gem,
Make Thou my heart
Thy Bethlehem.

At the same time we find the *Tablet* (London) quoting Mr. Belloc's pretty story in verse of the Christ Child :—

When Jesus Christ was four years old,
The angels brought Him toys of gold,
Which no man ever had bought or sold.
And yet with these He would not play.
He made Him small fowl out of clay,
And blessed them till they flew away.

Tu creasti, Domine.

Jesus Christ, Thou Child so wise,
 Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
 And bring my soul to Paradise.

Equally melodious is the following lullaby, which, in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's translation, is printed with the Latin, as a motto to Mr. Greene's version of the apocryphal Gospel of the Holy Childhood :

Sleep, sweet Babe ! my cares beguiling :
 Mother sits beside Thee smiling ;
 Sleep, my Darling, tenderly ;
 If Thou sleep not, mother mourneth :
 Come, soft slumber, balmily !

LATIN.

Dormi, Jesu ! mater ridet
 Quae tam dulcem somnum videt,
 Dormi, Jesu ! blandule !
 Si non dormis, mater plorat,
 Inter fila cantans orat,
 Blande, veni, somnule !

George Meredith, in the preface to *The Tragic Comedians*, states regretfully that Americans have too much common sense. He thinks that we are exceptionally practical, that we have an "unshakable faith in coal and comfort," but that there is also in us a lamentable lack of enthusiasm. This is the reason why we have produced fewer geniuses than any other nation of first or second rate ; for, whilst we are the most inventive, we are, also, the most mechanical people on earth.

Says a writer in *Harper's Weekly* : "Professor Matthews, of the Chicago University, was lately reported as declaring to his class in physiological chemistry, that "certain chemical substances, coming together under certain conditions, do, and are bound to, produce life, no matter what theologians may say. Why drag in the theologians? All that an intelligent, modern theologian would care to say is, that God is everywhere, and the creative energy penetrates, and is coextensive with, all substances. Professor Matthews may be a better chemist than theologian, but if his chemistry is sound, it can vex no sound theology."

Charles Dickens, speaking from a full heart, somewhere mentions the "profoundly unreasonable grounds on which an editor is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been at school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew when that interesting stranger had broken his own." Thackeray resigned the editorship of the *Cornhill* (his pet magazine) on account of the pain he endured from the inevitable necessity of rejecting appeals, not less unreasonable and far more pitiful than the fantastic pleas caricatured by Dickens.—*Journals and Journalism*, by John Oldcastle.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

THE RELATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TO MEDICINE. By the Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, A.M., LL.D., Kalamazoo, Mich. Pp. 8.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, with Relation to the Dominican Order and the Doctrine of St. Thomas. A Paper read at the Monthly Conference at St. Vincent Ferrer's Convent, New York, N. Y., on December 5, 1904, by the Rev. S. E. Anastasie, O.P.

ROSA MYSTICA. *Immaculatae tributum jubilaum. A.D. MCMIV.* The Fifteen Mysteries of the M. H. Rosary, and Other Joys, Sorrows, and Glories of Mary. Illustrated with Copies of the Rosary Frescoes of Giovanni di San Giovanni, and Other Artists. By Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: R. and T. Washbourne; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. xxii—279. Price, \$6.00.

DE CONCEPTIONE SANCTAE MARIAE. Tractatus Eadmeri Monachi Cantuariensis, olim Sancto Anselmo attributus, nunc primum integer ad codicum fidem editus, adjectis quibusdam documentis coaetaneis a P. Herb. Thurston et P. Th. Slater, S.J., sacerdotibus. Friburgi Brisg. et St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 104. Price, \$0.45.

FIRST DAYS OF JESUS. A Picture-Book for Children, with Text in Large Type. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 28. Price, \$0.15; printed on untearable linen, \$0.30.

THE FEASTS OF MOTHER CHURCH. With Hints and Helps for the Holier Keeping of Them. By Mother M. Saloine, St. Mary's Convent, The Bar, York, England. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 269. Price, \$1.25 net.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE. By the Rev. Dr. Chauvin. Translated by the Rev. J. M. Lelue. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 97. Price, \$0.30.

HANDBUCH FÜR DIE LEITER DER MARIANISCHEN KONGREGATIONEN und Sodalitäten. Zusammengestellt von Rector Johannes Dahlmann. Mit bischöfl. Approbation. Münster, Westfalen: Alphonse Buchhandlung. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. Pp. 184. Price, \$0.20.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE. Considerations and Meditations for Boys. By Herbert Lucas, S.J. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 298. Price, \$3.25.

STUDIES IN RELIGION AND LITERATURE. By William Samuel Lilly, Hon. Fellow of Cambridge. London: Chapman & Hall; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 320. Price, \$3.25.

LA VIE SPIRITUELLE. 137 Conférences dédiés aux prêtres, aux religieuses et aux personnes pieuses, par le Chanoine Toublan, chanoine titulaire, vicaire général de Châlons. Deux volumes. Paris, 10 rue Cassette: P. Lethielleux. 1904. Pp. Pome I—452; Tome II—315. Prix, 5 frs.

LITURGICAL.

OFFICIUM HEBDOMADAE MAJORIS. A dominica in Palmis usque ad Sabbatum in albis juxta Ordinem Breviarii Missalis et Pontificalis Romani. Editum cum approbatione S. Rit. Cong. Editio Tertia. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo-Eboraci, et Cincinnati: Fred. Pustet. 1905. Pp. vi—386—34. Pretium \$0.85.

NUPTIAL MASS CALENDAR FOR 1905. New York: D. P. Murphy. Pp. 16.

BLACK MASS CALENDAR FOR 1905. New York: D. P. Murphy. Pp. 16.

SCRIPTURE.

DAS BUCH DER BÜCHER. Gedanken über Lectüre und Studium der heiligen Schrift. Von P. Hildebrand Höpfl, O.S.B. Episcop. Approbat. Freiburg Brisg. und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 284. Price, \$1.00.

PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM and their Application to the Synoptic Problem. By Ernest De Witt Burton, Prof. and Head of the Department of Biblical Greek. The Decennial Publications. Printed from Vol. V. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1904. Pp. 72. Price, \$1.00.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

A SYSTEM OF METAPHYSICS. By George Stuart Fullerton, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University, New York. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1904. Pp. xii—627. Price, \$4.00 net.

DER LETZTE SCHOLASTIKER. Eine Apologie von Dr. K. Kroch. Tonning. Freiburg Brisg. und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. 227. Price, \$1.75.

AN OUTLINE OF THE THEORY OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION. With a Description of Some of the Phenomena which it Explains. By Maynard M. Metcalf, Ph.D., Professor of Biology in the Woman's College of Baltimore. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1904. Pp. xxii—204. Price, \$2.50 net.

LIFE AND ENERGY. An Attempt at a New Definition of Life; with Applications to Morals and Religion. A Revised Account of Four Addresses given at the Polytechnic Institute, Regent Street, London. By Walter Hibbert, F.I.C., A.M.I. E.E., Head of the Physics and Electrical Engineering Department of the Polytechnic Institute. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Price, 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.

GESCHICHTE DER WISSENSCHAFTLICHEN STUDIEN IM FRANCISCANER ORDEN, bis um die Mitte des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts. Von P. Dr. Hilmarin Felder, O. Cap. Lect. S. Theol. Freiburg im Brisg., und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 557. Price, \$2.85.

THE KNOW-NOTHING PARTY. A Sketch. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Washington, D. C.: The Century Press. 1905. Pp. 159. Price, \$1.25.

SOUVENIR OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN, 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 1854—1904. Boston: Angel Guardian Press. 1904. Pp. 56.

LIFE OF POPE PIUS X. By Monsignor Anton De Waal, Rector of Campo Santo, Rome. Translated and Adapted from the Second German Edition with Permission of the Author and Publisher, by Joseph William Berg, St. Francis, Wis. With 125 Illustrations. Milwaukee, Wis.: The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1904. Pp. xv—175. Price, \$1.25 net.

ZUR GESCHICHTE DES PROBABILISMUS. Historisch-kritische Untersuchung über die ersten fünfzig Jahre desselben. Von Albert Schmitt, S.J. Mit Guttheissung der kirchlichen Obrigkeit. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1904. Pp. 188. Price, \$0.50 *net*.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AND ADDRESSES OF THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, St. Louis, Mo., July 12, 1904. Published by the Association: Secretary's Office, 212 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio. Pp. 196.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CARE OF CRIPPLED AND DEFORMED CHILDREN. For the year ending September 30, 1904. Hospital located at Tarrytown, N. Y. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co. 1904. Pp. 30.

PIE X. Le Conclave de 1903—Pie X intime—Le Nouveau Pontificat. Par Julien de Narfon. Paris: Ch. Delagrave. 1904. Pp. 355.

HISTORY IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. No. 9 of *Educational Briefs*, published by the Philadelphia Diocesan School Board. January, 1905. Pp. 30.

ALBRECHT DÜRER. Sein Leben, Schaffen, und Glauben, geschildert von Dr. G. Anton Weber, o. Professor am Kgl. Lyzeum Regensburg. Mit vielen Abbildungen. Dritte, vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Regensburg, Rom, New York, und Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1903. Pp. xii+236. Price, \$0.85 *net*.

CALIFORNIA AND ITS MISSIONS. Their History to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. By Bryan J. Clinch. Two volumes: Volume I—Lower California; Volume II—Upper California. With Illustrations. San Francisco: The Whittaker and Ray Company, Inc. 1904. Pp., Volume I, 228; Volume II, 538.

LAST LETTERS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY. With an Introductory Note by the Rev. John Gray. New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. ix+158. Price, \$1.50 *net*; by mail, \$1.60.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROTHER AND SISTER. By Jean Charruau, S.J. Translated by S. T. Otten. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 381. Price, \$1.25 *net*.

FAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST, and other tales. By Mrs. Frances Chadwick. Fire-side Tales by Catholic Authors. Volume VIII, Book 4. Published for the Benefit of Poor Deaf Mutes by the Rev. M. M. Gerend, President of St. John's Institute, St. Francis, Wis. 1904. Pp. 96.

THE RULERS OF THE KINGDOM, and Other Phases of Life and Character. By Grace Keon. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 270. Price, \$1.25.

MEINE REISE NACH SCHOTTLAND. Erlebtes, Reflexionen und Phantasien. Von C. P. Bruehl. Mit fünf Illustrationen. Munster i. B.: Verlag der Alphonsus-Buchhandlung (A. Ostendorff). 1904. Pp. 224.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. *Why I Became a Catholic*, by Hon. Henry C. Dillon, Los Angeles, Cal. *The Inquisition*. An Essay. Extracted from Devivier's *Christian Apologetics*, edited by the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia S.J. Price, \$0.05. *A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms*, by the Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, S.T.L. Price, \$0.10.

O'ER OCEANS AND CONTINENTS with the Setting Sun. By Fiscar Marison. First Series. Chicago, San Francisco, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, The Philippines. Illustrated. Chicago: Calumet Publishing Company. 1904. Pp. xi+206. Price, cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.00.

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IRELAND'S UNIVERSITY.

II.

AS I have said in my last article, Irish Catholics differ in their view of the probable effects of their sons taking possession of Trinity College by pouring themselves into it,—swamping it, if you will. There are some who point to Oxford and Cambridge, where English Catholics now go, and under episcopal sanction. Naturally, the reply is made, that English Catholics are, in their country, a small minority. And then it is urged that since the Irish bishops anyway are against Trinity College, it is better to do all that is possible to obtain something else, some means of highest education for the majority now brought by secondary schools up to a university ideal which they cannot realize, and spreading themselves abroad as unhappy *manqués* and *déclassés*. That was the basis of Matthew Arnold's appeal against his English Liberals as quoted above: the Irish Catholics, he said, will not, or cannot, go to college with non-Catholics; therefore give them a university of their own; better have educated Catholics than Catholics uneducated; cease to come over us with your sayings about undenominational education; education is what we aim at; give it in whatever form is possible. To this the retort has now come that the English bishops were, not long since, just as much opposed to English Catholics going to Oxford as the Irish bishops are to Irish Catholics going to Dublin. Cardinal Newman no doubt had other thoughts; although he was even from his early days the apostle of the supernatural judging of things, and the preacher of "The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World." But Cardinal Manning was ready to lay down his life for keeping his people from his old university. It is impossible to exaggerate,

when speaking of the strength of this pleading of his,¹ against "powerful influences, . . . against the solicitations of amity and good will, . . . and the promptings of old affection." More than that, he had recommendations and decrees in his favor from Rome : against even the "establishment of Catholic Colleges at the universities" ; as being "proximate occasions of mortal sin." The Catholics, the Church said, are not to go to Oxford and Cambridge. But there they are to-day—about fifty undergraduates at Oxford—smiled on by Rome, blessed by the Church ; and their "Catholic tone beginning to tell," says a highly placed English priest ; though they have no special College, but are dispersed throughout the universities.² What has been, and may be again,—so it is murmured. Nay, it *has* been, in part, already, even in Ireland, not to speak of the recent hints alluded to above, of further change of face ; for, fifty years ago, Dr. Newman could say : "Ecclesiastical authority . . . has interposed in favor of a pure university system for Catholic youth, forbidding compromise or accommodation of any kind. Of course its decision must be heartily accepted and obeyed, and that the more, because the decision proceeds, not simply from the Bishops of Ireland, great as their authority is, but the highest authority on earth, from the Chair of Peter." The Irish bishops to-day no longer forbid a compromise : they have yielded, they say, to prejudice ; and they no longer ask a purely Catholic university. And truly, as Dr. Newman had just said :

"It is no principle with sensible men of whatever cast of opinion, to do always what is abstractedly best. Where no direct duty forbids, we may be obliged to do, as being the best under circumstances, what we murmur and rise against while we do it. We see that to attempt more is to effect less ; that we must accept so much or gain nothing ; and so perforce we reconcile ourselves to what we would have far otherwise, if we could. Thus a system of what is called secular education, in which theology and the sciences are taught separately,

¹ *The Office of the Church in Higher Catholic Education.* A Pastoral Letter. 1885.

² "The Roman Catholic community, despite the splendid church built by the late Mrs. Lyon Stephens, is not believed to be strong in mere numbers ; but its leaders are much liked and respected in University circles."—"Religion in Cambridge" ; *Church Quarterly Review* [Anglican] ; Oct., 1904 ; p. 13.

[even this system, which no one would propose for us in 1904] may, in a particular place and time, be the least of evils; it may be of long standing; it may be dangerous to meddle with; it may be professedly a temporary arrangement; it may be under a process of improvement; its disadvantages may be neutralized by the persons by whom, or the provisions under which, it is administered.

"Hence it was that in the early ages the Church allowed her children to attend [even] the heathen schools, for the acquisition of secular accomplishments, where, as no one can doubt, evils existed, at least as grave as can attend on mixed education now. The gravest Fathers recommended for Christian youth the use of Pagan masters; the most saintly bishops and the most authoritative Doctors had been sent in their adolescence by Christian parents to Pagan lecture halls. And, not to take other instances, at this very time [1852] and in this very country [Ireland], as regards at least the poorer classes of the community, whose secular acquisitions ever must be limited, it has seemed best to the Irish bishops, under the circumstances, to suffer the introduction into the country of a system of mixed education, in the schools called National. Such a state of things, however, is passing; as regards university education at least, the highest authority has now decided that the plan which is abstractedly best, is in this time and country also the most expedient."³

But not in our time. The highest authority has already decided otherwise; that, for the university, a compromise is expedient. *Cela donne à penser.* We ask ourselves: Is it possible that Trinity College, with the two faculties of theology—the offer of which, in all conscience, must be made—with double sets of professors in religion and the matters mixed up with religion—if that is demanded—is it possible that this Trinity College of no ascendancy, but not secularized, may be approached by those who watch over Israel?

And why are any Catholics anxious to have one university for all, not merely consisting of two or more colleges, but one university, one college? Be it remembered again that such Catholics are sometimes men earnest and practical and devout, and, when in England at least, active for Catholic secondary education, and in the best books of their bishops. It need not be said that

³ *Idea of a University*, Discourse I, pp. 8–10.

in England the Catholic clergy generally are favorable to the going to the universities there. And some of the best known Irish priest writers across the Channel have expressed themselves on behalf of the same policy for Ireland. Not that they do not wish Catholic schools and *collèges*. But the question is of a university.

We may answer for them that they wish that all be educated together, because—as the patriotic Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe says—"good feeling, mutual understanding, respect, with greater possibility of justice, if not of love, come from this common life of youth." And they would criticize this bishop for keeping back what he says he wishes to give, if he puts Catholic and Protestant youth into colleges separate, though making up one university. For, look at Dublin, the special case in point; and perhaps it is better to express the notions of those Catholics by examples such as this, rather than by giving utterance to fine thoughts about the ideal university of liberal culture; look at Dublin, the city as it stands, and Trinity College is veritably its centre. Trinity has "the best site in Ireland," as says a former vice-president of Maynooth. Opposite the old Parliament House, the College front closes a noble approach from west to east; north and south the chief thoroughfare of the city passes its gates; its grounds and park of many acres give a character and a dignity to the richest and busiest quarter. It is an outward and visible sign that the University of Dublin has been this one College. Any appended college would be as much without prestige as a new Hanoverian palace looking up to Holyrood from Edinburgh Valley, or a Huguenot chapel-of-ease across the Seine from Notre Dame de Paris. Trinity College is in possession. We must indeed build new churches when our old are closed to us; and the Mass and the Communion of Saints, which gave life to the old, give the life of all time to the new. But need we build, it is said, a university in Ireland, where we are in the majority, where the actual university is open to us, where no government makes appointment of fellows, and the university corporation is free? Suppose we send there five hundred students, and among them fifty priests; then, whatever there is of bigotry as to the Church would be rudely shaken in an old stronghold, prejudices would have to be unmade, and knowledge of a new

old sort added. *Peter Plymley* would not be an unknown book there; nor Moore's *Travels* be unheard of; nor Emmet's footsteps be untraced by hopeful youth. Burke on Ireland would have to be read in his university, and Newman's voice would at last echo in a Dublin university in fact. Well known Jesuit preachers and writers have lately been imitating from afar St. Ignatius, have sat on English undergraduate benches, and have but now taken their Oxford degrees. And, as a distinguished Catholic professor in an English university said lately, "truth does prevail, justice does find itself done." He recalled to the present writer circumstances of recent days, how a Catholic student told him about another lecturer publicly stating that the Jesuits taught, in the unlawful sense, that the end justifies the means. The professor went to this honest non-Catholic colleague, who prefaced his next class with the statement: "I am sorry I made a mistake, and was misinformed; I see now the sense in which these words are to be taken, and I believe the Jesuits have never taught the immoral doctrine, which I, in my ignorance, attributed to them."⁴

⁴Ozanam, at the "mixed" university in Paris in 1832—he was then nineteen years of age—wrote of the place where he was afterwards himself the sort of professor that never went in to lecture without praying for a blessing on his work:

"We Catholics are more numerous than I thought. I have met young men who devote their thoughts and researches to the high mission which is also yours and mine. Every time a rationalist professor raises his voice against Revelation, Catholic voices are lifted up to answer him. We have several of us banded together for this purpose.

"Twice already have I taken my share of this noble work by addressing my objections in writing to these gentlemen. We have had our chief success in ——'s class. Twice he attacked the Church, first by treating the Papacy as a temporary institution now dying out, and the next time in accusing the clergy of having at all times favored despotism. Our answers were publicly read, and produced a most salutary effect, both on the professor, who as good as retracted his words, and on the hearers, who applauded. The most useful result of all this is that it enables us to show the students of the present day that one may be a Catholic and have common sense; that one may love liberty and religion at the same time; also it stirs them up from their fatal religious indifference, and accustoms them to grave and earnest discussion. But the most interesting and consoling things of all for us young Christians are the conferences which have been undertaken at our request by the Abbé Gerbet. Every fortnight we have a lecture on philosophy and history; and nowhere does language more penetrating or doctrine more profound reach our ears. It is the immortal alliance of faith and science, of charity and industry, of power and liberty."

A few weeks later, after a serious attack on Revelation: "Thereupon we all

Catholics often have faith in the strength of truth, if fairly presented; and they fear the *collège* atmosphere where the names of great men of science could be dismissed as those of "scallywags"—I heard that—because they did not profess Christianity; and where a professor could doggedly print that as a matter of course Newman, when once a Catholic, had no difficulties—in face of the *Apologia* chapter concerning 1845, after his submission, and its frank confession as to all this unintelligible world; where, again, proof could be offered that Aubrey de Vere was the greatest of English poets, seeing that he did not ignore the highest subject of poetry, God. But thus to shut up young people from the centre of things is on a par with letting them learn that it is only irreligious "so-called science" or "self-styled higher criticism" that declares the earth to be more than a few thousand years old, or the Holy Scriptures to be full of textual difficulties and apparent moral contradictions. When those thus kept in ignorance and fear have to be let free from tutelage, they run much risk of losing their bearings; unless, may be, they wholly cease to venture forth. Besides, as to national patriotism, it is not forgotten in Ireland—and how can it ever be forgotten?—that not only were Burke, Plunket, and Grattan Protestants; but Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Davis, and Smith O'Brien; and then, Butt and Parnell; be they patriots wise or misguided. And all but the last named came out of Trinity College. And in Gaelic scholar-

met and drew up a protest, which embodied our real sentiments. It was signed by fifteen students. The audience, composed of over two hundred persons, listened with respect to our profession of faith. The philosopher confounded himself [? mistranslation of *se confondit*] in apologies, declared he never meant to attack Christianity in particular, and promised to endeavor for the future not to wound the belief of any of his Catholic hearers."

Hence their student debating society arose. "At first the scheme was to admit none but Catholics to these meetings; but it soon became evident that the debates so bright and strengthening to these young men would die out, if all were of one mind. It seemed necessary to feed them with contradictions; so the membership was extended, and soon Rationalists, Voltairians and St. Simonians flocked in, and the debates became proportionately interesting. The treatise [*sic*] on both sides, the Christian and the anti-Christian, became so earnest that the combatants had to devote all of the spare time from their regular studies toward preparing answers and attacks. So fervent an occupation out of hours was in itself a godsend to the students, exposed as they were to the dangers of a large city."—*St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly* (N. Y.); November, 1904, p. 295. (*Footnote continued on page 271.*)

ship, Todd, Reeves, and now Hyde. Nor should anyone forget that the active Irish Society of Antiquaries, with its popular summer excursions, and its well-got-up *Journal*, is composed of priests and ministers, and laymen of all creeds, who meet, on common ground, be it happy or sad, as students and respecters of the fatherland. The Royal Irish Academy is another witness to the interest in Ireland naturally taken by cultivated non-Catholics as well as Catholics. But the story of Anglo-Irish Protestantism, this many a day, everywhere reveals this interest; a side of life in Ireland which all should remember. Would it not be a side much more in view, in a university representing the general life of the country, and bending both ways its precious influence?

Then, Germany *versus* France. The contrast is now present to the mind of every Catholic who can reflect, in Ireland or out. And in Germany, the fact has been mentioned, Catholics and Protestants frequent universities together. It is to be noted now that many Catholic clerical students, too, follow their theology at the university (where there are the two theological faculties), and afterwards go for a year or so to the seminary, for further preparation for the ministry. While at the university they often have special quarters; but they mix freely with their fellow-students of various religions in the other faculties. Look at the result, men cannot help saying,⁵ though it may be they do not take count of all the surroundings; and what is in Germany might not be pos-

Ozanam himself speaks of the other source of light that came to them: "We were just then invaded by a deluge of philosophical doctrines that were clashing all around us, and we felt the need of strengthening our faith in the midst of the assaults made upon it by the various systems of false science. Some of our fellow-students were Materialists, others St. Simonians, others Fourierists, others Deists. When we Catholics sought to call the attention of those wandering brothers to the marvels of Christianity, they said to us: 'Yes, you have a right to speak of the past. In by-gone days Christianity did, indeed, work wonders; but to-day Christianity is dead, and you who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? What works can you show which prove your faith, and can claim to make us respect and acknowledge it?' And they were right; the reproach was too well merited." Thus it was that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was founded. The general policy since Ozanam's day has not been to let Catholic students in France fight it out with non-Catholics, but rather to keep them apart. There are not wanting militant Catholics to maintain that this has proved a fatal policy.

⁵ "The best practical argument, however, in favor of the university education of clerical students, is its adoption in those countries where Catholics are most active in

sible in France. But look at France. However, it is useless to say more about this. Except that, be it said, the Catholic universities there were frequented by only a fraction of the university pupils, from those schools until lately under the religious: these young men nearly all went to the faculties under the State, whence the Church had fled. And it has been said to me by a head of one of those despoiled *collèges*, that the up-keep of the Catholic universities (*instituts*) will be impossible. "The modern needs and cost of equipment are out of our sphere." Yet, far greater sacrifices would naturally be made to carry on these *instituts*, in a country like France, where a Government appoints State-professors, and happens to be inspired by such an anti-religious passion. But in the University of Dublin the fellows of Trinity College are elected by its own examinations.

Of course, to apply generally words of a holy priest, you may look at all this in the light of the New Testament and the Imitation of Christ; and we believe we must so look at it. "But these

combating modern errors. In Germany, for instance, there are more than one thousand six hundred ecclesiastical students in State universities. . . . In the Rhineland there is Bonn; in East Prussia, Breslau; Munich and Würzburg in Bavaria; Tübingen in Württemberg; Freiburg-im-Breisgau in Baden; and Strassburg in Alsace. The students reside in the *Priesterseminar*, or in a clerical *Convikt* near the university; and their work at the university is supplemented by a special course of home instruction. Then, when they have finished their course they are kept in the *seminar* for a year in strict retirement preparing for ordination. The result of the education of the German priesthood is well known to all. The priesthood has welded German Catholics into a mighty mass which is the bulwark of the Empire against Socialism and unbelief. . . . As to the danger of the abolition of the seminary, it exists only in the minds of those who fear it. The university will be for clerics a complement and adjunct to the seminary, not a substitute for it. The student will still be obliged to spend most of the years of his preparation for the priesthood in the seminary; "i.e., before going to the university, as well as after. "Even when attending the university he will live in a special residence where discipline will be strictly maintained. There he will mix with his lay fellow-students in lecture-hall and in laboratory. This is all the better, as he will thus gain experience for future life; and so the change from the strict rule of the seminary to the liberty of the mission will not be too great."—(The Rev. J. Furlong, in the 1903 *Annual* of the Irish Missionary College of All Hallows, Dublin, where that writer is professor of philosophy. Cf. *Universités allemandes et séminaires français; par M. l'abbé* [now Mgr.] *Méric*.)

At the University of Bonn four nuns registered at the lectures in philosophy last year. At Innsbruck, four Ursuline Sisters are attending the lectures in philosophy at the University.

things ought ye to have done and not have left the others undone." Nevertheless, this priest says, "what, after all, are we here for, in this world, but to save our souls?" Well, be it answered, we need not keep up that old controversy, as old as the strife between good and evil. No doubt we shall soon be in eternity; and, in one way, nothing here will matter. But the question is, what is your intellectual education for, in this world? Is the intellect, in Newman's words, "supreme in its own sphere," whether its possessor be fortunate enough to have his life also in the sphere of the Faith, or not? Is he to know his world while he is in it? Is he to understand it, to speak its language, to influence it? Sydney Smith said that the best Irish patriot was the man of one religion who had a friend of the other. An Irish leader of our time declares that the salvation of Ireland would be a rich man who would give dinners to guests of both your houses. Yet I heard the other day an Irish youth at the Royal University, who had been brought up in a large Jesuit *collège*, maintain that the great thing for them to do was to keep away from their Protestant fellow-countrymen as much as possible. I did not doubt he had imbibed that as a maxim; at least for the time of his youth. And about the same day, I read in a Catholic paper that the great objection against Catholics going to "general" universities is that they become familiar with problems which otherwise would never be presented to them. Never! Have we forgotten Newman's "We do but make the world his university"? True, Newman's plea was for a university Catholic; though in a sense that was far from the mind, we believe, of the Irish hierarchy of his time. The sad tale of the great Oxford convert's disillusion in Catholic Dublin has been as yet, it is said, but half told to the world.

What of the Catholics who have gone to Trinity College?⁶

⁶ Even a Pope once greeted it, from Rome. So tells us its alumnus, Anacreon Moore: "When the Monument to Provost Baldwin, which stands in the [examination] hall of the College of Dublin, arrived from Italy, there came in the same packing-case with it two copies of this work of Spaletti [a facsimile of a Vatican MS. containing the Odes attributed to Anacreon], one of which was presented by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop [of Dublin, from 1784 to 1823] as a gift from the Pope to the Library of the University; and the other (of which I was subsequently favored with the use) he presented in like manner to my friend, Dr. Kearney

Some there have fallen away, more or less. But the fire of this world does not burn only within those walls. French persecutors, many of them, were reared by the Church; and many French defenders, by an indifferent or hostile State. To a Protestant going to Trinity College and reflecting a bit, it was all or nothing; generally nothing, for a time. Because he felt, in the air there, that it was unmanly to believe anything until everything had been examined. The obstinate rationality of the Faith, if fairly understood, ought, in the case of a Catholic novice, to do much to withstand any such forgetting of our mortal limitations. And so say some who have gone through as Catholics. They are conscious of difficulties, unanswerable, "utterly beyond human solution." They need not believe difficulties to be doubts, just because they have emerged from the chrysalis state of seeing no difficulties at all. Further, they say, the renewed Trinity College, with all our men there, will be still less overpowering to us.

This is a matter which would find interesting illustration up to a certain point, by examining the thousands, the tens of thousands, of Catholic students past and present, from non-Catholic universities in this country. Why did the more serious among them go? What did they lose; what gain? How many of them found what they could not get in Catholic institutions? Have they, or not, a greater sense, generally, of the limitless nature of knowledge? Or have they less interest in learning? Why do some Catholics of middle life, priests as well as laymen, acknowledge or complain of any sense of inferiority in their education, or of being placed at a certain disadvantage in knowing their world and in understanding its distress?

The two wings that lift us to heaven are purity and humility. Yet, I pray not that you be taken out of the world, but that you be kept from the evil. And strengthen thy brethren. Be *as* little children, child-like, not childish.

[Fellow, and in 1799 Provost, and later, Bishop of Ossory]. Thus, curiously enough, while *Anacreon in English* was considered—and I grant on no unreasonable grounds—as a work to which grave collegiate authorities could not openly lend their sanction, *Anacreon in Greek* was thought no unfitting present to be received by a Protestant bishop, through the medium of a Catholic archbishop, from the hands of His Holiness the Pope."

Such things, the best among them would, I suppose, reflect on and pray over ; and then in the varying spirit of the words, they would resolve and do.

At present in Ireland, there is a fear of speaking out one's mind. "We are, of course, extraordinarily sensitive," an Irish priest avows. And to criticize clerical action is to get a reputation for being a bad Catholic. It is an uncomfortable situation, not really desired, doubtless, by the clergy as a body. But it is a dangerous, unwholesome atmosphere, and explosive in this new age. And that there is this sense, in Ireland, of lack of freedom in saying one's say ; that in Ireland a good understanding between the clergy and the troubled minds of the learned or half-learned laity is a special present difficulty,—here is one proof, in the following extract, from a letter published (by "D. W."), in an *English Catholic* paper :—

"But, does anyone, priest or layman, want a clerical University or University College? The clerical witnesses before the Commission disclaimed such an object. The most they sought was a security that Catholic dogmas should not be impugned. The lay witnesses 'followed suit.' . . . Go where you will, among Catholics high and low, learned and unlearned, you hear the same cry, 'We do not want a clerical University.' And the remarkable thing is that the cry is loudest with old students from the [quondam] Catholic University, with graduates of the Royal taught at the Catholic University College, and with some of the leading men connected with the excellent Catholic University School of Medicine."

And then the writer goes on to declare for the other College with Trinity, in the University of Dublin: the wish, so we noted above, of a late Catholic episcopal speaker on the subject, and one of the schemes which the episcopate as a whole has stated its willingness to accept. It is a scheme favored also, we saw, by the head of the Anglican body in Ireland. It was smiled on by the Anglican bishops in England, and by a great part of the English press. It was frowned on furiously by those who have triumphed in Trinity College. It has been abandoned, at any rate, until the next political exigent. And so this is a time to think of the something else that might be made possible, whose

possibility has been now hinted at on both sides. But this Irish layman's words are :—

“ We have had two schemes under discussion,—a College in the Royal University, and a College in the University of Dublin. The latter finds favor with the Dublin middle class (professional men, officials, etc.); and when I have ventured to ask the grounds of the preference, I have been uniformly told that a college in the Royal would be too much under episcopal control, and that the lay element would have a fairer chance in a college in the University of Dublin. This view is held, not from any anti-clerical tendency, but because Catholics feel that lay influences, lay experience, lay methods and practices in University education are necessary to enable them to compete with the Protestant laity. They see—they have at last come against their will to see—that in business careers, where there is no question of University teaching, and where the preliminary education for both sides, Protestant and Catholic, is purely secondary, the Catholics educated in clerical boarding schools have been hopelessly distanced by the Protestants taught in lay schools. There is not a business street in any city or town in Ireland that does not testify to this. Penal laws and legal restrictions do not account for it. We were the leading merchants in Dublin, Cork, and other towns a hundred years ago. Where are we now ?”

As to Trinity College, the writer is thinking of it, only as unreformed, and irreformable :—

“ We cannot accept Trinity. It is not, perhaps, at the present day an orthodox Protestant institution. Dogma, it is well known, does not flourish outside its Divinity School, nor is it very flourishing there. But it is openly, coarsely and aggressively anti-Catholic, and we have not wanted flaming evidence of this within the last year. In addition, its methods, which imitate Oxford and Cambridge at a respectful distance, are quite unsuited to the day. Let us say nothing about the wanton attacks some of its lights are constantly making on Irish sentiment.⁷ We shall be told that this is not business, although it is a business that will cost Trinity dear in the long run.”

⁷ “ I am quite willing to believe that these writings do not represent the best element in Trinity College,” are some words of the Bishop of Limerick.

And we have now been able to quote Dr. Mahaffy at the Mansion House instead

Strange, but significant, that he should see fit to add to such a letter:—

“You will say, ‘Why not write all this to an Irish Catholic paper?’ The reason is that there is no freedom of discussion in our Irish Catholic press. So much the worse for us in many respects. If we were not deterred, by means well-understood at this [Irish] side of the water, from discussing, in our Catholic press, matters involving religious issues, the hierarchy would know a great deal more of the movement, the strong and deliberate movement, which is taking place in the laity; and furthermore, irate Catholics, lay and clerical, would not be incensed into carrying on laundry operations in the Dublin Protestant press.”

For, what has this writer said? That Trinity College is impossible; that the best plan is to have a college with Trinity in *the* University for Ireland. That he finds himself agreeing with priests and bishops in being against clerical control; though he would have the hierarchy nominate some of the governing body of the new college. That the present state of Catholic education in Ireland is ruining us.⁸ And that laymen like him have nothing in them of *anti-cléricalisme*. And yet, though he says what bishops have said, and says it almost as they, his feeling, anyway,

of from the *Nineteenth Century*. The language even from the Provost's house is not the same as under an older régime.

And anyone who has been through Trinity College knows that certain little things in verse and prose do not represent the tone within the walls. Though as long as other voices did not make themselves heard, no wonder Catholic bishops spoke as if students in a minority met there with an insolence and an intolerance which were really quite unknown.

⁸ “Now and again, in relation to individuals in some public departments, a glimpse of the truth dawns on the people. They see, for instance, the great prizes under the Crown—such as appointments” [by examination] “to the Indian Civil Service—fall to Englishmen and Scotchmen, while young Irish Catholics, as a rule, can aim no higher than the [examination for the] Excise and Customs. They see the Royal Irish Constabulary, as to four-fifths of the men, Catholics; and Protestants in the same proportion amongst the [examination appointed] officers. Even a wider revelation of their state of inferiority comes to them when the Chief Secretary puts forward the general ignorance or want of education of Catholics as the reason for not appointing members of our religion to governmental offices.”—*A University for Catholics in Relation to the Material Interests of Ireland*. By the Bishop of Limerick. Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 2 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

is that he cannot express himself in Ireland. Now, that would be weighed. These things ought not so to be. We are led, because of them, to recall Cardinal Newman: "My maxim has been that it is better to make mistakes than to make nothing; and that nothing man can do is without mistakes. . . . Unless our authorities have faith in their laity, unless they give writers elbow-room, they will succeed in no able refutations of infidelity, or rather, I should say, in no sufficient. Men won't fight well under the lash. Such smaller mistakes as Catholics may make may be set right, while what is good and serviceable will remain." "D. W." might have been reassured in part by Father P. Finlay, S.J.'s, paper at the last Maynooth Union of priests, advocating lay activity, as in the Middle Ages, in so many things now under purely clerical control in Ireland. Must it, however, be taken for granted, that this present paper, *a fortiori*, could hardly find expression in the country with which it presumes to concern itself? For it goes further, and tells of the desire, even in men without thought of disloyalty to the Church, to take Trinity College, the *de facto* University of Dublin, and to make it what it professes itself (if half unwittingly) only too ready to become; and that is, a University, free, national, progressive, even democratic, with nobler ideals than it has yet known, with a spirit more generous, an outlook that is worldwide, a temper trained to finer issues, strong in principle, in practice tolerant; at its heart there being the leaven of Catholicity.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

CORRECTION.

In the first part of this paper, as published in February, in the middle of p. 215, should be read: "*This ideal, that a Catholic bishop and a Protestant archbishop have, —let us realize it, by all going to Trinity College, and making it what it says it would be.*"

The text, as it stood, makes an unwarranted statement, as indeed the quotations from the prelates concerned would show.

LEX AMANDI.

II.—THE CALL OF THE PERFECT.

My elect, I have even called thee by thy name.

—Is. 45 : 4.

THE OBJECT.

AS the different states of the individual soul are ordinarily put into three categories,—bad, good, and better; so is the mass of human beings ordinarily classified under the same three headings. As the whole system of sacraments and grace is directed toward lifting the soul out of the state of reprobation into the at least primary condition for salvation, so the whole medium of Christian effort is engaged upon the one task of drawing the bad up into the state of the good. The desideratum of Christian ambition would often seem to be no other than the accomplishment of this task; let it only succeed in leveling humanity up to this standard and the design of God for the salvation of the race is accomplished. The small class of souls that would choose a standard higher than this must be set apart from the rest as beings of another order, demanding separate and peculiar conditions of their own, conditions that must differentiate them still more than they inherently are already differentiated from the other two classes of the good and the bad.

The precedent for setting apart that small number of souls who have chosen the better way is based upon the Gospel teaching of counsel and precept. Narrowly construed, the common interpretation of this teaching is that to choose to live by precept exempts a soul from living by counsel; and that a "call" to live by the counsels essentially differentiates a soul, both in the motive and the condition of its life, from those who live by precept only. This classification of the life of counsel and the life of precept has created some strange misapprehensions in regard to the essential character of a call to the perfect life.

While the mystery of the Divine election of souls may never be apprehended by human intelligence, the singular Providence which ordained that it should remain a mystery must be clearly apparent to us. If this mystery forever prohibits us from know-

ing why there are a few chosen of God, it likewise leaves us in doubt as to who these chosen ones are; and it is this doubt which places us under the peculiar obligation of aiming at nothing less than the highest point of perfection of which we are individually capable. Even St. Paul, who could surely claim some proof of the certainty of his own election, pursues no other method of attaining to it than this. "*Brethren, I do not count myself to have apprehended. But one thing I do: forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth myself to those that are before, I press toward the mark, to the prize of the supernal vocation of God.*"¹

But has no sign been given to us whereby we may know the measure of our own capacity for fulfilling the obligation of this unfathomable mystery? There is a sign so simple that none may miss the meaning of it, once the answer has been given to this question; yet each must seek his own answer, for none can interpret the terms of that answer to another. In one of those old-fashioned novels of the last generation that were designed as a religious treatise, though framed as a story, the heroine asks, "What is a religious vocation?" and the reply given to this question by the author contains a unique and illuminating definition of the character, condition, and aim of the perfect life. The sense of the definition is this: the sign of a religious vocation is a *precocious* conviction that God only is the Supreme Good now and forever; a conviction so overmastering, once it has taken hold of the intellect and will of any soul, that nothing in this world can stand in the way of its impetuous desire to reach this Supreme Good over the shortest road that may be taken to it.

There has never been a human soul to whom this conviction that God is the Supreme Good was not destined to come as the climax of all its knowledge and experience either in this world or the next. But the difference in souls is marked by the period of time it takes in the life of each for this conviction to come home to it. It is this varying period of time which makes the difference between the reprobate and the saint, between the saved and the lost. Some fill the measure of human experience to the brim, taste all earthly joys, test every human possibility for finding a supreme good less than God, and then accept this conviction in

¹ Phil. 3: 13, 14.

the end, perhaps only out of the desperation of their disappointment with all things else under the sun.²

Still further beyond these are those to whom this conviction never comes within the period of their earthly experience, who do not accept its awful reality till the judgment of their denial, or rejection, or forgetfulness of it breaks upon their immortal souls at the end of their mortal career.

Yet neither by experience, nor knowledge, nor judgment, does it come to some; through no human medium does it seem to conduct the mysterious force of its overmastering conviction to the heart and mind of a few chosen ones. To others—perhaps to them—it seems to have come out of time, and in its strange demands upon the soul of its election, out of order, too. It is out of time. The strength of this conviction in them belongs to eternity; it anticipates the realities of eternity to the soul which is seized by it. It is *precocious* in its knowledge of the worthlessness of the things of time, the unreality of all good less than God. No human experience may as yet have taught it this supreme truth; but its conviction of it is so fixed and so overmastering that no test of it by human experience could increase or change it. It is as though sometime upon its soul's inward vision there had flashed a momentary glimpse of its immortal life and the supreme preoccupation of that life with eternity's great reality, the vision of God's face. His face it did not see, but, like *Moses hid in the cleft of the rock, it saw His glory as He passed by*.³ Since that hour its life has been a quest for the recovery and possession of this lost vision—*I will rise, and I will go about the city: in the streets and the broad ways I will seek Him whom my soul loveth*⁴—an inveterate longing to behold the face of Him whose

² "As the pleasure-seeker may at last make experimental proof of the worthlessness of his ends and turn from the life of sense to the life of spirit; so to the idealist there often comes a day when the thought of the finitude of even his most spiritual aims creeps over him like a black cloud, 'a dark night of the soul,' filling him with weariness and *ennui*. Vanity of vanities is the verdict of the higher no less than of the lower experience of life. That we are dissatisfied, not only with what the Ideal gives us, but, by anticipation, with all it could ever possibly give us, is proof that there is a higher love-power within us which must seek its object elsewhere."—*Lex Orandi*, Intro., p. 16.

³ Exod. 33: 22

⁴ Cant. of Cant. 3: 2.

very shadow ravished it with such incurable desire—*My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall, shew me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears ; for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely.*⁵

This vision, or intuition of the vision, has once for all fixed its standard of value upon the things of time as against those of eternity. It may repudiate the standard ; but it can never obliterate the vision,—though it may reject it. This is why unfaithfulness to a religious call is so awful a treachery ; this is why, *when a man puts his hand to the plough he may not look back*, he may never take up again, except consciously and deliberately, the lesser for the greater good. There is really no such thing as *losing* a vocation ; the vision of the greater good, the better part, has been given to such souls, and it is unforgettable. But there is sometimes the wilful rejection of the standard fixed by this vision upon this world's values, and a deliberate choice of those values in place of the greater ones of eternity. The common misapprehension is that a rejection of conventual or monastic life for a life in the world, means "losing" a religious vocation. There can be no loss of a religious vocation without the deliberate choice of the temporal for the eternal, without the rejection of the greater for the lesser good ; and it may sometimes happen that one who prefers a life in the world to a life in the cloister, by that very preference may have rejected what to him personally would have meant a life of lower religious ideals and less self-sacrifice than he would be free to choose for himself in the world.

Through the irresistible and traditional association of religious perfection with religious life as exemplified only in the monastic or conventual institution, we are apt to confuse the true and essential meaning of the religious vocation with a system which was designed merely to afford the best conditions for the protection and development of that vocation. A monastic or "religious" life in its very best interpretation cannot mean more than this. It neither creates nor bestows a religious vocation. Neither can it by its own rejection deprive a soul of the privilege of Divine election. *That which My Father has given Me, is greater than all : and no one can snatch them out of the hand of My Father.*⁶ It

⁵ Cant. of Cant. 2 : 14.

⁶ John 10 : 29.

simply affords the most favorable conditions for the best development of such a vocation among certain classes of souls. If these conditions prove unfavorable to certain other classes or types of souls who manifest the unmistakable signs of a religious calling, the lack cannot be said to exist in the souls, but in the conditions. Other conditions in other conventual systems may prove more favorable; or it is even conceivable that no conditions or systems have as yet been devised or created to suit the peculiar characteristics of such types of religious vocation. Such things have happened before. There were certainly numberless souls called to the perfect life ages before monastic or conventual systems were instituted. That they did not fulfil the obligations of such a calling in exactly the same conditions as were provided for religious vocations of a later period, does not prove that such vocations did not exist in their time; but indisputably proves that what is ordinarily called the religious vocation is a state of soul that is peculiar to no period of time, or place, or condition.

Let us clarify our understanding of this fact by referring to some definitions of the perfect life and the conditions for that life, written centuries ago by a monk who is not only an honored authority in his own Order of St. Benedict, but is held in high esteem by the Church as a master in spiritual science (Ven. Augustine Baker, 1575-1641). In the opening chapter of his treatise on the perfect life, he thus teaches the "obligation upon all Christians to aspire to perfection in Divine love by the ways of prayer:"

"Our duty therefore in our present state, and the employment of our whole lives, must be constantly and fervently to coöperate with Divine grace . . . but also not to content ourselves with any limited degrees of piety and holiness, but daily to aspire . . . to the *same perfection for which we were first created* and which was practised by Adam in innocence; to wit . . . a continual uninterrupted union in spirit with God.

"This, I say, is the duty and *indispensable obligation of all* Christians, of what condition soever, not only to aspire to Divine love, but also to the perfection thereof, suitably to their several states and vocations; for it is morally impossible for a soul . . . loving God deliberately and habitually . . . to stop in any inferior degree of love

to Him. The frailty of nature may hinder most souls from attaining such perfection . . . and union with God . . . but nothing but the want of true love will hinder the aspiring thereto, according to the measure and strength that each soul in her order enjoys."⁷

It should be noted that the author of this teaching has started with the premise that the perfect life is fully and unconditionally defined in the terms, "perfect union with God;" and no one has ever authoritatively improved upon that definition.

"What is it, therefore, that a soul truly called by God to enter religion looks for? Surely not corporal labors, not the use of Sacraments, nor hearing sermons, etc. For all these she might have enjoyed more plentifully in the world. It is, therefore, only the union of the spirit with God by recollected constant prayer, to the attaining of which divine end all things practised in religion do dispose.⁸ . . . To gain this happy state a . . . soul enters into religion, where all imaginable advantages are to be found for this end—at least anciently they were so, and still ought to be."⁹

With this definition clearly stated, he takes up the consideration of the different conditions in which this union may be realized; yet never, throughout a long series of chapters in which he analyzes and weighs every possible circumstance and quality of perfection, does he confound mere conditions for progress in perfection with perfection itself.¹⁰ Very carefully does he correct misapprehension on this point: "Although all Christians are obliged to aspire to perfection, and to lead spiritual lives, . . . yet the

⁷ *Sancta Sophia*, First Treatise, First Section, Chap. I, §§ 10, 11.

⁸ *Ibid.*, Sec. 3, Chap. 4, § 5.

⁹ *Ibid.*, § 8.

¹⁰ A curious contrast between the primary notions of the perfect life held by ordinary Christians in general to-day and those of the fourteenth century, is pointed out by Father Dalgairns of the Oratory in his Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England, which prefaces Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, a treatise on the perfect life written about two centuries before Father Baker's: "It tells much for the spiritual life of England that in the fourteenth century such a treatise as the *Scale of Perfection* should have been written . . . and evidently had a wide circulation. The number of existing manuscripts scattered through various cathedral and other libraries bear witness to its popularity. It was high in repute with the Carthusians, and this in itself is a guarantee of its being extensively read. No order was so respected in England and other Teutonic countries as the Carthusian. . . . One of their special

effectual practice of this obligation is so very rare that in ordinary speech those only are said to aspire to perfection who have been called by God from all solicitous engagement in worldly affairs . . . and this most ordinarily and perfectly in a religious profession, or if in the world, yet in a course of life divided from and separated from the world."¹¹ Herein he makes it plain that the advantage of a religious profession consists, "most ordinarily," in its being "a state of competent abstraction," and freedom from "all solicitous engagement in worldly affairs, so as to make the only employment . . . the serving, adoring, loving, meditating and praying unto God, etc.," and he differentiates the advantage of a perfect life in the world in no respect whatever from that in a religious profession, if these same conditions are provided. "Not by the mere taking a religious profession or habit a person is thereby more perfect than he was before, but because by renouncing those distractive impediments which are in the world he puts himself into a condition in which he not only may far more easily aspire to the perfection of divine love, but moreover, by assuming such a state, he obliges himself . . . to approach nearer to this perfection daily."¹²

In whatever way the distinction and the difference between the conventual and the non-conventual state of perfection is defined, the superiority of the one to the other lies wholly in the advantages of the external conditions one may provide over the other for greater freedom and facility in the soul's approach to God, and not in any inherent and essential difference between

employments was the translation and propagation of good spiritual books. . . . The art of printing was as yet in its infancy when the *Scale of Perfection* was at once printed in black letter by Wynkyn de Worde, and other editions rapidly appeared. This then is the remarkable fate of this book. A treatise on the spiritual life, originally written by an obscure author in a small house of Augustinian Canons in Nottinghamshire and addressed to the most solitary of all the varieties of monastic life, is chosen to be the guide of good Christians in the courts of kings and in the world. Throughout the dismal wars of the Roses, and the more dismal reign of Henry VIII, many a heart was strengthened and consoled by Walter Hilton. . . . Now, all this is very worthy of remark. Here is a book written for a recluse, yet printed and recommended as a book of devotion, not for the cloister, but for good Christians in the world." Pp. 34, 35.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, Chap. 2, § 1.

¹² *Ibid.*, Treat. 1, Sec. 3, Chap. 5, § 2.

the perfection of the two states. In emphasizing the difference between the two conditions, and the obligations of the one above the other, Father Baker borrows a description from an ancient author which is almost of as much interest on account of its quaintness and originality as for its homely truthfulness: "St. Paulinus excellently illustrates this truth by this similitude. He compares the world to a dry, scorched and barren wilderness, and celestial happiness to a most delicious paradise, divided from this desert by a deep and tempestuous river, which must necessarily be passed by swimming. The securest way to pass over this river is by quitting one's clothes; but few there are that have the courage to expose themselves to the injuries of the weather for a while, and therefore adventure over clothes and all; and of them, God knows, a world miscarry by the way. Some few others (such are religious persons), seeing this danger, . . . divest themselves of their clothes, and make themselves lighter and nimbler by casting away all impediments, how dear soever to flesh and blood. But yet, this being done, it remains that they should labor, naked as they are, with swimming, to pass the river. But this they neglect to do, or take so little pains or strive so negligently against waves and stream, that all they do comes to nothing; they are in as much danger and as far from paradise as before. And whereas they glorify themselves because they are naked; that will rather aggravate their folly and make their negligence far more culpable, in that, having so great an advantage, they would not take a little pains to do that for which they cast off their clothes."—(*Ibid.*, Treat. I, Sec. 3, Ch. 5, § 3.)

The attainment of our personal perfection, then, rests not upon our solving the doubt of our own special "call" or election to the life of the perfect, nor upon our choice of peculiar circumstances and prepared conditions in which to work out the obligations of the perfect life. When we challenge the answer to our personal problem of salvation we have put ourselves on trial, and our question can be solved only within the depths of our own hidden consciousness, where we test our willingness to accept the terms upon which we may purchase *the pearl of great price*. "The solving word, for the learned and unlearned man alike, lies in the last resort in the dumb willingness and unwillingness of their

interior characters, and nowhere else." *It is not in heaven, neither is it beyond the sea; but the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.*¹²

III.—SOULS NOT SYSTEMS.

Comparing spiritual things with spiritual . . . is foolishness to him (the sensual man), and he cannot understand, because it is spiritually examined.—I Cor. 2 : 13-14.

THE MOTIVE.

There is but one obstacle recognized by all authorities on spiritual science as the most effectual check on the soul's progress toward perfection; and this is the substitution of any other object than the legitimate One as the motive of the perfect life. This may sound trite; but it is used with peculiar significance by the author of the treatise on perfection, heretofore quoted, in pointing out some of the common delusions of those who aim at *methods* of perfection, while overlooking the essential motive of it. "No wonder is it if so very few, even of those whose profession it is to aspire thereunto [to perfection], do attain unto this end, partly out of ignorance and error, whilst they place perfection in an exact performance of outward observances and austerities. . . . Most certain it is that, if in and for themselves alone and without any interior direction for the purifying of the soul they be esteemed and performed as parts of real perfection, and not chiefly as helps of internal devotion and purity, they will rather become hindrances to contemplation,¹³ nourishing pride, contempt of others, etc., and be the ruin of true charity."¹⁴

¹² Deut. 30 : 12-14.

¹³ Contemplation is used here and throughout this treatise, not in any restricted sense, but as meaning the "prayer of the perfect;" as this author elsewhere calls it, "the beginning and imperfect practice of that which shall be our eternal employment in Heaven;" yet by no means the "prayer of the perfect," as that might be commonly understood; for, as he explains, "experience demonstrates that all the most sublime exercises of contemplation may as purely and perfectly be performed by persons the most ignorant and unlearned . . . as by the learnedst doctors, inasmuch as not any abilities in the brain are requisite thereto, but only a strong courageous affection of the heart . . . the perfection of contemplation . . . consists in the fervor and constancy of the will united to God, and scarce at all in operations of the understanding."—*Sancta Sophia*, Treatise I, Sec. 1, Ch. 3, § 3.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Chap. 4, §§ 11-16.

The primary function of any system is to reduce the varied elements it contains to a state of as nearly uniform simplicity as their differences will permit. This simplicity conduces more than anything else to insure the continuous success of the system. The tendency of the latter, therefore, is inevitably toward enforcing the letter rather than the spirit. The spirit is diverse, subtle, mutable in its interpretations of the letter, according to times, place, and circumstances, constantly "renewing," "quickening," "creating" new forms and conditions, and rejecting the old ones as soon as these decay and settle into the rigidity of death. All this disrupts, disturbs, breaks up uniformity and directly antagonizes the literal meaning of the law. It is an eternal conflict, and an unequal one.¹⁵ There is no permanent triumph for the spirit, though there is an ultimate one. *The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.* Literalness is the backbone of law, and the simpler the mind the more literal is its interpretation of the law. The result of such literalness is to reduce more and more to a state of mechanical action that free and continuous choice of the will which makes the soul's election of good so inestimably valuable. The choice being made once for all, and secured by hard and fast obligations, the freedom to perpetuate the act of choosing is no longer a real one, and the performance of it tends to become a formalism.¹⁶

¹⁵ "Very sharp persecutions have almost always attended those whom God hath called to revive the true spirit of religion . . . by teaching souls to . . . place perfection in exercises of the spirit, and to esteem all other observances no further than as they serve to advance and increase perfection in spirit; . . . hence it is that the *sight of them* [how significant is this phrase!] is unacceptable to their neighbors and acquaintances, as if they did silently condemn their liberties. For this reason they are apt to raise and disperse evil reports of them, calling them illuminates, pretenders to extraordinary visits and lights; or, at least, to deride them as silly, seduced, melancholy spirits, that follow unusual and dangerous ways, . . . there cannot be a better proof of their excellence [these spiritual ideals] than that they are displeasing to carnal, or at least ignorant, men."—*Ibid.*, Chap. 4, §§ 16, 17, 18.

¹⁶ "The . . . quality we are to look for in the soul is mouldableness, elasticity. Conformity demands conformability. Now plasticity is not only a marked characteristic of all forms of life, but in a special sense of the highest forms. It increases steadily as we rise in the scale. The inorganic world, to begin with, is rigid. . . . The animal in all its parts is mobile, sensitive, free; the highest animal, man, is the most mobile, the most at leisure from routine, the most impressionable, the most open for change. And when we reach the mind and soul, this mobility is found in its most

"It is one of the tritest of truisms that human intelligences of a simple order are very literal. They are slaves of habit, doing what they have been taught without variation ; dry, prosaic, and matter-of-fact in their remarks ; devoid of humor, except of the coarse physical kind which rejoices in a practical joke ; taking the world for granted, and possessing in their faithfulness and honesty the single gift by which they are sometimes able to warm us into admiration.

"But even this faithfulness seems to have a sort of inorganic ring, and to remind us more of the immutable properties of a piece of inanimate matter than of the steadfastness of a human will capable of alternate choice."¹⁷

When the passion for individual perfection becomes diverted into zeal for the perfection of the system or the conditions which were originally designed only to serve for the perfect development of the individual, the real meaning of perfection is lost. The vocation becomes only an attribute of the system, instead of the latter being merely an aid to the best development of the former ; it is then a state of life rather than a state of soul ; and what contributes toward perfecting this state of life, rather than what develops the capacity of the individual soul to live the life, becomes the important business of the system. There is then so much solicitude about the *state* of life that the life itself becomes obscured ; its glorious realities and possibilities are relegated to secondary consideration ; the primary aim being to perfect the state itself ; to contribute one's individual example, in the practices of rule and observance, to build up this splendid and imposing "organized state of perfection." "Organic unity, like the idea which informs it, is necessarily of the individual. For ideas are of the individual."¹⁸

The ideal of the organized religious state is of course to developed form. Whether we regard its susceptibility to impressions, its lightning-like response even to influences the most impalpable and subtle, its power of instantaneous adjustment, or whether we regard the delicacy and variety of its moods, or its vast powers of growth, we are forced to recognize in *this* the *most perfect capacity for change*. This marvelous plasticity of mind contains at once the possibility and prophecy of its transformation."—*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 269.

¹⁷ Professor Wm. James : *The Will to Believe. Great Men and Their Environment*.

¹⁸ *Dialogues of St. Catherine*, Preface, p. 3.

develop perfection in the individual ; to make the practices of rule and observance the merely spontaneous expression of that spirit of perfection and fervor which should animate and stimulate each member. This is the ideal aimed at, but almost impossible of realization in human conditions. From the very nature of things the order of this organized state of perfection becomes inverted : the individual contributes toward perfecting the system rather than the system the individual ; for the ordinary tendency of the one toward perfection is not so strong as the natural development of the other in that direction, this development being constantly stimulated through the growth of the collective experience of its members, and the increasing contributions of individual life to the great life of the system itself :—

“ The Individual withers,
And the World grows more and more.”

With the religious life as an organized state of perfection everywhere manifesting this vigor of growth, and offering such ideal conditions for developing the individual soul along the ways of perfection, the results in individual lives should be remarkable, —at least there should appear contrasts between the results of this higher development of soul and character, and the results of mere ordinary conditions of life in the world, striking enough to be an irresistible demonstration of the value of the one over the other as a condition for perfection. It will not do to say that these results do exist among the individuals of the religious system and not among those outside, but that they are hidden from a world which would know them not, even if they were exhibited to it. A perfect life which is called so only because it is in perfect conformity to the peculiar conditions in which it has existed, or to the spirit of its own order,¹⁹ and is, in a sense, only a product of those conditions, could not be called a true exemplar of perfection ; for the most striking characteristic of perfect souls is their

¹⁹ “ I must profess that I understand not what is meant by that so-much-talked-of spirit of an order ; nor how several orders, though never so much distinguished by habits or certain external practices, if their profession be to tend to contemplation [see note on “ Contemplation,” page 287], can have any more than one spirit, which directs them to make their principal design to be the seeking of God.”—*Sancta Sophia*, Treat. I, Sec. 1, Ch. 2, § 80.

ability to transcend and to be independent of all conditions. Such a type could only serve as a model for those who had adopted or who admired these conditions as the ideal ones for religious perfection. It would be rather an admiration of the conditions than of the end and purpose of these conditions; and such admiration would be no more than a perversion of the true ideal of perfection.

The life of the truly perfect, no matter where it exists, must win admiration for its own inherent qualities alone, not for virtues which are creditable only to the peculiar conditions in which it was developed, and which might not be put into the category of virtues at all if the order of these conditions was reversed. Put to its very highest use, any state of life can serve no better purpose than aiding in the development of the principle of perfection in the individual soul; it can never be considered an object in itself, nor as a vocation which in itself is essentially a condition of perfection; no, not if it were made up of the solitude of St. Anthony, the silence of St. Bruno, the austerity and poverty of St. Francis, or the obedience of St. Ignatius.²⁰

"It is an illustrious proof of . . . the Divine goodness to all His servants whatsoever that in truth of heart seek Him, that this state of contemplation (being the supremest and most Divine that an intellectual soul is capable of in this life or in Heaven also) should neither be enclosed in caverns, rocks or deserts, nor fixed to solitary religious communities, . . . but that the poorest, simplest soul living in the world, and following the common life of good Christians there, . . . may as securely, yea, and sometimes more speedily, arrive to the top of the mountain of vision than the most learned doctors, the most profoundly wise men, yea, the most abstracted confined hermits."²¹

²⁰ "How ridiculous would it be for any to boast and say, 'God be thanked, I have been so many years a professed religious person, in an Order that hath produced so many thousand saints; that hath so many popes; that hath received so many emperors, kings, queens, and princes; that hath so flourished with riches, learning, piety, etc.' As if these good successes to some were sufficient security to all, so that they should need no more than only to be of such an Order."—*Ibid.*, Sec. 3, Ch. 1, § 4.

²¹ *Ibid.*, Sec. 1, Ch. 3, § 6.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER XIV.—A MIDNIGHT SYNOD.

IT was in an old gray keep, one of the square frontier-fortresses built in Elizabeth's time, that the midnight synod was held. The castle rose from a little swell, or knoll, which probably was in ancient days the moraine of some mighty glacier that had slid down from the mountain valleys and pushed the detritus of sand and earth before it. It was built of gray limestone, and "stood full square to all the winds that blow." Here, in past ages, were entrenched the mail-clad warriors who held the whole countryside against the rapparees; and here this moon-lit, frosty night, with the snow still glittering all around, were gathered the descendants of these same rapparees, as fierce, generous, and vindictive as their sires of three hundred years gone by. Some sat on the stone steps that led to the upper stories of the old castle; some leaned against the hoary walls; and two or three were on the summit, hidden behind the parapets, sentinels against the approach of strangers or enemies. They were all young men, of the farming and laboring class. A few were still members of the White-boy *vendetta*. All had worn the white shirt in their time. Two were the sons of the Dan Lynch who was executed at the same assizes at which Edmond Connors had been acquitted. Years had wrought no change in their hearts, although time and trouble had laid heavy hands upon them. The smouldering fires of hatred were newly lighted by the startling report that had gone far and wide over the country. These boys, too, were first cousins to Nano Hegarty, Donal's future bride.

There were few preliminaries. At least, there were no synodical prayers.

"Boys," said young Lynch, "ye know what ye're here for. It has gone round the country that the seed and breed of that infernal ruffian, Daly, is in our midst, left here by her father and mother. And the question is, what's to be done?"

"Is that what we're summoned for?" said a young farmer, no great friend of the Lynches.

"'Tis; and isn't it enough?" hotly replied Lynch. "Do ye mane to say that we're goin' to stand by, and see that hell-spawn amongst dacent people who never had shame, altho' they had their fill of sorrow at their dure?"

"'Tis a quare thing, though," said the former speaker, "that we should be called upon to make war upon a slip of a child that never did nobody harm. How can she help those from whom she was got?"

"'Tis aisy fer you to talk, Connor Brien," said Lynch, "but if you knew what it was to rise in the mornin', and think of your father swung by the throat by thim Sassenachs in Cork; and he, before the High God, innicent——"

Here the poor fellow's emotion smothered him; and he could not proceed. But it had the effect of the most deadly eloquence upon his audience.

"Thru for you, Dan," said a great burly fellow, rising. "'Tis only whin it comes home to our own dures that we feel for others' troubles."

"If I thought," said another, "that the spawn of that sarpint was amongst us, be the Holy Moses, 'twould soon go down the river, or up the sky in smoke."

"We're all of wan mind in that matther," said a peacemaker. "But, before ye go farther, wouldn't it be well to know what 'tis all about?"

"What the divil, man," said young Lynch, "don't we all know what 'tis about? Are our heads growin' onder our oxters that we haven't hard what everyone is sayin'?"

"Aisy now, aisy now, Murty," said the peacemaker. "Does anny man mane to tell me that Edmond Connors would give food and shelter to any wan of that seed, breed, and gineration?"

"They say he don't know it," replied the other. "All he knows is, that he picked up the child on a Christmas night, and kep' her out of charity. That's all."

"An' how can anny wan prove she's Daly's child?" asked another who was for peace, and who was tired enough of violence.

"There's no proof if you come to that," said Murty Lynch. "But Daly's wife wint to America without her child; and the child at Connor's was found about the same time."

"Yerra, what proof is that?" asked the pleader. "And was there anny more onlikely place on the face of the airth for Daly or his wife to put their child than at the dure of the man whose life they wor swearing away?"

"Begobs; that clinches the matter, Dan," said a young fellow, who had been hitherto silent. "Sure, in the whole wurruld, they couldn't find a worse spot than Glenanaar. Ould Ned Connors would have pitched her straight to the devil."

"But sure, man, I tell you he didn't know it; nor does he know it till this day. Thin, ye heard what Dunscombe said to his wood-ranger, just before the great snow fell?"

"No! no! what's that?" said many voices, whilst all faces were turned up expectant.

"Is it Linehan you mane?" said one, to make quite sure of the personality.

"Yes, Thade, Linehan——"

"The devil a much I'd give for what that ruffian and rintwarner would say," cried a boy who had been prosecuted by Linehan for poaching. "He is not much better than an informer himself."

"No matther for that!" said Murty Lynch, angrily, as he felt the tide of opinion setting against him, "the devil himself will tell the truth whin it suits his purpose."

"Well! well! what did Dunscombe say? Let us hear it!" cried a dozen voices.

"What did he say?" repeated Murty, to emphasize the answer. "He said he made an offer to ould Ned Connors about that child, which he'd be sorry for not takin'."

"What was the offer?" cried the incredulous ones. "It must have been a chape bargain that Dunscombe offered. He'd split hairs with the devil himself."

"He offered to take the child, and do for her, and rare her up a lady——"

"An' make a souper of her?"

"He didn't say that."

"He meant it."

"Well, I see ye're all agin me," said Dan Lynch. "But be this and be that, I'll take the thing into me own hands, as ye haven't the heart of a hare——"

"Yerra, now, aisy, Dan," cried the great big giant. "You know us as well as anny wan——"

"I know you, Dinny; an' I know you're a man, an' a man's son."

"You know well, Dan," said the giant, soothed by the flattery, "that I'd face all the landlords, an' agents, an' bailiffs in Munster; an' if it come to that, I'd think no more of spitting one of thim thin I'd think of spearin' a salmon in the close saison. But 'tis different altogether whin it comes to talkin' of doin' away wid a little slip of a colleen that never did no harrum to no wan."

"An' who the divil talked of doin' away wid her?" said Lynch angrily. "I never mintioned it, av ye did."

"Hallo! me bouchal, is't that ye're after?" said the giant. "Ye want to save yere own skin; and let uz pay the piper. Is that it?"

"Ye're a parcel of white-livered *kinats*," said Lynch, now losing all control of himself. "'Tis aisy to see that none of ye, nor of thim belongin' to ye, ever swung for yere creed or counthry."

"Begor you're right, Dan," said one of the "boys," passing his finger inside his collar. "That's a cravat that must be cut to be loosened. None of us ever wore it."

"'Tisn't too late a-yet," said Lynch, moving away. "High hangin' and the divil playin' is what some of ye will see before ye die. Come, Murty! Come, Darby! All the sperrit is died out of the counthry!"

And he and his brother and the one follower left the meeting.

"Wisha, in the name of God," said one of the boys, rising up to return home, "is that what we're brought here for this cowl'd night, whin we ought to be in our warrum beds? Begobs, some people will soon call a meeting if they want to snare a hare or spear a salmon."

"Lynch thinks we're obligated to him and his, on account of his father," replied the giant. "An' if it wor a clear case, and somebody besides a woman or child consarned, I'd not be for backin' out of anything in fairity. But, be the hole in my coat, I'm not goin' to pick a quarrel with Edmond Connors, nor his family, bekase he chuse to take in a little gorlach of a child on a Christmas night."

"I was spakin' to his son-in-law, John Burke," replied the former. "He tould me he gave a hint to Donal, which he wouldn't have done, only he had a sup in him the night of the weddin'—an' sure if he hadn't it thin, whin would he have a right to it? An' he tould me, from the way Donal took it, he had no more idee of it than the babe unborn."

"Av coorse," said the giant. "Ould women's talk will go far an' wide across the counthry. Give 'em the tay an' the snuff, an' begob, they'll invint stories and romances for ye, as long as from here to Bantry Bay!"

"But why are the Lynchs so hot about it?" was asked. "Sure it can't be they want to revinge the murder of their father on such a child as that?"

"No! but there's another weddin' comin' on, I'm tould," was the reply. "Donal Connors is bringin' in Nano Hegarty from out there beyant Ardpatrik; and sure she don't want any wan to share the flure wid her."

"Thin Owen and the sither go out, I suppose?"

"Av coorse they do. An' av she could turn out the ould couple wid them, she'd think no more of it than of saying, *Hurrih!* to the pig."

"An' that's Dan Lynch's game, is it?" cried the others in a chorus of indignation. "Wisha, thin, bad luck to him, the naygur, to think we wor goin' to lind oursels' to help Nano. 'Twill be manny a long day afore we come to a meetin' of the Lynch's again."

And the boys dispersed, one by one, and each taking a different pathway across the snow-enveloped fields.

The great giant, Thade Ryall, and one young lad who always accompanied him, lingered behind.

"Have you a steel and flint about you?" asked Thade.

"I have," said the boy, searching his breeches pocket.

"An' a piece of spunk?"

"Here you are! 'Tis dyin' for a dhraw I am myself this could night."

Thade Ryall lit his pipe by striking fire from the flint and steel and catching the spark on the spunk, and smoked for a long time leisurely. Then he handed the pipe to his companion, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he remarked:—

"I'm thinkin' to-night's meetin' won't ind here!"

"I'm thinkin' the same," said the other, reluctantly joining in the dialogue.

"What are you thinkin', Jem?"

"I'm thinkin' I'd like to hear you talkin', Thade," said Jim, innocently.

"'Tis a pity the weed is not grown in Ireland," said Thade.

"What a manufacturer and conshumer and ginerall daler you would be!"

"Go on, Thade! Go on!" said Jim, economizing every valuable moment.

"The top of a rick of turf, a sunny day, and the wind from the South to timper it, and a well-blackened dhudeen, and the tin box full,——"

"Shtop, av ye don't want me to shtrike you! What the divil do ye want grigging a poor fellow like that fur?" said Jim, as the delectable vision rose up before him, and the stern contrast was all around.

"Well, as I was about saying, whin ye interrupted me wid yere minanderings," replied Thade, "I don't think the Lynches will shtop their hand afther to-night."

"What can they do?" said Jim.

"What can anny wan do whin the divil inthers into him? Whin I kem out that moon-light night tin years ago, d'ye think I had anny notion of drivin' thim slugs through the A'miral's carriage? An' av I knew his daughter was wid him, don't ye think I'd sooner turn the muzzle upon meself?"

"Whist!" said Jim, cautiously. "Do ye hear nothin'?"

"Nothing at all," said Thade, unconcernedly. "And whin you, Jem Cassidy, as good and religious a boy as ever broke his mother's heart, lie in wait that night for George ——"

"Whist, for God's sake, whist!" said Jim, rising up. "The walls have ears. Here's yer pipe, and bad luck to ye wid it."

"I thought I'd get it out of ye," said Thade, coolly smoking. "Nothin' but wan thing could take the pipe from your mouth, Jem!"

"But what were ye saying about the Lynches?" asked Jim, crossly, for he felt he had been cheated.

"Nothin' pertickler, 'cept they won't shtop there."

"Ned Connors is a dangerous man," said Jim.

"I know a more dangerous man," said Thade.

"Who?"

"Donal Connors. He's the wan man I'd be afeared to meet, av his temper was up."

"I think I'll put him an his guard," said Jim. "He did manny a good turn for me."

"You can't," said Thade, sententiously.

"Why can't I?" said Jim.

"Haven't you yer oath, you ruffian?" said Thade. "Didn't ye sware on the crossed shticks not to revale iss, aye, or no, that 'ud happen here?"

"Thru for you, begobs," said Jim. "Shure I forgot meself. But it will be no harrum av I have it convayed to Donal, that he may expec' a visit, but that they won't shtay long?"

"Well, that's another question," said Thade, balancing the morality of the thing in his mind. "It's wan thing to tell, another thing to convey. Well," he said at length, "I suppose you may; but don't let the Lynches ever hear it, av ye vally yer life an' don't care to be tied to the settle."

"Are ye done, Thade?" said Jim. "It's mortal cowl'd here."

"Take another shaugh," said Thade.

"N—no!" said Jim. "But I'll take the lend of a loan of your 'baccy-box, till to-morrow. Ah!" he said lovingly, as Thade handed him the little flat tin box. "Sure, 'tis atin' and drinkin', and sleepin'—all thegither!"

A few nights later there was a little scene at the forge. A few of the boys met as usual to talk over events; and the conversation turned upon Nodlag.

"Whatever they say, the Lynches are right," said one, lighting his pipe at the forge furnace.

"They might be, if they could prove theirselves," said another.

"That's just it!" said a third.

"No wan manes anny harrum to the girl," said the first speaker,

"but it is clear this is no place for the likes of her aquals, afther all that occurred. Begobs, people have their feelings; and tisn't Ned Connors should go agin them whatever tie he has in the girl."

"The right thing would be to frighten him, without hurtin' him; and let him sind her on the road, where he picked her up," said the first.

Red Casey was swinging his sledge with great strokes on a horse-shoe that was held red-hot by a boy with long, forked tongs. He caught the conversation, however; and lifting high the sledge in the air, he said:

"The man that puts a wet finger on that girl, by G——, I'll smash his skull as aisy as I shtrike that shoe."

He brought the heavy sledge down with a fearful thud; and the red sparks flew fast and thick all around. The boy who held the horse-shoe let it fall in terror. The rest slunk silently from the forge.

And Nodlag, the cause of all this commotion, slept calmly the sleep of innocence, and dreamed out her little span of happy oblivion till the dawn.

CHAPTER XV.—THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

During that eventful year, Owen Connors and his sister left the old home at Glenanaar,—the former to take up a situation in Limerick, and the latter to become companion to a maiden aunt who was also her godmother, and from whom great things were expected, as it was supposed she had "lashings of money." The great snow had disappeared, reluctantly enough, as even far into the month of May white patches could still be seen, nestling in ditches and deep down in ravines where the sun could not pierce. But the roads and byways were open; and the spring work progressed gaily, the ground being softened and warmed for the plow and harrow by the genial influence of the snow. Except for the departure of Owen and his sister, there was very little to trouble the peace that always slept over the cottage of Glenanaar; and even this sundering of ties, as close as life itself, was accepted with that mute resignation so closely resembling the aspects of

fatalism which has always been a characteristic of the Irish peasant.

Donal's marriage took place a few weeks before Advent. It had been deferred for many reasons ; for a little difference about business details in Ireland is often the occasion of the "breaking-off" of a match or, at least, of considerable delay. And the Hegartys were always notorious at driving a hard bargain. The families had met at fairs in Kildorrery, Kilfinane, and elsewhere ; had spent hours in public-houses, arranging, debating, changing, and settling the details of the marriage-contract. At length it was decided, according to the singular but universal custom, that the old people should surrender the farm and all farm assets to their son, Donal ; that they should receive in lieu thereof from the Hegartys the sum of £200 ; that they should have the right to a room in the house, and their maintenance ; and in lieu thereof, should there be any difficulty about deciding what is meant by "proper maintenance," they should have each £15 a year ; and finally, the grass of three sheep. This kind of arrangement is the universal custom. Sometimes it works well. More frequently, it is the occasion of much heart-burning. But there seems no other way of settling so complex a question. At last, after coming to an understanding on these knotty points, the great questions about Nodlag's future was discussed. It was at a famous fair, held in Kilmallock, on the eve of All Saints' Day, and known as Snap-Apple Fair, from the ancient customs and amusements connected with All Hallows' Eve from time immemorial in Ireland. There were present old Edmond Connors, now grown feeble enough, Donal, and the father and mother of Nano Hegarty. They met in an upstairs parlor of a public-house kept by a "friend," who magnanimously kept away all the other customers who were unable to find room downstairs. The usual rather squalid fencing and sparring that goes on, on these occasions, gave way before the calm, dignified attitude of old Edmond Connors, who simply made one quiet determined statement, and no more.

"Av she was wan of yere own flesh and blood, we wouldn't mind," said Mrs. Hegarty, referring to Nodlag, "altho' it is ushal to give up the place clear on these occasions. But a *thucka*, who came from no wan knows where, and who was got by no wan knows who,—begor, 'tis the quare bisness intirely."

"There isn't much use in argyin' the matther," said Edmond Connors. "As I said at the fair at Kildorrery, Nodlag must remain, and be thrated like wan of oursels."

"Can't you lave her as a servant-girl?" said old Hegarty. "We'll put her on good wages, an' you'll have nothin' to complain about. Come now, Ned, 'tis only a thrifle of a misdherstanding," he said, in a wheedling tone. "'Twould be the quare thing, out and out, an' althegither, that such a *thescaun* should stand between us. Spake, Donal!"

"Av she was to remain as a servant-girl, there 'ud be nothin' to prevint those who are comin' in [this was the delicate way Donal referred to his future wife] to give a month's notice at anny time, and turn her on the wurruld."

"Oych! shure now, you're jokin', Donal," said Mrs. Hegarty. "The idee of Nano doin' annything that you wouldn't like; and she so fond of you!"

"Didn't she say, Kate," said her husband, "when the Begleys wor comin' around matchmakin', that she'd have Donal Connors, and no wan else in the wide wurruld; and that she'd rather beg the whole wurruld wid him than wear silks and satins wid others?"

"Indeed'n she did," said Mrs. Hegarty. "An' more'n that. She often said to meself, sez she, that she'd marry Donal, or no wan; and shure now here he is turning his back upon her as if she wor the blackest stranger."

"I'm not turnin' me back upon Nano," said Donal, uneasy under the accusation, "but naythur me father nor I will do a wrong thing to an orfin for anny wan."

"An' is the poor little crachure an orfin?" said Mrs. Hegarty, seizing on the word. "Sure they say her father and mother—bad scrán to them!—are safe and sound in America."

And she screwed her eyes into the face of old Edmond Connors as she spoke.

"How can they say that," he replied, "whin nobody but the grate God knows who her father and mother might be?"

"Av coorse, av coorse," said old Hegarty. "But people will say the quarest things; but shure, av 'twas thrue, you'd be the last man in Ireland to keep sich a wan under an honest roof."

Donal fidgeted a little; and his father grew white beneath

the eyes. But in all other outer appearances he remained perfectly composed.

"I never mind what people do be saying," he said. "They'll let no wan pass. But what do they say, Mrs. Hegarty; for 'tis better to have the thruth out than keep it in?"

"Tell him, Kate!" urged Hegarty. "'Twill kum better from a 'uman!"

Kate couldn't see this at all. She could not perceive where the feminine element came into the matter.

"Wisha, betther let it alone," she said, pulling up the hood of her black cloak; "let there be an ind to the matther, as we cannot agree."

Then her husband assumed an attitude of great determination as of one about to make a tremendous sacrifice.

"Come, Ned," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you an' the ould 'uman the grass of anither sheep, an' a new feather-bed that was never slep' on, av you sind away that ——" Here he was about to use an opprobrious expression, but a glance from the keen, blue eye of the old man stopped him, and he added, "gorlach."

Edmond Connors rose up, a signal that negotiations were at an end, when Hegarty seized him and put him back in the chair.

"Wisha, thin, Ned Connors, you're the divil intirely at dhrivin' a bargain. We'll give in to you here. But," he said solemnly, raising his finger and emphasizing his words, "av anny harrum comes av it, the blame be yours, not mine!"

"No harrum can kum," said Donal, "excep' to those who wish harrum. An' let thim beware!"

So then it is decided by the Fates that Nodlag shall not be cast upon the world to beg her daily bread, or degenerate into the unnameable; but shall get shelter, and clothes, and food, not as a menial, but as a legitimate member of the family. For herself, poor child, now bursting from childhood into girlhood, with all its dreams, aspirations and ambitions, she knew nothing of all that men were conjecturing about her mysterious past, or plotting about her uncertain future. But she wept somewhat when Owen and his sister, amid many kisses and tears and other signs of love, crossed the threshold of the old home, which they should never

repass but as strangers; and then went about her daily avocations as usual, took up the sod of turf and her well-worn books every morning, and hied her to where the old hedge-school was hidden near the bridge that crossed the Own-an-aar, and conned over her Voster, and her Carpenter's spelling-book, and won the admiration of the old schoolmaster for her obedience and intelligence; and got back in the evening to her humble dinner of potatoes and milk and the warmth of the beloved fireside, where every day she became dearer and dearer. And sometimes the old listening habit would come upon her, and she would stop at the bridge to hear the far-off voice. Or in the middle of her lesson about the bad boy that used to say, "I don't care," she would suddenly pause and put her hand to her ear and listen; and the old man, who had heard something of her history, would look at her compassionately, and her companions would nudge one another. "There's the Fairy-Child agin listening for the good people. I wondher whin will they come and fetch her away?"

At home she was queen and mistress by virtue of her right and faculty of loving. One thing troubled her these latter days. She often found Donal watching her intently, and she vaguely conjectured by that curious instinct or presentiment such sensitive minds possess, that the advent of the new mistress would mean in some way or other a disruption of the beloved peace that always hung around this Christian household. The feeling was shared, in great measure, by old Mrs. Connors, who felt, the moment the deed assigning the farm to Donal and his future wife was attested, that her supremacy was over,—her long reign of nearly fifty years was at an end.

"There'll be changes, alanna," she used say, drawing out and combing carefully Nodlag's yellow tresses, "an' they won't be good for you nor me. But all the same, we'll be together, an' sure that's a great matter."

"Will she bate me, granny?" the child would ask.

"No, alanna. She won't, because I won't lave her. But there's many a way of killing besides chokin' with butther, agragal!"

"Wisha, don't be makin' the child lonesome wid that kind o' talk," the old man would put in. "We'll be all together, Nodlag,

till death us do part, as the Catechiz says. What did you learn to-day, alannao?"

And Nodlag would go over her whole lesson, line by line, the old man nodding his head, and putting in a word here and there.

Then, in the early winter, the fatal day came. A stranger crossed the threshold of Glenanaar as its mistress; and the old people sank down into the condition of dependents. Clearly Donal's heart was not altogether in the matter. He went about his work, but with none of that light-heartedness and enthusiasm one would expect from a newly-married man who had found the desire of a life-time. His wife, cautiously but firmly, took up the management of the little household; and quietly, but unaggressively, assumed absolute control. The old people cowered by the fireside; took their meals in silence; and submitted patiently to their lot. But one could see how the sense of her dethronement and subjection was telling on the old woman. Once or twice, through sheer force of habit, she gave little orders through the house, which were at once silently but firmly countermanded by the young mistress. Then she appealed to the filial affection of Donal to support her. But he, through a sense of justice, and possibly to avoid a chronic condition of hostility between the old order and the new, said:

"Better let Nano manage, mother! She understands the matter better."

And the old woman bowed her head in a resignation that broke her heart. It was pitiful to see her going around the old familiar places, as if she were not only a stranger, but an intruder; to watch her face when another voice than hers gave orders to Peggy or Larry; to hear her pitiful appeal even to the beggars that thronged the door:

"I have nothin' for you now, honest man. I am as poor as yourself."

It is true the bonds between her husband and Nodlag and herself grew closer after her abdication and consequent humiliation; but every one that knows the imperious and arbitrary manner with which these grand old "Irish mothers" reigned and ruled over their households will easily understand how the new order cut into the very heart of this good old Christian mother.

The old fires gradually died out; the spirit waned; a general listlessness supervened over the former restless activity; and before the autumn came again, or rather in its earliest days, she fulfilled her own prophecy:

"Ye'll be berryin' me at the fall of the lafe."

There were fewer friends left therefore to Nodlag; but these were fast and true. She was everything now to old Edmond Connors; and Donal, for ever watching her with those keen, sorrowful eyes, was cautiously kind. His wife, bitterly hostile as she was, refrained from any open demonstration of dislike. But gradually, as a clever, vindictive woman might, she reduced Nodlag even below the level of a menial. The girl was taken from school and put to hard work. The servants, imitating their mistress, and cognizant of the secret that was no longer a secret, for the whole parish knew it, treated her with contumely. By degrees, and under one excuse or another, she was quietly kept away from the family meals, and even the servants would not eat with her. And all was arranged quietly and without offence. Donal was not blind to this. He saw through his wife's manoeuvres clearly. But he had no opportunity of interfering. He swallowed his wrath in silence; and went about his work, moody and distracted. But he took every opportunity of consoling the lonely girl for her hard fate. Whenever he went to fair or market, he brought home a *fairin'* to Nodlag, sometimes a cheap brooch, or a hair-comb to keep back her rich hair; sometimes it was a *Book of Fate*, found by Napoleon in the Pyramids of Egypt, sometimes the *Key of Heaven*, or the *Garden of the Soul*; but, in some mysterious way, they rapidly disappeared, leaving Nodlag disconsolate. Once, in a fit of fury, the new mistress smote the girl across the face, and her cheek and eye were swollen. Donal asked what had happened. Nodlag would not tell. Then he called his wife into his bedroom. He was one of those quiet men who give way sometimes to paroxysms of rage.

"Nano," he said, with a white terrible face, "you shtruck Nodlag. If ever you shtrike her agin, you'll remimber it to the day of your death!"

CHAPTER XVI.—WHAT OF THE FATES?

This did not smooth matters much for the poor girl. Her life very soon became a misery and a martyrdom. As her intelligence developed with her physical strength, she began to perceive, at first dimly and reluctantly, then swiftly and certainly, that her lot in life was a peculiar one. She had become faintly conscious of this at school, where she was isolated from the farmers' daughters around, who would have made her school-life a burden, were it not for the friendship the master evidently entertained for her. But sometimes an awkward question would be put by some stupid fellow:—

“Why do they call you Nodlag? That's a quare name. An' what's yere other name?”

The significance of that fact, that she had no name beyond a kind of nickname, gave her the first inkling of her isolation from her kind. She made one or two inquiries which were answered evasively; and then, with the ease of youth and perfect health, she forgot all about it. Now, it all came back with tenfold force; and, as she gradually understood that she had no family name, no family connections, no relatives, no friends in the usual sense of the word, her peculiar position gave her many a hard, bitter hour of sombre and melancholy reflection. For now she sprang into womanhood with that swiftness characteristic of highly nervous and sensitive organisms. She grew swiftly tall; and without a trace of weakness or delicacy, she became a jealous contrast to the coarse, heavy, lumbering figures of the farm-yard. She was, in fact, in her sixteenth year, a tall, handsome, mountain girl, who could leap the Own-an-aar at full flood, and jump lightly from the ground on the back of the tallest horse in the yard. And as her thick hair deepened in hue and became an auburn color, her long, straight features, slightly browned and freckled, took on a delicacy and refined tone that was specially exasperating to those with whom she was brought into daily contact. But all this superiority, unnoticed by the modest girl, did not tend to relieve her from the ever-painful feelings of her loneliness and isolation; and once or twice at school, and more frequently in the farm-yard and fields, she heard herself called by a name the opprobrium of which she

took long years to realize. Once or twice she approached Donal with a question; but then shrank from the dread of the revelation. She felt that she could not bear to be told of some secret shame, or misfortune, that would blight all her after-life. In her ignorance she had at least the consolation of knowing that she did love and was beloved. Why she could not say; but at least it was a salve for the ever-present sore, that whatever secret was kept in the archives which she feared to open, at least it could not estrange from her the affection she prized above all things else on earth. The suspicion that a revelation, even to herself, of that secret might force her into a conscientious disruption of those sweet ties that made all the happiness of life, prevented her from seeking a knowledge that might be fraught with evil. So she determined to remain silent, and accept the uncertainty with all its present rewards. For she could not be insensible to her own personal attractions. Instinct told her that she had great advantages, not only over these poor girls who slaved in the farm-yard, but even over their mistress herself; and modest and humble though she might be, she could not be insensible to facts that left an ever-growing impression on her imagination. Then sometimes she felt that with all the coldness and aversion with which she had been treated, and was still treated, even by neighboring families, there was somehow blent a note of admiration; and it was not altogether a maiden's fancies, or mere vanity, that made her feel that the eyes of people rested on her face and figure, going to or coming from Mass; and there was sometimes a little feeling of exultation which died away again into despondency, when she had to pass through an avenue of cars and carts, and was ungreeted, save by that cold stare of silent admiration.

She became dimly conscious, however, that besides her friends at Glenanaar, now reduced to Edmond and Donal, there was one other spot where her presence was greeted like a sunbeam. This was at the forge down near the bridge. There was always a welcome and a warm corner for her near old Mrs. Casey, as she sat by the kitchen fire; and there was no mistaking the cheery salutation:

"Milé failte, alannao, milé failte! What a stranger you're becoming! We didn't see you sin' Sunday. Did we, Reddy?"

"No, mother! Nodlag is getting so big now, she has too much to do, besides comin' to see us!"

Here was a note of impatience that meant much. But it was very sweet, nevertheless, to the lonely girl, who made this humble cabin almost her home, not so much in the way of residence as by a kind of proprietary right she assumed in arranging and managing Mrs. Casey's humble belongings. For ever since she was a child it was Nodlag's invariable custom, whenever she came to the forge, to fling aside the parti-colored shawl which served as snood, and letting her long hair fall down, she would move around the little kitchen and bedroom, setting all things to rights, cleaning here and tidying there, until everything came to look spick and span under her dainty touch. And the old mother would bless her from her *sugan* chair, and say:

"If God 'ud only sind me a daughter like you!"

And the young smith, with his grimy shirt open, revealing his strong chest, would lean on his sledge with blackened arms, knotted and gnarled with huge muscles, and sigh and think:

"If that purty picture could remain, what a blessed life would be mine!"

But now Nodlag had grown to womanhood; and the jest and the laugh had died away from the young smith's lips. A deeper feeling than his cheerful child-affection had taken hold of him; and he became silent and shy and reserved. A new life had entered his veins. The great transformation had taken place. To the unconscious Nodlag the change was alarming. She could not interpret it. Old Mrs. Casey was as kind, as loving, as solicitous as ever. Her welcome to the forge was unstinted in its warmth. But the attitude of the young smith was a puzzle. Instead of the broad, deep gaze into her blue eyes, he looked at her in a shy, furtive manner; answered rather shortly, and never now performed the chivalric courtesy to which she had been accustomed since childhood, of lifting her, or helping her into the saddle. She concluded, after a good deal of reflection, that Redmond's mind was also poisoned against her; that the deep secret of her life had averted his face from her for ever. She little knew how deep a hold she had of that strong, manly heart. She little dreamed that a hundred times a day a very smutty but

not unhandsome face, crowned by a mass of rusty hair fairly well dyed with soot, stared through the little square window of the forge up along the winding road that led to Glenanaar; and that his honest heart leaped with pride when he saw her well-known, shapely figure come swaying down the white road, or bending with every movement of the white or bay horse she was bringing to his forge. Why didn't some one tell her the boy's mighty secret? Or why didn't Redmond himself speak, and solve the riddle of his future happiness for ever?

Well, he did; but not to Nodlag. He took Donal into his confidence in his shy, reluctant way.

"I think," he said to Donal one day as they smoked together leisurely after the horses had been shod, "Nodlag is not lookin' as well as we'd wish her."

"I didn't notice," said Donal, somewhat alarmed. "Do ye think she's looking badly?"

"Maybe 'tis the way she's growin'," said Redmond. "She's runnin' up very fast for her age!"

"I'm afeared she's not as continted as she ought to be," said Donal sadly. "Thim that ought to be a mother to the lonely girl, are more inclined to be a stepmother."

"'Twould be aisy enough to bettther that, begor," said Redmond.

"What do you mane? How?" asked Donal, sharply.

"I mane that me an' me mother would be the happy pair, if Nodlag could make her home here, and lave where she isn't welcome!"

"That's dacent of you, Red," said Donal. "An' I suppose you know all—I mean all that the people does be sayin'?" he corrected himself hastily.

"I do, and perhaps more," said Redmond. "An' I don't care a *thraneen* for all that the gossips can say agin her. There's not a girl like her in the County Cork or Limerick."

Donal looked at him inquiringly; and a great light began to dawn.

"Me father," he said at length, "could never do widout her. She reads for him, and sews for him, an' works for him,—that is," he said, after a pause of shame, "whin she's allowed by her superiors."

"There's somethin' in that, surely," said Redmond. "But your father, Donal, is binding a good deal, and wakening, since your mother's death; and if anythin' should happen to him, what would become of Nodlag?"

"Thin I should take care of her," said Donal.

"Av coorse, av coorse," said Redmond coughing violently, for the smoke had gone the wrong way, he said. "But you know Nodlag now is no child; an' we know what wimmin' are whin they get jealous-like."

"Thru for ye, Red," said Donal, with a smile of meaning playing around his mouth; "but if Nodlag is no longer a child at Glenanaar, she wouldn't be a child ayther down here."

Redmond coughed again violently, until his face was as red as his hair.

"I know what you mane, Donal," he said. "But —," here he stopped suddenly, as if to gather his faculties together. Then he continued. "But I wouldn't ask her to come here, onless I had a right."

"That means only wan thing," said Donal, reflectively.

"Only wan thing," said the smith. "If you and your father consint, I'm satisfied to make Nodlag my wife!"

"But, tare an' 'ouns, man," said Donal, highly delighted, "what about Nodlag hersel'? Have you spoken to her, or is it all arranged betune ye?"

"Never a word on the matther passed my lips," said Redmond. "'Tis you, Donal, must do the good turn for me!"

"Begor, I will with a heart and a half," said Donal, "tho' 'twould come much betther from yerself. But have you thought, Red, of what it all manes?"

"Have I?" said Redmond. "Was there anny other thought in my mind for the past twelve months but what I'm spakin' now? God forgive me! Manny's the time it came uppermost in me prayers; and even at Mass!"

"And do you think 'twill serve your bisniss?" said Donal.

"'Twill an' it 'twon't," said Redmond. "If they could do widout me, they might. But you know there's not another blacksmith within six miles!"

Donal thought long and deeply.

"You know," he said at length, "that Nodlag has nothin' but what's on her!"

"An' did I ask for anythin'?" Redmond said, half angrily "Did I mention money, or annything else, Donal Connors," he continued. "Come now, as man to man, did I?"

"No," said Donal. "Red, you are a brave, good man, and if Nodlag likes you, me father and me will be the happy couple."

"Thin you'll spake to Nodlag," said Redmond, anxiously, "and lave me know her answer as soon as you can."

"I will," said Donal, drawing his horse's reins over his shoulder. "An' 'twon't be my fault if she doesn't say, *Yes!* to you!"

"God bless you, Donal!" said Redmond, fervently. "And may it come to my turn yet to do as good a turn to you!"

Here, then, was the solution of a good many difficulties, if Time and Fate would allow. A fair vista of an honored life stretched smilingly before the feet of the lonely girl. It was only the little *Yes!* to be enlarged and emphasized into the more solemn *I will!* and all would be right for evermore. But here come the Fates, and Chance, and Evil; and lo! down rush the clouds and rain, and blot out the sunshine and the glory, apparently for ever.

But Donal's heart was singing with delight, as he trudged lazily up the hill; and he often smiled as he imagined the surprise and the delight of Nodlag when he broke the matter to her. He turned over in his mind the hundred ways in which he would make the solemn communication with most effect. Would he broach the matter in the comic and bantering style so usual in Ireland; or would he speak to her seriously, as a father to a child? Or would he put it enigmatically, or by way of parable, pretending that it was a piece of match-making going on in another parish, and with no reference to herself, until she gave her opinion? He decided at last that this was the "shuparior plan," and he arranged his story as neatly as possible toward a successful issue.

And the young smith swung to his work with redoubled efforts, for now that he had cast the die, he was anxious for the result. A thousand times he told himself that he would be con-

tumeliously rejected; and he often regretted his smutty face and sooty hair. No girl could see beneath such a grimy appearance the pulsations of a strong, brave, loyal heart. And then again hope revived. Donal's eloquence, and her own loneliness and dependence, would do all. And as he rang his small hammer on the anvil in short, quick strokes, he knew that the musical steel echoed the word that was in his heart,—Nodlag! Nodlag! and Nodlag!

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

(To be continued.)

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

A Catholic Summary and Forecast of Its Mission.

“**A** GOOD, sound working theory is better than a temporary expedient,” was one of the practical axioms declared from the platform of the Religious Education Association at the first general session of its Convention in Boston on February 14th. It referred to the intention of the leaders of this Association to have done with expediency, temporizing, and compromising in facing this vital problem of the religious education of the child and the youth in the great, common schools of our country. Throughout the fifty or more sessions held by the Association's various departments during its three days' Convention, the dominant note was undeniably that of a practical, unprejudiced determination to find and *define* a plan of religious education which would contain “a good, sound working theory” as its basis. Yet the subjects for discussion included in the programme of the sessions by no means limited the consideration of the general subject to only the practical or utilitarian aspects of this problem. No phase of this general subject, nor any of its numerous “side issues,” but had some light flashed upon them; sometimes only enough to reveal their bristling difficulties; at times illuminating enough to show the clear road ahead out of the latter.

A slight glance at the programme will give evidence that the discussion of no problem was shirked because of its past or

present association with some thorny prejudice, or bitter reminder of old misunderstandings yet lingering perhaps in the memory of those present at the Convention, or those who were awaiting the reports of it from outside. That there had been a well thought-out plan and a deliberate intention to approach this very kind of problem squarely and without subterfuge is apparent by noting that one of the four important addresses arranged for the first general session was on the topic, "What Coöperation is Now Possible in Religious Education Between Roman Catholics and Protestants?"—the speaker for the Catholic side of this question being the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; and (inferentially) for the non-Catholic side, Mr. Walter L. Hervey, Ph.D., Examiner, Board of Education, New York City. Further on in the programme follow announcements of addresses on such subjects as "What Can the Teaching of Philosophy Do for the Religious Life of Students?" by Professor Borden P. Bowne, Ph.D., LL.D., Boston University; "The Decline in the Number of Students for the Ministry," by President Alfred T. Perry, D.D., Marietta College, Ohio; "Shall a Committee be Appointed to Report on the Curricula of Theological Seminaries, with a View to Establishing Larger Uniformity?" a discussion opened by Professor M. W. Jacobus, D.D., Hartford Theological Seminary, Conn.; "What Changes Should be Made in Public High Schools to Make Them More Efficient in Moral Training?" by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.; "How Far, and How, Can the Foundations of Religion be Laid in the Common Schools?" by Professor Edwin D. Starbuck, Ph.D., Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.; "What Moral Equipment May the Community Reasonably Demand of the Graduates of the Common Schools?" by Mr. Walter H. Small, A.B., Superintendent of Schools, Providence, R. I.; "Ethical Instruction in Day-Schools and in Sunday-Schools," by Mr. John Lovejoy Elliott, Ph.D., Ethical Culture Schools, New York City; and "Science as a Teacher of Morality," by Professor John M. Coulter, Ph.D., LL.D., The University of Chicago. The climax of "difficult" topics was reached, however, in one of the last "departmental" sessions, when the subject of religious education in Europe, its present status, and

some of its relations to Church and State, were discussed ; with Germany and France as the particular fields for observation and illustration ; the first being considered in its scheme of religious instruction, whereby each denominational body is allowed freedom to instruct its own children in religion at stated periods of time and place in the curricula of the common schools,—the name of this scheme being given in the address as it is applied in the German language, “ Religionsunterricht, and Its Results,” by Mr. Edward O. Sisson, formerly Director of Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill. ; and the French scheme of education which has supplanted the religious teaching of the Church in the State schools being discussed in a paper by Mr. W. S. Monroe, of the State Normal School, Westfield, Mass., under the title “ Twenty Years of ‘ Instruction Morale et Civique.’ ”

While these were the themes which would be perhaps singled out from the programme and followed with the keenest interest by those who are aware of their direct relations to delicate points of difference, disagreement, and even embittered dissent between religious and non-religious bodies to-day, their place in the programme of the Religious Education Convention is only of apparent or superficial importance, compared to that of other subjects named in the same programme whose vital relations to the real heart of the problem should place them in the first rank of topics for discussion by not only the members of this Association, but by every intelligent person whose moral and physical interests are bound up in this subject,—and the number of these persons includes humanity.

It was no more than would be expected at the convention of an association claiming to be “ an educational institution ” ; called by one of its officers “ the newest of our great universities ” ; and having “ a staff of instructors made up of the great college presidents of the country ” ; with a membership composed mostly of school and college representatives, it was not surprising to find that the unit of discussion in such an assembly, or rather the great central sun round which the lesser units of discussion revolved throughout the entire period of the Convention, was “ the School.” In this the Association but reflects the mind of the country, and even of the world in general, in its present view of the problem of

all education, religious and secular as well. It is a strange phenomenon, this world-wide conception to-day of the most vital problem of our modern civilization, a problem declared in an impassioned address at this Convention to be greater than all the rest in the significance of its relations to our national welfare. "Bitter as is the present struggle between labor and capital, our nation's greatest peril is not the corruption which we see in municipal and national affairs; nor is it commercialism, stifling patriotism; nor imperialism, crushing out idealism. These, indeed, are great perils; but back of them, and the prolific source of all the evil, is a nation forgetting its God." And back of such forgetfulness and the most potent influence in effacing God from the human consciousness is our national fault of putting the school in the place once filled by the home in the development of the child.

But the strangest aspect of this conception of the problem of religious education is presented when we view the matter historically,—and such a view does not require research into the archives of the past, but only a mere glance backward to that generation which is parent to the one now claiming our anxious attention to this problem. Did former generations have a problem of religious education to face in the sense and in the measure we now have it? And if we have a problem greater than theirs, what are the real *causes* of that problem?—not the results of it; these are of secondary importance until the causes are rightly located and removed. The answer to this question lies in the difference between the conception of a former generation regarding the agencies whereby a religious education was imparted to the child, and the idea of those agencies which prevails among us to-day. The former generation had not a problem of religious education to settle as we have it, because they did not conceive it as we do now, or rather they did not look to the same resources as we are looking to for the religious training of the child. To them the unit of a discussion upon this subject would never, by any kind of circumlocution, begin or end elsewhere than at the *home*; as the representatives and leaders in such a discussion would never, from any kind of exigency, stand for any one less related to the child than the parent; and such representatives would view the

problems in this discussion, not as the teacher views them, but as the parent sees them.

But this displacement of relations is only consistent with the whole perverted, or inverted, order of things to-day in which the school stands as the supreme factor, economically as well as religiously, in the lives of this generation, while the home takes second place. Such men as are represented by the leaders and members of this Association would be the first to declaim against an order of things so perverted as this, if the full force of its evil significance were sufficiently apparent. But the present arrangement of these factors in human life into which they with the rest of this generation are fitted, is something which has grown with our growth; we have been as unconscious of it as of the ever widening disparity between the stature of our infancy and that of our maturity; and the only way to get the proportion is to take the measure between the two extremes. What did the home represent as a factor in the religious education of a former generation, and what does it represent as such a factor to-day? Must the lack of religious education in the child's life to-day be blamed altogether upon the lack of it in the school, when such a lack exists in the latter; or to the banishment of it from the home, which has relegated it to the school?

What may be the results of transferring to the teacher the *whole* responsibility for educating the child, in religious as well as secular knowledge, restricting the part of the parent—specifically the mother—as a religious teacher to such a limited period of the child's life that her influence in this relation becomes practically non-existent when the child reaches maturity? An estimate of this arrangement may be reached by making a comparison of its results, or its prospective results, with the conditions under which a religious education was imparted to the child in a former generation. Under the dispensation of the latter the school was not only confined to a most limited area in its work of giving religious instruction to the child, but it often stood for and even taught anti-religious as well as anti-Catholic doctrines under the régime of bigotry and intolerance that prevailed during the earlier days of our common schools. Such is the testimony of even that generation of Catholic public-school children which is

still with us. But under this unhappy dispensation of things a demonstration was made of the invincible influence of Christian parenthood and the value of the Christian home in preserving the child from moral and spiritual shipwreck that may yet be enshrined as a luminous fact in the Constitution of future Religious Education Associations, to teach wisdom to their leaders when they are formulating ways and means of imparting religious education to the young.

It was under this dispensation, in which home and Church each stood with one hand upon the child in loving solicitude and guidance, while the other was raised in protest against encroachment by the school beyond its restricted and prescribed limits, that the young giants who buried deep the foundations of Church and State, of religion and morality and justice in this great Republic, grew to maturity; and it is they who to-day are speaking the strongest word, through the lips of those to whom they handed on the cause of Church and State, of morality and religion, to save that cause from defeat by the only evil that can permanently defeat it, and that is, the disruption of the Christian home.

It is the passing of the home, not the secularizing of the school, that has given us a problem of religious education to solve, the like of which no other generation before ours has been confronted with. This is the *cause* we must deal with before we can devote our entire energies to only the relations of that cause, or the results of it. "More and more," says a prominent educational leader, "we have come to see within the last few years that the problem of the family is the *crux* of modern civilization;" the "home and its organization being in the field of social science much what cell and tissue are in biology." But this primary truth is too obvious to call for illustration; it is admitted by all, apparent to all; but, unfortunately, it is among that class of things in human life which are so obvious that we pay no attention to them. No fact was more commonly taken for granted throughout the deliberations of this gathering of educators than the importance of the home in religious education; but for this very reason, perhaps, the significances of this fact were overlooked while phases which appeared more striking and acute because they were on the

surface of the problem, were dealt with zealously and thoroughly. Now and again, during the sessions, however, when emphasis was put by a speaker upon the importance of the home as a religious educator, the note rang true and strong and vibrant throughout the assembly, and claimed the response that always comes to the call of human nature's great fundamental truths. Notable in the expression of such truths was the address of President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, who spoke with characteristic frankness on the importance of the mother in the life of the child,—an importance transcending every other influence in its lasting effect upon the child's character; an influence that modern methods of education is lessening deplorably by curtailing more and more the period of time in the child's life which should be consecrated to the care and companionship of its mother, *and its mother alone*. But at only one of the minor or "departmental" sessions of the Convention was this subject of the home in its relation to religious education taken up and treated specifically; though in the brief discussion which followed the reading at this session of a paper by Professor Charles R. Henderson, D.D., of the University of Chicago, on "The Part of the Home in Religious Education," the importance of this subject was affirmed in a manner that for the time being made all other discussions at the Convention seem almost trivial. One strong, brave voice—that of Dr. Ira Landrith, Regent of Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee—was raised during this discussion to declare that those assembled were present at "the most important department of the Religious Education Association to listen to a discussion of the most important thing in the world,—religion in the home;" and that "if this Association of Religious Educators is destined to effect any good in the field of effort it has chosen, its mission must be accomplished through the agency of and coöperation with the home as the centre of religious education." The home was compared by another speaker to "an unused organ of the body, whose functions have been lost through lack of development;" and it was pointed out that "we need to rediscover the home as a religious educator in order to realize how far we have strayed from the ideal condition for religious education."

These statements may sound trite till a practical suggestion be made as to their application to the problem before us. That

this problem demands an immediate and not a remote remedy for the deplorable conditions in education that confront us, is the reason advanced for setting aside consideration of the home for that of the school as an agency in religious education. While the home is admitted to be the ideal agency for training the child's religious nature, the school is declared to be the only available agency, since the home has fallen into disrepute on account of its notorious neglect of the child in regard to all religious training. But if this is so, the question becomes one of tenfold more urgency in its claims upon our attention; and the reasons for this urgency bring squarely before us problems that are not going to be settled by so simple a method as building schools and providing religious teachers for the young.

That the delinquency of the home is the real reason for the urgency of religious training in the school is so invariably and so unanimously conceded that it seems to have lost all power to arouse even ordinary interest as a topic for discussion. Everyone is aware of the displacement of the home by the school in the child-life of to-day; everyone deplores it and admits that it is a perversion of the laws of God and of nature. To quote from the address of but one speaker at this Convention on this point, that of Dr. Shahan—though the statements by all the rest who alluded to the subject were almost identical with this in idea, if not in form—"The school has come to stand *in loco parentis*. For a multitude of children it takes the place formerly filled by the home; for too many it is the only approach to a home, in the traditional sense of the word, that they shall ever see, at least in childhood." This was the general admission of the facts of the situation on all sides; in only one case, that of Professor Henderson, were these facts taken up and treated specifically as the real issues of the problem of religious education. His was a treatment of causes rather than of effects; of prevention rather than of remedy; the presentation, and the only explicit presentation, of that solution to the problem which was declared to be desired by the Association above all others: "A sound, working theory, rather than a temporary expedient." It was not enough for him to point out that "religion, morality, culture, noble politics, all interests suffer if domestic conduct is defective or unmoral"; that "the educa-

tional function of the family is not a sporadic or periodic thing, as that of the school must, from its own peculiar exigencies, necessarily be; but that it is constant and permanent"; that "home is the primary altar, the light of which must never be extinguished"; these were facts that anyone would state unhesitatingly; but he went further and declared that the point at which to begin in earnest to attack the problem of religious education was in the home,—not by taking the child away from the neglectful or ignorant parent in order to educate it, but by inducing the parent to coöperate in this work with the teacher. "Both extremes of society—the very poor and the very rich—seem to present a plausible argument," he admits, "to have the school educate the child." But he does not admit it to be an argument that proves there is no other resource than the school for this exigency. "The law should restrain those parents capable of coöperating in this work from neglecting their plain obligations," he says, "and those unable through ignorance should be helped by wise assistance and advice." "It would be well for our country and for the cause of religion," he declares, "if those who write and preach about moral and spiritual education would take as adequate pains to discover the real sources to which the lack of such education should be traced, as they take to point out the results that emanate from these sources in the materialistic and irreligious tendencies of the day."

But that a strange obliquity of vision affects the ordinary view of this problem and makes some of the most zealous champions of both religion and education take up "side issues," while neglecting or overlooking the vital source of the whole difficulty, may be illustrated by pointing to an incident which recently raised a discussion of the school question to fever heat in the city of New York. This was the alarming announcement that the school superintendent had discovered, or his assistants had brought to his attention, the fact that thousands of the public-school children came to school breakfastless on account of the destitution of their homes. Such an outbreak of public sentiment and opinion regarding this deplorable condition of things followed the announcement of it as might be expected if some great disaster had fallen upon the community. But the peculiar

character of the sentiment expressed about it was that the "child" and the "school" were practically the only two factors which claimed all the sympathy and attention, though behind these factors existed facts which ought to have thrown the community into a spasm of anxiety, if its sympathy for this misfortune was something more than mere affectation; for back of the child was the destitute home from which the pupil came hungry to school; and back of the school's solicitude to feed the child was revealed only that devastating misconception prevailing among us of the importance of the function of the school in the civil and economic life of the people, in contrast to the resourcelessness of the home not only in providing the child with its mental and moral requirements, but with its actual physical necessities. A situation which declares nothing less than that the home in the lives of the lower classes of society has become an obsolete institution, at least in its relation to the child beyond the period of infancy, and that the mission of the school is to displace it altogether. Such a view of the situation was revealed in the popular expression of sentiment regarding the breakfastless public-school children when none seemed to be shaken by the realization that, if the child from the destitute home is hungry, the parent in that home must be hungrier,—for human nature revolts at the monstrous supposition that the mother would eat while the child went without food; that beyond the awful hunger of the mother was the probable starvation of the infant, not to speak of the father—the natural bread-winning resource of the family—being crippled in his strength for lack of food. These things were not even discussed by the public, while philanthropic societies and "humane" individuals grew almost hysterical in their concern for the child whose efficiency as a student was impaired because it came breakfastless to school.

Undeniably there is a platform upon which Catholic and Protestant may meet and coöperate in securing religious education and moral training for the child, and that platform is broad enough to hold humanity, for its principle is the integrity of the home, and its plan of operation shall exclude no agency which stands for that integrity, while its weapons against the enemies of the home shall include every righteous means open to the citizens

of this Republic by a free ballot and liberty to effect by legislation whatever may be best for the general welfare. That we can agree about the lesser issues, that ways and means are to be found whereby the common school shall no longer bear that opprobrious title of "ungodly" put upon it by its critics, is a hope that is not groundless or unreasonable when we see a manifestation of willingness to abolish "ungodliness" in the school as sincere as that which we witnessed in this convention, where Catholic and non-Catholic—the latter of every shade of religious belief—met in earnest and sincere coöperation to find ways and means that may solve this problem to the satisfaction of all.

Yet let us hope that in the future ideal convention of the friends of religious education we shall find the home discussed as the subject of the most supreme importance in this question; while next in order shall come those agencies which stand as friends of the home in our modern civilization; the Church pre-eminent among these, on the religious side; the Social Settlement only second to the Church in its direct influence upon the family for better living and high ideals; and an educational system that shall have learned to know what functions it rightly possesses, and where it may not trespass in its work of educating the child.

A. A. MCGINLEY.

Boston, Mass.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CHANCEL CHOIRS.

I.

PRINCIPLES BEHIND THE LEGISLATION.

THE question of our Church music has become within the last year an absorbing topic for discussion. Since the publication of the *Motu proprio*, in January, 1904, there has been much interesting speculation among the priests and musicians as to the precise meaning of the document. "What does it all mean?" they ask. "Does the Encyclical really apply to this country? What is the tenor and scope of the new legislation? Are we held by it to dispense with the services of our female singers, and to ven-

ture into the unfamiliar mysteries of chancel choirs and Plain Chant? and, if so, how are we best going to effect the change?"

Such queries are heard every day, for there has been considerable doubt here as to the mind of the Holy Father. The clergy and musicians were ill-prepared to face an ordinance so subversive of the existing conditions, and from this point of view it was but natural to expect some hesitation and lack of enthusiastic response. Pastors have been so busily engaged here in their priestly work that their attention in many cases had been quite diverted from the importance of the musical portion of their services. The chief problem touching upon Church music which can be said heretofore to have interested pastors to any great extent, was how to keep the members of the choir in peaceful and amicable relations, and this serious, and often impossible, question once solved, their consciences have been quite at peace; a stormy sea once calmed, they were glad to leave well enough alone. Hence this formidable set of decrees, which demands that more of their interest be directed to the music, has not met a cordial welcome everywhere. The loyalty displayed in dealing with the question, however, and the readiness to conform as soon as possible to the requirements of the Encyclical so universally expressed, give assurance that the present endeavor to consider the practical problems of the situation is opportune.

The custom of employing "mixed" choirs to sing what have come to be called the "Standard Masses" by some strange incongruity and forgetfulness of the true ideals of ecclesiastical music, has so long prevailed among us, that it was only with difficulty that some were brought to see the purpose and advantages of this radical reform.

Some Catholics in this country have known no other than the "mixed" choir; and at the first suggestion, a church choir without female voices seems an anomaly and an impossibility; they are incredulous when told that boys—and young boys of twelve and thirteen years of age—can fill the place of the trained and experienced women singers whom the recent legislation of His Holiness has debarred from singing as a part of the official choir. It would be unreasonable to expect that such a state of mind could easily and immediately reconcile itself to a prospect of con-

ditions that imply such a different point of view and such new standards. The Encyclical must seem strange and mystifying to those of us who have not yet realized how absolutely and completely the present state of our service-music contradicts every ideal and tradition of the Church.

The writer does not forget that there have been many earnest advocates here of the higher and truly ecclesiastical standard of Church music,—many whose souls have been wounded and whose æsthetic sense has been offended by the secularization and extravagance which characterize the general tendency of the music ordinarily performed at the liturgical services. There are many, it is true, who for years have been trying to excogitate practicable plans for restoring sacred music to its rightful place, whose obvious ambition has been to check the speed with which the usage of our days is receding from the majestic simplicity of the Catholic ritual-music. But these ardent enthusiasts for better conditions have been in the minority. It is almost impossible to avoid concluding, from the music sung in most of our churches, that the characteristic attitude of those who have had the direction of it has not been one of earnest solicitude for the highest and truest ideals of the Catholic tradition.

From this state of indifference His Holiness has awakened us. He has told the world, with the full weight of his apostolic authority, that music has an important place in the liturgy of the Church, and that it must be guarded and attended with the earnest care which is due any integral part of the sacred offices. He has defined with careful precision the criteria by which musical compositions shall be judged worthy or unworthy of performance within the sacred edifice. He has ordered banished forever from our churches all that detracts in any way from the solemnity of the divine services; he has published "with certain knowledge," a number of canons in the form of a "juridical code of sacred music," and he has imposed "its scrupulous observance upon all."

These decrees call for a root-and-branch reform; they involve so complete a change from the former condition that those concerned have been puzzled as to just where to begin. But it is evident that the meaning of the legislation and practicable ways for its observance in our somewhat difficult situation are gradu-

ally becoming clearer. Our clergy have shown so much goodwill toward the wish of the Holy Father, that we could not remain long without finding some means of coping with the difficulties which at first sight seem to make impracticable a literal observance of the Encyclical.

In many dioceses commissions have been appointed to draw up the plans best suited for carrying out the reforms in their various localities. Already signs of a movement in the right direction have appeared. The Archdiocese of New York has been notably prompt in complying with the demands of the document. The music commission of that diocese has published a set of regulations which show a keen appreciation of the spirit of the movement. On the third Sunday of October a male chorus was made the official musical organization of the Cathedral. And more recently, a choir of priests has been formed, which will undoubtedly contribute greatly to increase interest and enthusiasm.

From Philadelphia we hear news of the male choirs which have succeeded the mixed choruses at the Cathedral and the Gesù. Boston is adding new names to her list of sanctuary choirs, and Providence boasts of a splendid new choir at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. Holy Trinity Church (Jesuit Fathers), Washington, D. C., has inaugurated the reforms for the Archdiocese of Baltimore, and St. Mary's Church (Paulist Fathers), for the Archdiocese of Chicago.

These are only beginnings, but they indicate a growing appreciation of the principles to which the *Motu proprio* has so forcefully directed our attention, and they give hope that in the near future our Church music will be thoroughly purged of all the unbecoming features of the present-day style.

With the new light that has come, and with the Encyclical as a guide, it should not require much thought, if people will look fairly into the question, to see that there is a wide hiatus between the music performed in most of our churches and the holy end to which it should be consecrated. Reasonable contrasting of the established ideals of sacred music with the style of compositions and the method of producing them which have been in vogue here, must reveal in the end that it is but the rare exception to find any, even slight, proportion between them. We feel that this fact is becoming more generally appreciated.

But the crucial point of the situation arises from some uncertainty as to a further principle,—the use of boys instead of women in the soprano and contralto parts. Perhaps the reason behind this legislation may not be so evident as the principles which demanded the call for a purer style of ecclesiastical song. At any rate, there can scarcely be any doubt that it is a lack of understanding of the ideal here in question, and the timidity with which those concerned approach the difficulties involved in conforming to it, that are the greatest obstacles to the progress of the reform. One can hardly avoid the suspicion that there has been a good deal of interpreting, modifying, and explaining away of this decree on the part of those who have never taken a copy of the Pope's letter and sat down before it to study out its meaning. The decree itself is so clear as to preclude any possibility of misinterpretation: "Whenever, then, it is desired to employ the acute voices of sopranos and contraltos, these parts must be taken by boys, according to the most ancient usage of the Church." The note that is struck in the concluding phrase, "according to the most ancient usage of the Church," is dominant throughout the Pope's decree. In a preceding canon he asserts that "with the exception of the melodies proper to the celebrant at the altar, and to the ministers, which must be always sung in Gregorian chant and without the accompaniment of the organ, all the rest of the liturgical chant belongs to the *choir of levites*, and, therefore, singers in church, even when laymen, are really taking the place of the ecclesiastical choir. . . . On the same principle it follows that singers in church have a real liturgical office, and that therefore women, as being incapable of exercising such office, cannot be admitted to form part of the choir."

Being Catholics, we are accustomed to the use of authority; we do not argue about it. And apart from the consideration of the *pros* and *cons* a decree of the Holy Father determines finally our course of action. But, as is always the case, there are valid reasons behind this authoritative pronouncement. The principle which debars women from participating in the functions of the official choir fits in with the whole liturgical economy of the Church. The story of the development of ecclesiastical chant shows that from the very beginning there was a marked tendency

to confine the music of the liturgical services to a certain selected body of male singers. In 320, the Council of Laodicea declared that, "No one is to sing in the church but the canonical singers, who mount the lectern and sing from the book." Leo the Great, in the fifth century, established this body of cantors in definite form; and in the following century, we note the rise of schools of music for the training of the boys and men who were to sing at the ecclesiastical functions. The fact that these singers bore the title of sub-deacons is significant of the estimation in which their office was held. Speaking of the use of male voices in the services of the Church, Mr. Edward Dickinson, perhaps the most eminent historian of worship music in this country says:¹

"It is certainly noteworthy that the exclusion of the female voice which has obtained in the Catholic Church throughout the Middle Age, in the Eastern Church, in the German Protestant Church, and in the cathedral-service of the Anglican Church, was also enforced in the temple worship of Israel.² The conviction has widely prevailed among the stricter custodians of religious ceremony, in all ages, that there is something sensuous and passionate (I use these words in their simpler original meaning) in the female voice,—something at variance with the austerity of ideal which should prevail in the music of worship. Perhaps, also, the association of men and women in the sympathy of so emotional an office as that of song is felt to be prejudicial to the complete absorption of mind which the sacred function demands. Both these reasons have undoubtedly combined in so many historic epochs to keep all the offices of ministry in the House of God in the hands of the male sex. On the other hand, in the more sensuous cults of paganism, no such prohibition has existed."

These apt words of Professor Dickinson bring us to a second consideration. The male choir *is* the best fitted to accompany the liturgical offices, for there is a peculiarly religious timbre in the concert of the boys' pure soprano and alto voices with the heavier voices of the men. The spiritual effects possible to such a chorus are quite impossible to a mixed choir. The charm of a boy's *well-trained* voice singing at the Holy Sacrifice and at the other

¹ *Music in the History of the Western Church*, p. 30.

² The references to "female singers" in the Scriptures are quite capable of explanation.—W. J. F.

sacred services, is quite indescribable ; its power is marvellous and mysterious ; it seems to tell of holiness and simplicity. There is a plaintive sweetness about it that appeals to the souls of the worshippers, and helps them to realize the sacredness of their surroundings ; it has power wonderfully to inspire a sense of the sublime beauty of the ritual and to call forth floods of unawakened religious sentiment. Some years ago Canon Oakeley was quoted in the *Dublin Review* as follows :

“ There is something about the voices of boys which is preëminently suited to the true idea of Christian praise, whereas it is exceedingly difficult for singers of the other sex, especially when accustomed to professional exhibitions, to tone down their mode of execution to the ecclesiastical standard. It will be said, I know, that male singers who have passed from the age of boyhood are liable to the same serious defect. This I do not deny ; but it is a great point to have even one-half of a choir free from it ; while, if I be right in supposing that by the substitution of boys for females in the treble parts the whole choir would be gradually purified and Catholicized, there would be a remote tendency in such a change to give a more ecclesiastical character to the musical service in general.”

Travellers who have heard the boy-voice developed to its richest possibilities—as at St. Paul’s Cathedral (Anglican), London ; Westminster Abbey ; Lincoln Cathedral ; Brompton Oratory ; Westminster Cathedral, etc.—agree unanimously that it is in every detail and quality thoroughly religious and ecclesiastical in its suggestions and effects. It is sad to realize that we Catholics have let slip through our fingers the rich heritage of the purer traditions of worship music, and that on being summoned to readjust our customs to these traditions, we are driven to look outside the fold for assistance. The affectionate care which has been bestowed upon the music of other churches—especially by the directors of the choral services of the Anglican Church—has done much which will help us in confronting the difficulties of perfecting our own Church music. For it must be confessed that, with the exception of the Cæcilien-Verein and the Solesmes School of Plain Chant, there are few institutions which have treasured up the traditions of the old Catholic centuries and perpetuated what may be called the classical music of the Church. And even these two

schools just named, though they help us in repertory, as shall be seen in the proper place, give comparatively little assistance in the distinctive training of boys' voices, for reasons more or less obvious.

Some Catholics in this country have expressed themselves as rather sceptical of the possibilities in a boy-choir. But one never hears such an opinion from those who have listened to a *thoroughly trained* boy-choir. It is a misfortune that some of the Catholic sanctuary choirs here have not been organized or directed on anything like a scientific basis. There has been a good deal of mediocre, if not inferior, work done at times, with the natural result of prejudicing people against the idea. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the effects which can be produced with properly taught choirs, and it is the earnest hope of those most interested in this renaissance of holy traditions and better principles of Church music, that those engaged in forming and directing these new choirs will make their work a demonstrative argument, to all who frequent their services, of the advantage of this reform.

But we must not lose sight of the first purpose of this series of articles by too much theorizing about the principles of these Catholic traditions, which the Encyclical has so emphasized; the practical side of the situation must be considered.

"It is very interesting, and no doubt very profitable to talk about the superiority of Gregorian and Palestrinesque music, and the unique fitness of the boy-choir for church purposes," is a common objection in these days; "but how are we, here in America, a missionary country—where the Church is still in its brick-and-mortar stage, where we have been glad and grateful to furnish any kind of a respectable service—how can we *here and now* make a change which involves such difficulties and so many unpleasant issues?"

It is this practical view of the reform that is the stumbling-block to many priests who have expressed a ready willingness to enforce the decrees in their parishes. They are frightened at the face-difficulties of the situation; and, as has already been said, the timidity with which they have been proceeding is largely responsible for the comparatively little progress made. That there are some difficulties in the way of an immediate compliance

with the letter of the law, even the ultra-enthusiasts of the movement readily admit. But it must be stated, too, that for the average city church, the installation and maintaining of effective Gregorian chancel choirs is much easier of accomplishment than the present attitude of some of the clergy would indicate.

Whatever be the initial difficulty connected with the disbanding of the established mixed choirs, and the organization of the others, it should be remembered that the results are worth infinitely more. Loyalty to our Holy Father is at stake, as well as the decorum of the divine services.

With something of effort and more of courage we can add great splendor to our solemn services and reestablish the intimate and sacred relations of music to the other parts of the ritual.

The one thing that is necessary now is sympathetic discussion of the problems of the situation; it will awaken greater interest, and bring to light many facts and experiences which will be of material assistance to those actively engaged in introducing the reforms. And so this series of articles has been designed and arranged to discuss the best ways and means at our disposal for the organization and successful directing of boy-choirs; and to point out and to apply to our own conditions here, the principles upon which such magnificent choirs have been reared in other lands, and notably in the Established Church of Great Britain.

Thus the first paper treats of "Organization"; the second will present interesting and important facts concerning the training of a choir, and of boys' voices in particular; the concluding article will discuss repertoire and whatever, from this point of view, contributes to make a choir an efficient element in the religious influences of the ritual.

II.

THE PRACTICAL PROBLEMS CONSIDERED.

Within the past quarter of a century the science of chancel-choir training has made great strides, and at the present day it is firmly established upon a solid basis. There is no question that bears upon the correct managing and training of choirs and choir-boys that has now to be left to the guesswork of individual choir-masters. The names of some of England and America's most

noted musicians are associated with the development of this unique branch of the musical profession, and there is scarcely any problem kindred to it that has not been to some extent solved by the investigations and experiences of the past few years.

An idea has commonly obtained among American Catholics that boy-choirs are organized and trained in about the same way as any other corporation of singers. This is incorrect. There are some very distinctive principles entailed, and it is the purpose of this symposium to emphasize them. A choirmaster would make a very serious blunder who would undertake the direction of a boy-choir without the proper equipment. This is no more than a truism, but it seems not to have been realized at times. Just what this "proper equipment" includes in detail, it is superfluous to state here; the requirements of efficient directorship will become evident as the various divisions of the subject are treated. Suffice it here to say that the average organist of our city churches will find the process of qualifying himself neither long nor arduous; he can in a short time familiarize himself with enough of the principles to make an intelligent beginning with a choir. As his choir develops and gains experience, so too will he develop, and supply any deficiency in his theoretical knowledge. But at least some initial conception of the tenor and scope of the science, and some elementary familiarity with the points which differentiate it from other musical activities, should be required. The bibliography on the subject is by no means commensurate with the extent of this scientific art, but we shall have occasion to refer to whatever of pertinent literature has been published.

The position in which the average pastor finds himself who is contemplating inaugurating an ecclesiastical choir, is something like this: he has a good pipe-organ in the choir-loft and an organist (frequently a woman) of fair talent and some musical education; the personnel of his choir includes a paid quartet (or at least a few singers who receive reimbursement) and a chorus of mixed voices which is usually willing and reliable. The musical library consists of a collection of the so-called "Standard Masses," and many figured musical settings of the most frequently recurring Offices and anthems; Palestrina or the later composers of the strict contrapuntal school are but feebly repre-

sented upon its shelves, and anything like an equipment for Gregorian services is conspicuously wanting. Our pastor may think, further, that there are but few boys in the parish (perhaps he counts them upon his fingers) who seem to be available for choir purposes. Finally, he may feel, too, that his church is hardly adapted to a sanctuary choir, for it has been built without a chancel, and he is puzzled to know how to seat a choir without overcrowding the sanctuary.

Most priests conduct their choral services with a musical outfit something like the one just outlined, and are now confronted with similar problems. "How can the organ in the gallery serve the purposes of a sanctuary choir? Must it be brought down and rebuilt in the apse? What assurance have I that a sufficient number of boys and men can be secured, and that it will be possible to maintain a choir in this parish?" These, and such like, are the questions that pastors are asking themselves and that must be answered before anything like a general use of boy-choirs can be hoped for. The question that naturally demands first attention here, concerns the material which is to make up these choirs. Boys and men must be secured who will prove efficient and reliable cantors; and not only must provision be made for the first beginnings of the choir, but a plan must be predetermined upon for replenishing the choir with fresh voices.

First, then, as to the actual organization of the boys' section of the choir. Where can we get suitable choristers? The answer to this question is based upon two facts,—first, in the average city parish there is a parochial school or at least a Sunday-school of fair size; secondly, every boy between the ages of nine and fifteen, who has a musically correct ear, and sound vocal organs, is a possible chorister-boy.

Perhaps it is well to advert here to the fact that there is a very large area in the United States where, on account of the extreme paucity of the Catholic population, and the insufficiency of resources, the parochial school system has been but inchoately developed. Dioceses in this area can scarce reasonably be held to a literal compliance with the recent decrees.

But an examination of the conditions of the churches in the cities and towns of our flourishing dioceses reveals that it is quite

possible, and in fact comparatively easy, for very many parishes to secure plenty of good choir material. The statistics of one diocese, picked at random from a number where the general conditions are about the same, will serve as an illustration. Taking the reports of the English-speaking parishes only, we find that in the four parishes of the diocesan seat, there are three schools, one including 129 boys, another 50, and the third 69. Four other towns make the following reports :

- (a) 4 parishes ; 3 schools of 92, 73, and 221 boys.
- (b) 1 parish ; a school of 130 boys.
- (c) 2 parishes ; 2 schools of 80 and 102 boys.
- (d) 1 parish ; a school of 168 boys.

Comparing these figures with the facts that almost every boy can be developed by assiduous and careful training into an acceptable singer, and that a choir of thirty boys can fill any of our churches, it becomes quite evident that, in the diocese just referred to, and in the very many of which it is a type, the average parish can get a supply of boys' voices without much difficulty.

The parochial schools, and where these are wanting, the Sunday-schools, are the sources from which our choir-boys in most cases must be selected. In these, boys are ready at hand, and, with an occasional exception, in sufficient numbers to allow of careful discrimination in the choosing. Catholic boys are glad to sing in their churches, and rarely express any serious disinclination to the various functions and obligations which the office imposes upon them. The school undoubtedly will solve the problem of *where* to get boys for most priests ; further argument about this is unnecessary. *What* boys to accept, and *how* to judge of their efficiency and capability are questions that require more detailed consideration.

What, then, is the criterion of a boy's possibilities as a chorister ? If a choirmaster must judge of a boy's availability by the *present* sweetness of his voice, and the *present* fluency of his sol-fa'ing, then, indeed, the question of organizing boy-choirs is effectually closed. If the ultimate criterion of a boy's suitability for choir purposes is the state in which his voice development is found to be upon examination ; and if we are to proceed upon the principle of demanding a proof of results already attained, and

of rejecting all applicants who do not show themselves ready for immediate service, then those who are urging the installation of these new choirs, here, and exerting themselves to point out the possibility of it, have associated themselves with a vain cause. But it is not so. The criterion of boys' usefulness in the choir is not quite so unreasonable. Were it so, a chorister boy must needs be found ready-made, with all such qualifications as perfect tonal production, actual musical training, experience, and the rest. And yet we venture to say that it has been a common enough idea among musicians (most probably not more than a vague, half-defined idea) that only such boys could be made effective members of the choir. Many have never realized that very often the prize material of a choir is made up of boys who upon their entrance examination displayed a minimum of capability. Choir-boys are *made*, not *born*. Every healthy boy who can follow the intervals of the gamut,—who does not repeat the same note eight times thinking himself to be rendering an ascending scale, etc.,—is an available choir-boy, other things being equal. Dr. Madeley Richardson, of St. Saviour's Collegiate Church, London, in discussing the kind of boys that may be used, writes as follows:³

“With the mixed choir much depended upon securing singers already qualified, who simply required a little preparation for their choir duties; with boys everything depends not so much upon the selecting and securing of voices as upon the efficient training of the individuals when secured. This was not in the least understood when boy-choirs were first introduced;⁴ indeed it is very far from being grasped by the average church-goer now. The widely prevalent notion still is that boys' voices are naturally good, bad, or indifferent, and that whatever they are to start with that they will remain; the actual fact being that it is possible by proper and skilful teaching to make almost any boy's voice sound perfectly well and satisfactory, and that the one condition essential to success in a boys' choir is a competent and expert teacher. . . . In selecting boys it must be remembered that it is next to impossible to tell what a raw voice may be capable of after training. Cases of really hopeless material are

³ *Church Music*, pp. 58-59.

⁴ Dr. Richardson refers to the introduction of boy-choirs into the Anglican churches.

very rare. . . . Do not be guided by the sound of a boy's voice so much as by his general appearance and personal character. Choose quick, lively, intelligent boys ; avoid heavy, sulky, and stupid ones."

Of course boys who have absolutely nothing of musical instinct must not be considered favorably ; they are worse than useless, because they constantly and irremediably sing off the pitch. A few such boys in a choir would suffice to turn the most glorious harmonies into a hideous cacophony.

Apropos of the selection of boys, Mr. G. Edward Stubbs, choirmaster and organist of St. Agnes' Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York, writes :⁵

"Boys are useful as choristers when they are between the ages of ten and sixteen years. Under ten, although they may possess good voices, they are too young to evince sufficient musical and general intelligence to be of much service. Over sixteen, their voices are on the verge of mutation. . . . Bright, nervous, energetic boys who are fond of music make the best choristers. Those who are naturally indolent or deficient in musical instinct should be habitually avoided, even if they have superior voices. Boys of steady habits and fixed purposes are especially desirable, because they are not likely to give up their choir duties after the novelty of singing has somewhat abated. Changeable choristers are highly undesirable."

The question of the number of voices necessary for an effective chorus demands an answer here. It is needless to remark that no absolute norm can be established for guidance in this matter. The quantity and quality of the individual voices, the size and architectural form of the church,—these and the other things which differ so in various places make impossible a standard which can be applied with success everywhere. Yet it must be said that it is a mistake to think large choirs necessary. The most perfect boy-choirs in the world are comparatively small. Mr. S. B. Whitney, choirmaster of the Advent Church, Boston, discusses this point succinctly :⁶

"It has become quite the custom in some of the larger churches, especially in the West, to have large choirs of fifty, seventy-five, and

⁵ *Training of Choir Boys*, p. 20.

⁶ *New England Magazine*, April, 1892

even a hundred voices ; but this has never been found necessary in the churches abroad, and though the church buildings are very much larger than ours, the conventional cathedral choir will hardly ever number more than thirty or forty voices. The choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, numbers fifty-four voices, thirty-six boys and eighteen men. If this choir is adequate for a church that can seat easily six or eight thousand people, certainly we have no call for choirs in this country numbering over thirty voices. The excuse for large numbers is that a boy's voice by cultivation becomes softer, and therefore the more cultivated it becomes the greater will be the number of choristers required ; certainly a mistaken idea, for, as we have mentioned, in all preliminary vocal practice, the young chorister is cautioned to sing softly, yet when the voice is thoroughly established and located, constant daily practice will soon make it as full and strong as it ever was before ; besides, it is now a musical voice, and a musical tone will travel farther than a mere noise. The most noted and effective choirs, either in England or on the Continent, are, comparatively speaking, small choirs."

Mr. John Spencer Curwen, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, London, quotes Dr. E. J. Hopkins as deprecating the use of large choirs: "Nowadays," the passage runs, "every one is for quantity, not quality, and coarseness is a prevailing vice. We are told of surpliced choirs of thirty-six voices, and if we go to hear them, what do we frequently find? A great racket and shouting, certainly not music."

The present writer does not intend to condemn the use of large choruses. By no means ; for these are often wonderfully effective, and produce results which are altogether impossible to smaller choirs. He has quoted the statements of these eminent authorities to make it plain that heavy choruses are not *necessary*. In great cathedrals, however, the unison parts of the Gregorian chanting would seem to call for a large number of voices. But, as it is possible to get excellent musical and religious effects from large and small choirs alike, the matter is left to the tastes of individual priests and choirmasters. The choir at the new Cathedral at Westminster (a vast edifice) numbers only forty voices,—sixteen men and twenty-four boys, with eight of the twenty-four boys in the probationers' class ; and yet we are hearing every

day fresh reports of its marvellous effectiveness. On the other hand, there are two well-known choirs at home here—the best perhaps in Catholic churches—whose personnel includes anywhere from seventy to eighty-five voices,—the Boston Cathedral sanctuary choir, and the choir of St. Paul's Church, in Fifty-ninth St., New York.

The men's section is made up of singers who live within the parish limits. These men form the substratum of the adult portion of a choir, and for many reasons, such as their proximity to the church and their local interest in the parochial institutions, they should be urged to join. Churches that have strong sodalities of men have in these a valuable source from which to draw the senior members. Priests may find some difficulty at first in securing a full number of adult voices, for not a few men are strangely timid about exercising the various liturgical functions imposed by the ceremonial, and some are frightened at the first prospect of being robed in cassock and surplice. With a little ingenuity and patience, however, a priest can soon remove all such apprehensions. As a rule, these only exist in districts where chancel choirs have been wholly unknown, and after a time these fears disappear of themselves. It has been said that some Catholic singers refuse to sing with boys, "because it is too much of a humiliation." Such individuals should scrupulously be kept out of a choir, for they can but lower its spiritual tone and blunt its enthusiasm. Dispirited, unenthusiastic people are not the right material for such loyal and self-sacrificing service as Catholic chancel-singers are called upon to give. The young men of the parish are generally more to be depended upon than their seniors of the former mixed choir. It is not difficult to arouse the interest of these younger men; and if some inducements are offered, much good talent can be obtained.

After a choir has been organized a few years, the men's section will be reinforced by quondam boy-choristers, who commonly return to their choir duties when their voices have changed. A well-known writer on "Church Choirs" has said that, "the effect of educating boys for the service of the choir will be that of supplying facilities for obtaining male singers to take the lower parts as time goes on. Some of the best tenors and basses in our London

Catholic choirs have been choristers in Catholic churches in their earlier years, and the great advantage which they enjoy over singers who have not had this preparation is that they are thoroughly acquainted with the ecclesiastical portion of their work." It is certainly noteworthy that those who have entered a choir as boys are frequently its most enthusiastic supporters and very reluctantly give up active service when business occupations or change of residence prevent regular attendance at the rehearsals.

The number of men required will be determined by the number of soprano boys. The correct proportion of parts which must be maintained will be seen later.

With regard to the inducements which will serve to ensure a supply of men when it is impossible to offer any financial reimbursement, Mr. Stubbs writes :

"There are, nevertheless, many parishes of limited means where the payment of numerous salaries is out of the question. In such places the success of a choir depends upon the personal influence of the rector and the musical abilities of the choirmaster. When no salaries are paid, the incentives to choir work are : first, sense of duty in helping on the church by volunteer performance ; secondly, musical interest engendered by the choirmaster through his successful training, leading on to a desire to sing from educational motives and for musical pleasure. However selfish this latter incentive may seem, it is practically the one to which, on the choirmaster's part, chief attention must be paid. . . . The better the choir, the greater will be the number of volunteer singers."

Offer the men a good, practical and theoretical musical education. Propose concerts and oratorio work. Promise to be fair in assignments to the Requiem and Nuptial High Masses. Many young men will be attracted to a choir that offers good opportunities of developing and using their musical talent. The rehearsal hours can be made instructive and recreative to the highest degree, if the choirmaster or the priest in charge is at all ingenious. Short talks on the life and influence of the composers whose works the choir is studying ; systematic and careful study of excerpts from the compositions of the masters ; occasional "smokers," sociable meetings, etc. ; all these, and anything else

that promotes interest, enthusiasm, and good feeling, should be considered powerful means of drawing men to the choir. In a word, if it is known that a choir is conducted on thoroughly modern and up-to-date methods, there will always be plenty of applicants. Mr. Victor Hammerel, choirmaster of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence, Rhode Island, in a recent letter, said :

“When I began my choir I tried 256 boys and 79 men. Out of that number I selected the best voices, and kept a list of those with good voices, but who were not needed just then. All those belonged to our parish, which is not a very large one. Now, after one year of existence, the difficulty for me is not in finding singers, but in keeping them away. Not a rehearsal passes without a boy coming to me to have his voice tried, and tears trickle down his cheeks when told that there is no vacancy ; and the same for the men.”

The proper balancing of the parts should be carefully thought about, before a choirmaster selects his material. A top-heavy choir can never rise above mediocrity. It is absolutely essential that a correct proportion of voices be maintained, and yet we have had boy-choirs here, in which the so-called alto section seemed to be ever striving to divert attention from the sopranos, and in which baritone-tenors have been introduced in such numbers as to make it almost impossible for the listener to catch anything of the melodic theme in a concerted piece. Occasionally, too, one hears a choir where the soprano boys seem to be now stridently asserting their rights against a disproportionate section of *bassos*, and now plaintively pleading with them for their allotted share in the *ensemble*. A choir of unbalanced parts can produce only indifferent effects. A choirmaster in organizing, then, should first have a definite idea of the number of soprano boys he expects to employ ; from this he will be able to determine, approximately at least, the number of altos, tenors, and basses which will be needed. A choir carelessly organized in this respect—and unfortunately these are not altogether unknown—always lacks that “something” which gives such an inexplicable charm to a well-balanced chorus. The usual advice is this : sopranos should form one-half of the whole choir ; the basses should be next in promi-

nence; and there should be about an equal number of tenors and altos. "As to balance of voices," says Dr. Richardson, "the aim should be to have a fairly equal number of each of the three lower parts, with a slight preponderance of basses, but a good deal will always depend upon the power of individual voices. One bass voice may occasionally be found which will equal in volume of tone three others; and in these cases we must be guided by tonal rather than by numerical strength. The number of boys' voices should greatly exceed that of any one of the lower parts. A good balance is obtained when they are made to equal the sum of all the other voices together." (Dr. Richardson evidently refers to choirs where the adult male alto is employed.) Mr. John Spencer Curwen calls the attention of his readers to the following table given by Mr. H. B. Roney of Chicago, instructor of the famous Blatchford Kavanagh.⁷

| | | | | | |
|----------|----|----|----|----|-----|
| Sopranos | 12 | 17 | 25 | 37 | 50 |
| Altos | 4 | 5 | 7 | 11 | 14 |
| Tenors | 4 | 5 | 8 | 11 | 14 |
| Basses | 5 | 8 | 10 | 16 | 22 |
| | — | — | — | — | — |
| | 25 | 35 | 50 | 75 | 100 |

Mr. Stubbs agrees that "when circumstances permit, there should be as many men as boys in the choir." (He, too, is thinking of choirs where the boy alto is not employed). "For example," he continues, "to balance eighteen well-trained sopranos, there should be eight basses, six tenors, and four altos, if the alto part be sung by men. But voices differ so much in force and carrying power that no definite rule can be laid down as to proportion of parts. The best results, however, are obtained only where the choir contains a full number of men. Care should be taken that the alto and tenor parts be not too prominent." Mr. Stubbs adds a footnote, which has a particular significance for our choirs which will render so many parts of the services in unison: "Besides the harmonic gain, bold unison passages ring out with telling effect when the choir is plentifully supplied with adult voices. In small choirs, where the boys are supported by a few men, unison music is generally ineffective."

⁷ *The Boy's Voice*, p. 16.

This brings us to another important point,—the necessity of care in forming the alto section. There has been a general enough tendency to slight this part of the choir and to minimize its importance. This is not fair to the alto voice, which is of a very telling timbre and must be guarded and developed with as much assiduity as the soprano. Sometimes, unfortunately, it has been thought necessary to assign the alto parts to broken-down trebles, boys whose soprano notes have become a pleasant memory. This substitution of a counterfeit for the legitimate alto can never wholly be concealed, for each of the four parts demands its proper and distinctive voice.

There has been much discussion among musicians as to the availability of the boy-alto voice. Some have even felt that such a voice is an anomaly, and that the real, genuine alto quality which, it has been thought, comes only with mature physical development, is exceptional in boys. Some men eminent in boy-choir work have taken this side of the controversy, while many other noted directors have been insistent in their defence of the boy-alto. The question at best is not decided, but we judge from the personnel of most choirs here—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—that the preponderance of opinion in this country is for the boys. It is important that choirmasters who are about to engage in sanctuary-choir work, should be thoroughly conversant with the state of the question.

The man-alto and the boy-alto (we are convinced there is such a voice) are two really distinct voices; the former is merely a falsetto baritone and the latter is a pure and natural voice. In this connection John Spencer Curwen says :

“In English cathedrals, the alto part has been given ever since the Restoration to adult men, generally with bass voices singing in the ‘thin’ register. . . . For this voice Handel wrote, and the listener at the Handel Festival cannot but feel the strength and resonance which the large number of men-altos give to the harmony when the range of the part is low. The voice of the man-alto, however, was never common, and is becoming less common than it was. It occupies a curious position, never having been recognized as a solo voice. . . . This voice is entirely an English institution, unknown on the Continent. Historians say that after the Restoration,

when it was very difficult to obtain choir-boys, adult men learned to sing alto, and even low treble parts, in falsetto in order to make harmony possible.

"The dilemma is that in parish churches, especially in country districts, the adult male alto is not to be had, and the choice is between boy-altos and no altos at all. There is no doubt, moreover, that the trouble of voice management in the boy-altos can be conquered by watchfulness and care."

Mr. Curwen, in preparing his book on *The Boy's Voice*, has collected much information on this subject. We will here quote two extracts of letters which he received from English boy-choir directors. Mr. Taylor, organist of New College, Oxford, is quoted as follows: "I can confidently recommend boy-altos in parish or other choirs, provided they are carefully trained." And Dr. Garret, organist of St. John's College, Cambridge, writes, in part:—

"If I could have really first-class adult altos in my choir, I should not think of using boy's voices. At the same time, there are some advantages on the side of boys' voices. (1) Unless the adult alto voice is really pure and good, and its possessor a skilled singer, it is too often unbearable. (2) Under the most favorable conditions, it is very rare, according to my experience, to find an alto voice retaining its best qualities after middle age. (3) The alto voice is undoubtedly becoming rare.

"On the other side, you have to consider: (1) The limitation in choice of music, as there is a good deal . . . in which the alto part is beyond the range of any boy's voice. (2) A lack of brightness in the upper part of some trios, etc."

It is not to the purpose to go further into this controversy. It is sufficient to have indicated that there are valid reasons for both sides. For our present practical purposes there can scarcely be any doubt about the advisability of using boy-altos. The writer has visited many choirs in which there is excellent material for good alto sections among the boys. Two of the most remarkable boy singers he has had the pleasure of listening to were altos.

Mr. J. C. Ungerer, of the New York Cathedral, expresses it

as his opinion that "the use of adult male altos should not be encouraged; although they answer the purpose when competent readers (boys) cannot be found." And Mr. A. B. Meyers, choir-master of St. Vincent's, South Boston, writes, "Men-altos are desirable from the point of view of expediency, but the rich quality of the *real* boy-alto is, in my opinion, preferable." Mr. Meyers adds, that he thinks this real boy-alto a very rare voice, and admits that he finds it necessary "to take larger boys from the soprani to fill up the ranks of the alti."

Mr. Hammerel of Providence expresses himself as "decidedly against using adult male altos," and finds no trouble in securing good boy-altos and more than enough. Sometimes, it is true, one is driven to give the alto parts to second trebles, in order to make concerted singing possible, but choirmasters should make every effort to obtain the real alto voices.

Lack of space forbids speaking of these problems of organization more at length; we must proceed to the consideration of some facts bearing upon the maintenance of a choir.

The great question here is, how best to offset the leakage from the boys' section occasioned by the inevitable changing of the boys' voices.

Let the boys be divided into two groups,—the first or senior group consisting of those already equipped for regular service in the church, and the second or junior group consisting of younger boys who form a preparatory class, and attend all the rehearsals. The senior boys are called in choir nomenclature "choristers," and the junior boys, "probationers." A choir that maintains a good class of probationers always enjoys an advantage over a choir where this or a similar system of replenishing the parts does not obtain.

Naturally we look to England, the home and nursery of the highest type of the boy-choir, for advice and suggestions in this matter. The plan which secures to all the great choirs there such a continual supply of competent choristers is certainly worthy of examination. The records show that in almost all the cathedral churches, and in very many smaller places of worship, this division of boys into "probationers" and "choristers" prevails; in some places these two classes are so distinct as to form sepa-

rate choirs. The probationers begin their career frequently as young as seven years of age. The boys enter the choir at Westminster Abbey at nine or ten, never older.

The advantages of such a plan are manifest. A boy's relationship with his choir lasts through a period of more than seven years; his voice is trained from the beginning on distinctive methods and with a view to church work; by such long attendance he becomes thoroughly familiar with all the Offices, and knows a considerable portion of the service-music by heart; when a chorister's voice gives warning of the approaching change, the choir-master has merely to announce a competitive examination to the probationers, and to award the place of the retiring chorister to the winner. Readers are referred to Mr. Curwen's book (*Boy's Voice*, p. 58, *seqq.*) for many interesting facts about England's great choirs. Referring to the success of the choir-master at Temple Church, Oxford, he says: "He lays stress on the fact that he takes his boys at eight years of age. For a year or more they are probationers. . . . They undergo daily drill in musical theory and voice training, but in church they have no responsibility and do little more than listen. When, however, the voice of one of the older boys breaks, a probationer takes his place, and is much better for the training."

The writer has already referred to the choir recently established at our new Cathedral at Westminster. It will be remembered that this choir, too, is made up of choristers and probationers. Mr. Robert Gannon, organist and choir-master at the Mission Church (Redemptorist Fathers), Boston, writes: "The school here is a great help for furnishing material. I have a class of probationers who attend the rehearsals and vocalize with the regulars, and recently I admitted ten boys to the regular choir. They were between the ages of nine and eleven."

In short, it is the rare exception to find a choir of any pretensions without a preparatory class of some sort. Mr. Ungerer, quoted above, thinks that if music had a more conspicuous place in the schools, the problem of meeting the leakage in the boys' section would be effectually solved. He writes: "We make an unpardonable mistake in depriving our children of a thorough musical education in the school-room. Progressive work begun at the earliest possible stage would show great results. Every

child averaging ten years of age is a chorister. This would be method." There is no doubt that if music were taught more thoroughly and intelligently in our parochial schools, sanctuary choirs could be maintained with much less difficulty. Father Young, the noted Jesuit musician of St. Francis' College, New York, is quoted in a recent issue of the *New York Sun* as saying: "I am very much encouraged by the success I have had with my boys in the parochial school, and I am more than ever convinced that every reform desired by the Pope could be brought about if the children were now taught the Gregorian chant in our Catholic schools."

The music commission of the Archdiocese of New York has also expressed a conviction of the necessity of a thorough musical education in the schools in recommending to the priests "that systematic teaching of music be required in all Catholic schools; that examinations in it be regularly made by the diocesan school inspector as in other studies; and that where no Catholic school exists, a music class for men or boys, or both, be formed at once. The teaching, to be effective, is to comprise (a) sight reading; (b) voice training; (c) the study of the various chants of High Mass, Vespers, and Benediction." The Right Reverend Bishop of Portland, Maine, in a pastoral letter, has also enjoined upon his priests the careful training of school children in "the principal hymns of the liturgy, such as the *Salve Regina*, *Alma Redemptoris*, etc., and the Ordinary of the Mass according to the Gregorian notation."

It is quite generally held that the boy choristers should receive some honorarium—trifling though it be—in recognition of their services. The advantages which accrue from paying the boys, make this suggestion worthy of serious consideration. The choir-master has, thereby, a sure means of procuring prompt and regular attendance at the services and rehearsals; the power of imposing fines and suspension for repeated misdemeanors, which this system provides, has a disciplinary value in the management of naturally mischievous and inattentive boys. Furthermore, it is but fair to give the lads some slight compensation for all the sacrifices which the frequent rehearsals and the long and numerous services demand of them. They are only boys, and they have boys' hearts and boys' points of view. It should be remem-

bered that regular attendance often requires heroic virtue of them, for they must forego many football games in the autumn, coasting and skating in the winter, and—the greatest sacrifice of all—baseball in the spring. Prove to them that their services are appreciated—not by patting them on the head and calling them “nice boys” and prophesying great careers for them—but by giving them some stated reimbursement at regular intervals. Do this and you will suffer but little annoyance from tardiness or carelessness about the meetings. Choirmasters who have had much experience with boys, find that choirs where some system of compensation prevails, are much more reliable than the others. We quote a paragraph from Dr. Dickinson:—

“Whenever possible, boys should be paid, however small a sum ; but it should be made clear that the amount given is to be regarded as pocket money in recognition of the work and self-sacrifice involved in attending practice. . . . Payment by number of attendances is to be deprecated. A certain fixed sum should be given weekly or monthly, out of which a large portion should be deducted as a fine for absence without leave. This fine should be prohibitive, so as to make it clear that irregularity cannot be tolerated.”

In parishes where Requiem and Nuptial High Masses are frequent, and where the custom prevails of paying those who in regular turn sing at these services, the payment of regular stipends can be more readily dispensed with ; but the advantages of allowing to each boy a monthly wage of fifty cents or a dollar cannot be minimized.

The management of the choir will offer no trouble to priests or choirmasters where the boys are taken from parish schools. The school Sisters are always actively interested in anything that concerns the children, and their influence in the disciplinary matters of the choir is paramount. Choirmasters who have had the help of Sisters in this direction, know well how to value it. The writer can attest from personal experience the great relief that comes to a choir-director from their kindly coöperation in fitting the boys for their choir duties. From the start, an *intelligent* discipline should be maintained as well at rehearsals as at services. Where a lax discipline obtains much valuable time is wasted, and eventually the lads lose respect for the director. But there is no place for punctilious orderliness or rigorous silence ; these do very

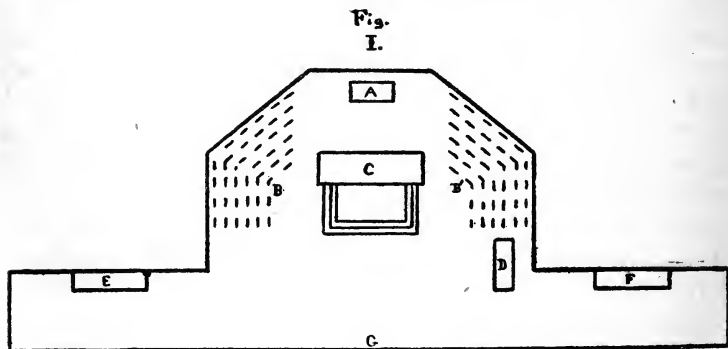
well for the school-room, but cannot be brought into the choir-hall without tiring the boys and destroying spontaneity. The choir-room should be made popular. The choirmaster should be loved. There should be a spirit of easy freedom about the rehearsal; the lads ought to feel that a certain amount of relaxation is legitimate, and that they can converse quietly and enjoy themselves during the intervals when music is being distributed, or when, for any other reason, there is a temporary cessation of work. Boys appreciate these little liberties, and when the signal is given to resume the practice, they begin again with fresh vigor. Choir-boys ought to be granted every concession and privilege consistent with respectable discipline. A certain code of choir rules should be drawn up with care and hung in a conspicuous place in the choir-hall. Serious and frequent infractions of these should be punished with proportionate severity. Connivance at violations of regulations is an infallible way to lose control of choir-boys. Where some system of reimbursing the boys is in use, fines for tardiness, absence, misbehavior, etc., may be imposed with good effect. "Reproof," says a director of long experience "should be administered in private." Mr. Curwen thinks well of the plan of an eminent choirmaster "who advocates a choir guild, and would have in the choir room a library, games, puzzles, footballs, bats and balls, Indian clubs and dumb bells." "Offensive manners," once wrote a director of music in a cathedral, "on the part of the trainer quickly endanger the existence of the choir. . . . 'I cannot think why that boy does not sing in tune; I have boxed his ears,' said a cathedral organist to me quite seriously. . . . I fear there is a vulgar notion (only half defined, most probably) that irascibility in the musical trainer is a mark of genius."

The importance of maintaining *intelligent* discipline cannot be overestimated. Corporal punishment and rough treatment of any kind are among the elements which tend to disband a choir. Mr. Henry Duncan, a New York choirmaster, writes of "The Real Choir-Boy neither an Angel nor a Deliberate Sinner—Just a Boy." We refer our readers to an instructive and amusing article under this naïve title, in the New York *Sun* of April 17, 1904.

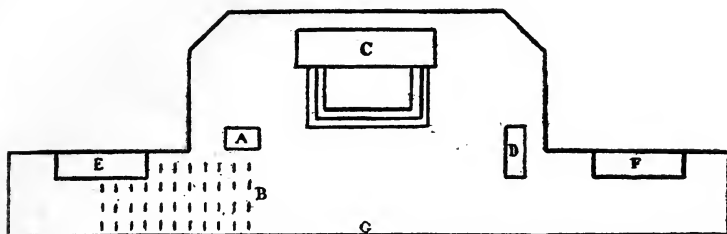
The number of rehearsals, and the proper equipment of the rehearsal room fall to the second collaborator to discuss. But

the present writer has still another question to examine before this paper, already too long, can be concluded. It concerns the placing of the choir and the organ in the chancel. "But we have no chancels," is the first objection that confronts one here. Yes, it is true, we have few churches with this essential complement of a perfect church building; and, "Oh, the pity of it!" says one who knows, "they are building a \$700,000 cathedral here in 'trade' Gothic; and there is no chancel." But if we have not many deep chancels, we have at least sanctuaries of comfortable dimensions, and these can be made to serve the purpose. Of the two diagrams given here, Fig. 1 represents the ideal way of arranging the choir, and Fig. 2, a very satisfactory adaptation of our average sanctuary to the purposes of a choir.

When the singers are seated according to the plan suggested by Fig. 1, the rubrical division of the choir into the two sections—*Decani* and *Cantores*—is observed; and the organist seated at the console behind the high altar, can see and direct both sides unobserved by the congregation. This plan is realized in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle (Paulist Fathers), New York, and in the Blessed Sacrament Church, Providence, Rhode Island. If Fig. 1 seems an impracticable diagram for most of our churches here, it must be said that there are very few sanctuaries (in city churches) that cannot easily and at a nominal expense be modified and rearranged to meet the specifications of Fig. 2. Where a very large chorus is to be employed, it may be found advisable to move the altar rail a foot or two, in order to secure comfortable



A—Organ Console. B and B'—Choir. C—High Altar. D—Minister's Bench.
E and F—Side Altars. G—Sanctuary Rail.

Fig.
II.

A—Organ Console. B—Choir. C—High Altar. D—Minister's Bench.
E and F—Side Altars. G—Sanctuary Rail.

quarters to the singers. The letter A in both diagrams indicates the position of the keyboard or console of the organ; the organ pipes can be set up in any convenient niche—even in the gallery—where resonance will not be destroyed.

The art of organ building has made wonderful progress during the past few decades, and it is now a comparatively simple matter to put effective instruments into places that fifty years ago would have been considered irremediably unsuited to any kind of an organ. The invention and perfecting of the "tubular-pneumatic," and "electro-pneumatic" actions, have made it possible to separate the pipes from the console, or controlling-desk, at any distance; and we seldom hear in these days of any large organ that is not provided with a movable console. These recent developments of organ construction remove the obstacle which—if only the "tracker" organ were still known—would render the erection of sanctuary organs impossible in our ordinary churches. In churches where there are large transepts, the organ pipes can be very readily set up in these,—the entire organ in one, or the "swell" organ in one and the "great" organ in the other. Where there are no transepts or available niches, or no triforium, the pipes may have to be placed in the gallery. Even this arrangement proves very satisfactory. The hiatus between the depression of the keys at the console in the sanctuary and the speaking of the pipes in the gallery at the opposite end of the building, can be reduced to a minimum, and will rarely annoy an organist after he has become accustomed to it. There are some very-well-known organs divided in this way, notably the majestic instrument in St.

Bartholomew's Church (Episcopalian), New York, built a few years ago by the Hutchings-Votey Company of Boston. The specification of this organ includes fifty registers in the chancel division and forty-nine registers in the gallery division, with all the necessary combination push-knob and oscillating-tablet combinations, etc., and the entire organ is operated at one console connected with the organ by a flexible cable one hundred and fifty feet in length; the organ can be played from any part of the church. For those who think it a great disadvantage to have the organ built so high above the choir, we quote a comment on the new organ built at Symphony Hall, Boston: "It may be that the height gives it a clearer reflection from the roof of the auditorium, for we all recall some cathedral organs in Europe which are also built high above the worshipping congregations, yet reflect down their tones from the vaulted roof above with glorious power and perfect preservation of those minute vibrations (overtones) which constitute the quality of every musical tone."

Priests may well ask here about the expense incurred in fitting up churches with these chancel organs.⁸ In answer to this question, it must be said that in very many churches the organs now in use are unnecessarily large. Although brilliant organs add an unmistakable charm to the musical performance, yet they are not *necessary*, and in treating of an outfit for conducting the musical services on the principles of the reform, we are speaking primarily of what is necessary. The writer saw the specification of a chancel organ recently built in a Catholic church by the Austin Organ Company; compared with the average gallery organs of our larger churches, this instrument is small, and yet it is more than adequate to accompany a choir of sixty voices. It is a mistake to think that we must have expensive organs of \$12,000 and \$15,000. There is no need for the fancy and costly orchestral stops—the *Tibia Plena*, *Tuba Sonora*, *Orchestral Oboe*, *Philomela*, *Hohlpfefe*, etc.—which are expected in the up-to-date concert organ. Our organs are intended to *accompany the voices*, and very inexpensive instruments can be made to serve this purpose satisfactorily.

⁸ We call them chancel-organs, even if the pipes are in the gallery, for as far as the choir and the congregation are concerned, the music is practically emanating from the console in the sanctuary.

The initial cost of equipping the church with the various facilities for successfully carrying on choir work should be considered in the light of the increased attendance at the solemn services, which invariably comes with the introduction of a good boy-choir. The objection that "people will give up their pews when the mixed choir is disbanded" counts for nothing when compared with the fact that, *wherever a well organized, carefully trained and thoroughly equipped boy-choir has been introduced, the congregations at the musical services have become notably larger.* A prominent pastor of an Eastern diocese here, has written to say: "They may say what they like about boys' choirs not being popular, but we cannot seat the people at our High Mass, and all the other churches are half empty at High Mass." If a choir is conducted carefully and intelligently, it will pay for itself.

But it is time we concluded this paper; we cannot go further into these questions. In the preceding pages, the writer has endeavored, first, to point out that it is quite possible for most priests who have city charges, to organize and maintain the better and only desirable type of boy-choirs; and secondly, to offer to those interested some suggestions, gathered as far as possible from the most eminent authorities, which seem to bear closely upon the success of this reform movement in America.

Probably the thought that remains uppermost in the minds of those who have perused these pages, is about the choirmaster; "Where is he to be found?" We recall to our readers a sentence or two from the foregoing considerations. The average organist of our city churches, we said, will find the process of qualifying himself neither long nor arduous; he can in a short time familiarize himself with enough of the principles to make an intelligent beginning with a choir.

The Catholic musicians of the United States are talented and accomplished men, and can very readily fit themselves for successful work as the directors of liturgical choirs. And they will,—if the priests urge them! Let the clergy make it known that there is demand for well-qualified chancel-choirmasters, and the supply will come quickly.

WILLIAM JOSEPH FINN, C.S.P.

St. Thomas College, Catholic University.

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Scientific Novelty and Persecution.—So much is made of the persecution of scientists by ecclesiastical authorities at various times in history, that it is rather interesting to find a review of the subject of the persecution of scientific innovators, which shows that scientists themselves have always been most ready, not perhaps to burn and put to death, but to inflict almost as serious pain,—to deprive men of their means of livelihood and in other ways make clear how much they detested any attempt to persuade them that what had been generally accepted was wrong, and that a new doctrine must now take its place. At a meeting of the German Medical Society of New York, toward the end of the year, Dr. Achilles Rose read a paper on “Misokainia in Medicine,” recently published in the N. Y. *Medicinische Monatschrift*. Long ago Lombroso pointed out the tendency that so frequently exists among men bitterly to oppose any novelty, no matter how true it may be. With his foreordained notion, Lombroso considers this to be pathological, a symptom really of mental disease, for which he suggested the name *Misoneism*. This is a barbarous term, however, and therefore not accepted by Dr. Rose, who has long contended that the universal language in medicine should be Greek, and who accordingly suggests a pure Greek derivative for the tendency he would describe; hence the term *Misokainia*.

Dr. Rose points out that even in our own century, when science has been supposed to be so ready to accept new elements of progress, scientific persecution has often been rife. One of the greatest and most successful investigators of the nineteenth century, a man to whom we owe the saving of more lives and those of the most precious kind, was Ignatius Semmelweis. Semmelweis was in attendance at the obstetrical clinic in the General Hospital at Vienna. The deaths from puerperal fever in that institution were simply appalling. In one year almost one out of

three of all the patients who came to the clinic died from this disease. It was ever so much more dangerous to have a child than to have an attack of the most malignant contagious disease. Semmelweis was an extremely sensitive man and this awful mortality gave him no rest. Finally he saw a colleague die from a wound made with a dissecting instrument. He realized that the picture presented was exactly that of a case of puerperal fever.

He gave orders at once that those in attendance on the obstetrical wards of the Hospital should not at the same time do any work in the pathological department or in the dissecting room. More than this, he insisted on absolute cleanliness of hands and instruments, bandages, dressings, and the like. This was all that was necessary. The mortality was at once lowered. In a few years it had sunk to scarcely more than three per hundred of the patients, and was constantly improving. His colleagues, however, refused to accept Semmelweis' ideas. Every one said it was foolish to think that puerperal fever came from without. The persecution became so bitter that finally Semmelweis had to resign his position and retire to his native city. Here, after five years, he was once more made the director of an obstetrical clinic, but the machinations of his enemies in the profession made life so bitter for him that he finally lost his reason and died in an insane asylum.

In this same regard it must not be forgotten that our own Oliver Wendell Holmes, who published material with regard to the same ideas as Semmelweis, met with no little opposition and with an amount of unbounded satire that rendered his professional life extremely unpleasant to him for several years.

Another great discoverer of the nineteenth century who was made to suffer for his novel ideas, was Robert Von Mayer, one of the first to suggest the doctrine of the conservation of energy. He had made his discovery as the result of what is called an accident, one of those happy accidents that happen only to genius. While drawing blood from a vein, in Java—he was at the time only a ship's surgeon—he noticed that the blood, instead of being dark, as it is in the Temperate zone, was quite bright red. He reasoned out why this should be. In the heat of the Tropics so much energy is not consumed as in cooler regions and, as a consequence, the oxidation processes, which make the venous blood

darker in color, are not carried out. He came back to teach this new doctrine of the conservation of energy, and found no one ready to accept it. He offered a paper on this subject to a number of scientific journals, but they absolutely refused to have anything to do with it, and in general he was treated as a man who harbored peculiar notions, somewhat as we might treat a would-be scientist or inventor who insisted that he had discovered how to square the circle or to demonstrate perpetual motion. Finally, Mayer had to print his pamphlet on the subject at his own expense. Where it was not utterly ignored, it met with disdain and contempt. This is all the more wonderful as a glance at it now shows how completely he had solved the idea of the conservation of energy and even acquired the notion of the equivalents of work and heat. After a time, so much bitter criticism accumulated with regard to the little monograph, that poor Mayer lost his reason and had to be confined in one of the old-fashioned insane asylums where they still used the barbarous methods of straight-jackets. Fortunately he lived to be restored to mental health and to have the satisfaction of seeing his doctrine generally accepted by the scientific world.

Some Failures of Scientific Prophecy.—The *American Inventor* of December 15th called attention to the fact that a number of the scientific prophecies which had been made by geologists with regard to the mineralogical conditions likely to be encountered in the Simplon tunnel, had proved to be entirely incorrect. For instance, it was confidently prophesied that as the excavation for the tunnel proceeded, it would be found that the strata near the centre of the tunnel would be more or less perpendicular and consequently very favorable for excavation. Instead of this, however, the strata proved to be almost or quite horizontal. This increased the labor of excavation and required enormous sums of money to make the roof of the tunnel secure. For this reason the pressure on the roof of the tunnel is very much greater than it would have been if the rock strata had been vertical. In one stretch of about a half a mile, the pressure was so great that no means hitherto employed were adequate to hold up the roof of the tunnel. Large tree trunks put in for supports were snapped and crushed. Finally, a whole system of steel vaulting had to be

built in this portion of the tunnel. Whilst this was being done, the work was extremely dangerous and the average daily advance was scarcely more than six inches where it had been expected that six yards at least would be the average rate of progress a day.

Conditions of temperature and water were found to be quite different from those that were looked for by the geologists consulted before the contract was undertaken. It was said that the highest temperature would probably not be more than 107° F. After some distance, however, a temperature of over 130° F. was encountered. Operations had to be stopped and a cooling-plant put in to enable the men to work. Scarcely was the cooling-plant in place before the temperature dropped back to about 100° F. of its own accord, making the expense that had been incurred for refrigeration almost useless. It was said that very little water would be struck on the southern or Italian side of the tunnel. But, as a matter of fact, an immense body of water had to be cared for from this end, and for many months now about 200 gallons a second have been pouring out of this side of the tunnel. Needless to say, the engineers in charge of the work have not been slow to express their feelings about the failure of the scientific prophecies in this case.

Theories in Heredity.—In his address¹ delivered before the Section of Zoology of the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis last autumn, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of Columbia University, the Curator of Vertebrate Palæontology in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, reviews certain interesting phases of the present position of theories of heredity. One of the most striking expressions used is that with regard to the law of saltation,—that is, the origin of species *per saltum*, by sudden jumps, rather than by any gradual evolution. As is well known, this was a favorite theory of the distinguished French zoologist, Gregory St. Hilaire. It is rather curious to find that the most modern work in biology should hark back far beyond Darwin and even beyond Lamarck to a thinker and worker of the eighteenth century. Professor Osborn says, "That saltation is a constant phenomenon in nature,

¹ See *Popular Science Monthly* for January, 1905.

a *vera causa* of evolution, no one can longer deny. Bateson shows that it harmonizes with Mendel's conceptions of heredity, and it may be regarded as *par excellence* the contribution of the experimental method."

It will be recalled that Professor Osborn, whose book, *From the Greeks to Darwin*, was widely read, and emphasized in many minds the gropings, more or less successful, of the thinking men of history with regard to the great problem of life, its origin and development, has insisted more than once that as yet *we are only on the threshold of any knowledge of evolution*. In this address he recalls vividly some of the reasons why progress has been so slow, and how many possibilities of error there are in the relations of created things that undo the most brilliant speculations. Referring particularly to his own science of palæontology, he said:—

"One of the two great ideas which we must employ in the interpretation of facts is the idea of analogy. We see far more clearly than Huxley did the force of this idea. Owen, Cope, Scott, Fraas, and many others, under the terms 'parallelism,' 'convergence,' 'homoplasy,' have developed the force of the old Aristotelian notion that analogy is a similarity of habit, and that in the course of evolution a similarity of habit finally results in a close or exact similarity of structure; this similarity of structure is mistaken as an evidence of kinship. Analogous evolution does not stop in its far-reaching consequences with analogies in organs; it moulds animals as a whole into similar form, as, for example, the ichthyosaurs, shark, and dolphins; still more, it moulds similar and larger groups of animals into similar lines or radii of specialization. Thus we reach the grand idea of analogy as operating in the divergencies or adaptive radiations of groups, according to which great orders of animals tend in their families and suborders to mimic other orders, and the faunæ or collective orders of continents to mimic the faunæ of other continents.

"Amid this repetition on a grand scale of similar adaptations, which is altogether comparable to what we know as having occurred over and over again in human history, the palæontologist as a historian must keep constantly before him the second great idea of homogeny, of real ancestral kinship, of direct blood descent and hereditary relationship. The shark and the ichthyosaur superficially look alike, but

their germ cells are radically different; their external resemblances are a mere veneer of adaptation so deceptive, however, that it may be a matter of half a century before we recognize the wolf beneath the clothing of the sheep, or the ass in the lion's skin."

After this sympathetic appreciation of the cause of error, it is not surprising to have from him a frank confession of the present limitations of knowledge even in his favorite science.

"Palæontology as the history of life takes its place in the background of recorded history and archæology, and simply from the standpoint of the human pedigree is of transcendent interest. Although it has progressed far beyond the dreams of Darwin and Huxley, the first general statement which must be made is that the actual points of contact between the grand divisions of the animal and the plant kingdom, as well as between the lesser and many even of the minor divisions, have yet to be discovered."

The Evolution of the Horse.—A very interesting article by contrast to Professor Osborn's address at St. Louis is that on the evolution of the horse, which he wrote for the January number of *Harper's Magazine*. While he is extremely conservative in his expressions to a body of scientists at St. Louis, no one can read his popular article without being led to the conclusion that much more is definitely known about the evolution of the horse than is actually the case. The beginning of that article would seem to indicate that this chapter in evolution is complete and absolutely certain. As a matter of fact, many prominent zoologists throughout the world refuse to accept the evidence for the evolution of the horse, and not a few of them have reëchoed the expression of Professor Fleischmann of Erlangen, who makes fun of the show-horse of evolution. Even Professor Osborn himself has a number of passages in his popular article that show the gaps in the succession of evidence necessary to make the evolution of the horse certain. We quote some of these:—

"Neohipparion was proportioned like the Virginia deer,—delicate and extremely fleet-footed, surpassing the most highly bred modern race-horse in its speed mechanism, with a frame fashioned to outstrip any type of modern hunting horse, if not of thoroughbred. . . .

"Both the 'forest horse' and the Neohipparion races developed extremes of structure which were apparently fatal to their persistence

under changed conditions. For this or for some other reason both races became extinct, while the Protohippus, of intermediate structure, survived. This animal appears to have passed through Pliohippus, or the Pliocene horse, into the direct lineage of the modern horse; but we have not yet succeeded in finding either a skull or a complete skeleton which can be absolutely proved to be immediately ancestral to the true race of horses.

"By far the largest species of either wild or domesticated horse known has been determined by Mr. Gridley in Texas, and has appropriately been called the 'giant horse' (*E. giganteus*). The grinding teeth exceed those of the Percheron draft-horse by one-third. And the other extreme is a diminutive horse (*E. montesumae*), discovered both in Florida and in the valley of Mexico.

"All these animals were represented by single teeth, broken skulls, scattered bones, and other fragmentary remains."

It is the fragmentariness of the relics from which such wide conclusions are drawn that has aroused the ire and satire of Professor Fleischmann. It is hard to coördinate Professor Osborn's expressions as to the possible errors of analogy in palæontology with his enthusiastic claims for equine evolution.

At the close of the popular article there is an appeal to American fellow feeling for the strenuous early ancestors of the horse that is quite fetching:

"As if instinct with the present progressive genius of the country, these American animals seem to have set a more varied pace of evolution than the conservative Anchitherium and Hipparion of Europe, which Huxley mistakenly placed in the direct line of descent. The materials, in fact, present an embarrassment of riches. We find proofs of at least three and possibly four collateral lines of horses, large and small, fast and slow, the members of which were more or less intermingled in the 'pedigree' published by Marsh. We have to sift the real ancestors of our modern horse from these numerous collateral races, which have confused all the students of this subject. Out of the newer investigation there comes the feeling of probability rather than of certainty that the direct ancestry of the horse was in North America."

And yet after all this is said the horse is the only good (!) example of evolution that there is after half a century of investigation.

OUR CRITIC.

Jesuits in Germany.—The newspapers recently told us that “the last relic of Bismarck’s legislation against the Jesuits has been removed, so that they are as free there as in this country.”

But that is not so. Jesuits in Germany cannot yet live in community, nor found their colleges. However, it is true that Bismarck’s State interference with religious liberty is now nearly all withdrawn. The Centre, or Catholic party, is working for complete liberty such as we know it. But among the bitterest and most excited denouncers of the modicum of liberty already gained for Jesuits, were many German university professors, with the famous Mommsen at their head.

France and Rome.—The New York *Independent*, mentioning the fact that two French bishops were summoned to Rome to meet charges, tells how “the French Government forbade them to go,” and that “the indignation of the Government led to the introduction of the Bill abolishing the Concordat and separating Church and State.”

“Indignation” implies that someone had offended. Was it the Pope, in summoning Catholic bishops to Rome? How does that read to awakened American minds? Or was there a breach of the compact of that French Concordat? Not so. The Concordat guarantees liberty to the Church for her actions, a something surely implying relations unfettered between heads of dioceses and the Pope in Rome.

Is it worthy of a serious American paper, glorying in religious liberty, to refrain (through a seeming irritability against “Ultramontanism”) from a natural free sympathy with those who resist the turning of a Church into a department of State? Is it not clear to-day that the gagging or imprisoning of religion is an aim of the French attack on the Holy See for being the spiritual guide of the French Church, as surely as it was of the *Constitution Civile du clergé*, when Burke described that anti-Papal, State-subjugated system as a plan for having a race of religious slaves, subservient in morals and in thought to the powers that be, until just that time—not long in tarrying—when the State should decide to have no religion at all; and should come to prevent

anyone else having his religion. There is something strange, if not terrible, in the way our good Liberals play with Jacobinism and its plans for a new humanity where no human individuals shall have free life. But it would seem to be a hasty carelessness in the paper we have been reading. For it easily speaks of "Père Loisy,"—an expression not suggesting much first-hand knowledge of France; where, too, we are told that "900 priests *are said* to have withdrawn" from their ministry. Mr. Lyne, or "Father Ignatius," has just had his life published, wherein four hundred priests in England "are said" to have pleaded to be allowed to join this "Benedictine's" private Church. But these are light speeches, easily made; yet morally unlawful to make, without more than an *on dit*. Our confidence in his accuracy is not increased when, in the number of December 15th, our New York French informant declares (*à propos* of Canon Magnien's rather overdrawn account of "the semi-schismatic Catholic Church in the United States") that Father Elliott's *Life of Father Hecker*, was suppressed.

That, for the writer, the definition of Papal Infallibility was a "political stroke" does not argue the sympathy necessary for understanding your neighbor, nor the historical knowledge giving a right to allude to what may or may not represent truth, but which is a solemn pronouncement on the part of a serious and most important body of men that they were dealing not with the world, where a man may lower himself to political strokes and jokes thereon, but with the means of guiding men in faith, to light our earthly path, and in laws of morals, to guide our steps therein.

Does the writer or his readers seriously believe that even those Catholics who hesitated as to the opportune moment for defining Papal Infallibility are not now as a body rejoicing in what so bound the episcopate to Rome, "the nurse of judgment," and the protector of the idea of spiritual independence?

Celibacy and the Revolution.—But what shall be said of another *Independent*, January 26th, already turned over by THE DOLPHIN? Like Luther's Reformation, as Erasmus scornfully said, everything in these ex-priest sort of movements ends in a marriage. And so youths, widowers, and many more, are to resign them-

selves to the gods of Greece; and the virtue admired by the heathen is to be scoffed at by non-Catholic Christians. Such a reproach indeed has been levelled at them before, by serious minds outside the Church. But, as has been suggested, a lewd fellow of the baser sort, and not the editor, may be responsible here. "How have you cheapened Paradise" is not a happy judgment on any of us responsible for lifting, heartening, strengthening our companions in life's struggle, so ready to fall, to give up, to yield. This sorry jester betrays himself—is it he again?—"Combes was an Assumptionist." He was not. "The men who have turned against the Church are the graduates of the" Catholic colleges. "A truth that is half a truth, is ever the worst of lies." And would he necessarily find a great argument against Lear in the "lust hard by hate" of a Goneril and a Regan? the truths of Cordelia?

Women, however, he says, are now emancipated; and like these first mentioned dames they will compel the Edmunds to listen to them. There'll never be a Jaques or an Antonio more. Benedick will be betrothed in the nursery, or taxed as a bachelor at school. And "we believe that the advancement of womankind will sound the death-knell of celibacy." Mrs. Poyser's humorous creator would say, I am not denying the women are fools, sure God Almighty made them to match—this man. If there is not laughter in him, he is certainly the cause that laughter is in other men. He has a fellow, did he know of it, in France, one of whose *fiches*, as an informer, reaches the epic of comedy in the mind of a disgusted but amused critic of *Le Journal des Débats*. "Colonel Donau," the anti-Catholic spy says, should be kept from promotion, because he "is backward from every point of view, even in his way of living in celibacy." A grave debate ensues: does this mean that the Catholic Colonel is blameworthily backward in coming forward for a wife, or in choosing a sort of clerical celibacy without any natural revolutionary compensations?

But did our own moralizing enemy of independent schools read, I wonder, the article in the same number of his review, on "Advertising the Gospel"? For, if products of the parochial schools have matched (alas!) his "marching advertised choir," and his "leading soprano," if not his "imported tenor," and his

"violin music and euphonious solos," they have never preached, and be-fooled us in a house of prayer, about "The Crack Detective," and "Justification, Adoption and Sanctification, with blackboard diagrams," or about "Noted American Gamblers at Monte Carlo," or "the Humor of Jesus," "Was Christ a Yogi?" or "God's little Boy." This fun is unprepared for in Catholic schools at least.

Spying on Catholics in their own Country.—France is not so funny, though, under Jacobins. The independence of mind they would cultivate is not visible in the following example of the spy Government—Freemason-system. It is worth again enshrining, —a *pièce justificative*, if ever there was one, to rouse to hatred of tyranny, as Burke was roused a century ago against informers and their suspects. The *Figaro* gave a facsimile reproduction of this letter—from a General Poigné :

"9TH ARMY CORPS.
The General.

TOURS, Aug. 29, 1904.
(Grand Orient [Freemason] Stamp.)
September 1, 1904.
No. 15015.

"DEAR BROTHER VADÉCARD :—

"I wrote a letter to General Brun, telling him that the post asked for by Captain Choquet will be vacant on December 30th, and again using my utmost influence. You know that General Brun replied that he was aware of Choquet's candidature, and that from the first he had considered it very seriously. I am not satisfied, and I am using *all my power*. I am continuing a vigorous fight against the Clericals of the 9th Corps. A few days ago I ordered a major and four captains of the 12th Poitiers Infantry Regiment to the East. I think that this produced a good effect. I have also proceeded to other measures, and the curés no longer dare to put in an appearance. Thanks to our excellent Brother Chevallier, and to other brethren of the 19th Corps, I am warned, and I can strike with certainty. Freemasonry will help me in the thankless task of *unfrocking* (ouf!!) my officers who are so hostile and so bound to Sarto. Thanks, then, to you all, and especially to you, dear Brother Vadécad: most heartfelt thanks.

"Your very devoted Brother,

"POIGNÉ."

Oh, for Burke again : " In this situation men not only shrink from the frowns of a stern magistrate, but they are obliged to fly from their very species. The seeds of destruction are sown in civil intercourse, in social habitudes. The blood of wholesome kindred is infected. Their tables and beds surrounded with snares. All the means given by Providence to make life safe and comfortable are perverted into instruments of terror and torment," till we come to universal subserviency with its " tendency to degrade and abase mankind, and to deprive them of that assured and liberal state of mind which alone can make us what we ought to be." Is not that a more manly, independent spirit? Anyone who reads something at first-hand from France might have come across *Merlin de Douai ; un Jacobin d'autrefois*. He, too, is brought up by clerics, fed, clothed, and taught. He is devoted to them and to the King's rule, until the times did alter. A more fearful Vicar of Bray, he murdered friends and protectors, turned the vote for the King's death, directed massacres, and of course upheld Napoleon's stern vengeance on others like himself, when the end came to " l'assemblée de lâches que dominaient des brigands." Under that *Jacobin d'autrefois* all who had not constantly shown devotion to the Revolution were " suspects and liable to arrest, they and their families and friends." By this last clause the informers had at their fancy, the choice of victims, and the number ; and informers, thanks to Merlin, then swarmed in France,—as they did under the ministry of M. Combes, which independent Americans are called on to admire.

O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west.

Preparation for Disestablishment in France.—" Yet, if we have no chivalry among ourselves," said General Gordon, " let us go to our neighbors—in France." The age of chivalry is not gone, in that land of the missionaries. The unforeseen may happen there, as before. Two hundred thousand in a society like *La Jeunesse catholique* is a goodly number. If, to enthusiasm and chivalry and *élan*, there are added patience and steady action,

each in its place, wherever be the leader, then we may look for the best in France asserting itself, and sooner than we dare to expect. But as Yves le Querdec (M. Fonsegrive, editor of *la Quinzaine*) urges in his new book, *Le Fils de l'esprit*, it must be by working on individuals, on those near each of us,—Newman's well-remembered advice in the Birmingham lectures, under "Papal Aggression." We are so many, Yves le Querdec says; we have even done so much; and yet we have achieved so little. Above all, we have not yet gone to the people, not cared for them in their needs, still less in their ideals; and the clergy have not gone to the people. As Father Heuser writes in the February ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, the clergy, in America even, often stand aloof, find a difficulty in meeting laymen on an equal footing, where that were proper, and (for all the theory of coöperation) leave the danger increasing of a people apart from the priest. We must, says the Comte d'Haussonville, the well-known Catholic and member of the Academy, we must, when the Church is disestablished and the people are paying their priests, have laymen in the parish councils. So the clergy also declare. And one thing he added is, we must never have our priests paid directly by their parishes; but these must send their contribution to the central or diocesan fund, lest so-and-so, angry with M. le curé for the unfitness of his child for First Communion this year, avenge his foolish dignity by cutting off clerical supplies. The French Church has much to learn in this new age, if it knows more than does any of the rest of us. The Bishop of Orleans at the Catholic Institut or University lately in Paris urges French Catholics to see themselves as they are,—beaten, outcast. That is the first thing; even as German Catholics confessed under Bismarck. Then, have your leader and a social programme, a policy for the people, whose minds are set on a better time coming, and not all wrongly so set. If you do not care for them, you and your faith will disappear. What a gulf fixed between a good priest and the people I thought I caught a glimpse of, when the priest laughed heartily to me at the wild workmen's claim to have, over and above the necessities, something for amusements, something for the theatre. And the French theatre, like other French things, is in extremes,—very bad, but also very good. Everyone may have wondered at the art criticism of workingmen in Paris.

And now, who that wishes well, and without bigotry or levity, to France, but must care not to denounce her religion, but rather to understand, to sympathize, to admire, and to aid in all renewal for the souls, for the *soul*, of France?

A poor rough creature can say as much as that. France might have this nobler warning voice: "But manhood is melted into courtesies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue."

The Late Dictator in France.—M. Combes tells us, of course, that "this reform [his policy] is directed against a formidable power, the mysterious forces of the Church of Rome." As Burke said of the Merlin Jacobins, their work is a religious war; religion or anti-religion is the chief, not to say almost the sole, preoccupation of their minds and the ever-present business of their assemblies. France's late ruler wrote of himself, "Never has her Premier, inspired by the constant care for the peace of the world, been heard with more applause." The applause of men, freeing themselves from him somewhat, reached his American editor when going to print the now ex-Premier who, we are assured, "remains the chief factor in French politics." Perhaps so, in the sense marked by that old Republican *Journal des Débats* (January 20th), on "the 'Drunken Slaves,' the beaten Combists, who howled and yelled at the new anti-spy president of the Chambre." And "how," asks this paper, "have our public morals fallen so low, but by the effect of this state of mind which historians of our mentality will call Combism? It is that prime minister who is responsible; he who finding the country in a fearful state of moral disorder, cured not its wounds, but poured poison into them; waking up, so as to prolong his own miserable existence in power, the brutal instincts always slumbering in the darkness of men's consciences. He taught his majority to abuse its strength, and to despise right and justice and liberty and everything that makes a nation really great. . . . For many a long day we shall have to tell of the evil he has done à l'âme française." Or, as the *Independent* puts it, M. Combes will remain the chief factor in French politics.

Anent the Irish University Question.—Sir John Nutting, an Irish Protestant Baronet, has now offered £5000 to be given in scholar-

ships to pupils entering Trinity College from unendowed schools. These students would be chiefly Catholic, as the benefactor understands. He offers, further, £5000 toward building within the college walls the Catholic chapel proposed by the Trinity College authorities; if Catholic students go there in larger numbers.

Irish Catholic papers were respectful, and said they would hesitate to use the word "bribe;" though they thought the offers showed that their position was not understood. Trinity College, of course, accepted the offers. The Catholic Bishops, however, in a meeting at Maynooth, called them bribes, and declared that Trinity College, in its present state of exacting no religious tests, was for them the same as when it did exact religious tests. Any possible transformation of Trinity College, by Catholics being there, and ruling, was not contemplated in this letter of the Bishops.

Studies and Conferences.

"AVE VERUM CORPUS."

(A Translation.)

Some time ago, we suggested that in order to foster proper congregational singing and familiarity with the rhythms and thoughts of the liturgical hymns, Catholic school children should be taught the English versions of these hymns, and at the same we invited contributions from writers who felt the inclination and capacity to essay such translations. A number of these were subsequently published by us. Among them was a version of the *Ave Verum*, by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, written in the metre of the original. The following translation of the same hymn is sent to us by a Jesuit Father, well known as a writer who signs himself *John Maryson* :—

Hail ! true Body, truly born
Of the Virgin Mary mild,
Truly offered, racked and torn
On the Cross, for man defiled ;

From whose love-pierced, Sacred Side
Flowed Thy true Blood's saving tide :
Be a foretaste sweet to me
In my death's last agony !
O Thou loving, gentle One
Sweetest Jesus, Mary's Son !

SIX LIGHTS AT SOLEMN MASS.

C. H. B. asks the meaning of six lights at solemn Mass. "I have asked and looked in 'manuals' for an explanation, but find none to satisfy me."

The symbolic meaning of *six* lights, used at solemn Mass, is an extension of the symbolism represented in the *two* lights which are required for the ordinary celebration of the mystic

Sacrifice. According to the old liturgists,¹ the number *two*, that is, the two rows of altar candles, to the right and left of the crucifix, indicate the twofold revelation which God made of Himself in the Old and the New Testament, whose centre is Calvary. For the revelation or light of the Old Law leads us up to Christ and from Him the light of the New Law or Gospel is diffused on the other side. The two candles, therefore, illustrate the action of Christ crucified, as the Light of the world, illuminating the ancient nations by prophecy and through the Hebrew revelation on the one hand, and through the light of the Gospel on the other. Thus the altar of the Holy Sacrifice whose centre is the crucifix becomes the perpetual source of religious light.

By multiplying the lights on each side threefold, the triple source and gracious effect of this double revelation of the Old Law and the New are expressed and symbolized more perfectly and emphatically. *Three* is the perfect expression of the Divine action, as the source of revelation. Our knowledge of God is the knowledge of His threefold Personality, and that knowledge is strengthened by the impress of the Divine Trinity upon creatures. *Three* is the expression of matter in the three dimensions of length, breadth, height; *three* is the sum of time, expressed in past, present, future; and of created existence, expressed in birth, growth, death. It is the manifestation of the life of the soul as the image of the Holy Trinity, in the three faculties of memory, will, and understanding. Hence, in the Old Testament, it is the principal number upon which symbolical interpretation rests, as, for example, in the three divisions of the Jewish Tabernacle, indicating the threefold approach to God; the three veils or curtains of the sanctuary; the three pieces of its furniture, etc. In the same way three as the multiple of other numbers indicates different orders of perfection, as in seven (3+4) lamps, seven breads, the various measures, 3 × 10, etc., to be observed in the construction of the Tabernacle.

On the other side, we have the idea of the Divine Light coming to us through a trinity of revelation in the New Law. The benedictions of the Three Divine Persons form the interpretation of the Cross to the Christian. He is baptized with the cross, in

¹ See Gihl : *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*, II ed., p. 319, note.

the name of the Holy Trinity ; and every prayer, every action, every blessing that he receives upon himself and the things he uses, is introduced by the invocation of the Three Holy Names ; it is from these that the Sign of the Cross, indicating the outward profession of faith, derives and imparts inward light and grace.

Thus the three lights on each side of the crucifix are, so to say, a solemn declaration that the Saviour of mankind, who died for us on the Cross, and who is daily offered on our altars, shed His light, not only through the prophetic utterances in the Old Testament, but through every form and action which served as a type of the Divine perfection, the Holy Trinity. And the benign influence of this Divine Trinity, lost in us by sin, is renewed by the Father's creation, by the Son's redemption, and by the Holy Ghost's sanctifying action. Thus we are restored to the likeness of the threefold Divine Light. This process of restoration to our triple perfection takes place at every Sacrifice of the Mass wherein we participate, allowing the Light, which came into the world to illumine our darkness, again to shine in our hearts by the application of the sacramental and sacrificial act.

"MY HOUR IS NOT YET COME."

(St. John 2 : 4.)

Qu. What is the force of the words spoken by our Divine Lord at the nuptials of Cana, when He said to His Blessed Mother : "My hour is not yet come !" (St. John 2 : 4), whereas He actually performed the desired miracle, and must have foreseen that He would do so, thereby indicating that His hour (for manifesting Himself) had come ?

Resp. The actual meaning of the phrase is precisely the opposite of what it appears to be, and the doubt arises unquestionably from a defective translation of the original text. Tatian and St. Gregory of Nyssa render the words of the Greek in the interrogative form : "Is not My hour [that is, the time in which I am to manifest Myself] come ?" This translation is that of Tatian's Arabic version, and is absolutely compatible with the original Greek of St. John, although our common version which omits the interrogative particle is seemingly more literal. It is well known,

however, that, as in our ordinary colloquialisms, the interrogative particle is often supplied by the inflection of the voice. By accepting this interpretation, which is perfectly justifiable on grammatical and logical grounds, the passage which precedes, and which has often been misunderstood, becomes at once intelligible. The Evangelist describes in simple language how our Lord replies to the anxious intimation of His Blessed Mother that there is not sufficient wine for all the guests. He says: "Woman, what is it to Me and to thee?"¹ These words, according to the Hebrew manner of speech, express, as the Protestant Dr. M. R. Vincent, in his *Word Studies in the New Testament*, admits, "a highly respectful and affectionate mode of address."

Properly rendered into English, they meant: Lady, My mother, be not concerned; the lack of wine need not trouble you or Me; for has not the hour come when I have to manifest My Divine Mission? I shall therefore relieve our host of embarrassment.

With this interpretation the words of Our Blessed Lady which immediately follow, are also clear: "His mother saith to the waiters: Whatever He shall say to you, do ye,"—showing that the rejoinder of her Divine Son had been a comforting and assuring one, instead of a reproof, as has been sometimes argued by Protestants, who translate the words not only literally, but in a sense which is actually misleading.

LEX AMANDI.

(Correspondence.)

DEAR SIR:—I began to feel just a little disappointment in reading the first part of the article entitled "Lex Amandi," but on getting into the chapter "The Perfect Way," which follows the introduction, my interest became gradually riveted, and I am expectant of rich spiritual as well as literary fare. In your prospectus, referring to the articles, you say "the author develops the principles of religious perfection applied to organized charity, with special reference to the *Social Settlement Question*." I wish and hope the writer will go fur-

¹ The Protestant version translates the expression: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"

ther. Organized charity and Settlement methods are, after all, only remedies for mistakes that have been made in certain conditions back of these methods: the home, that is, the family; the school, that is, the teacher; the Church (in its local sense), that is, the parish; in short, religion in the *life* of the people,—these are the topics which we need to study and discuss practically; and I trust the author of “*Lex Amandi*,” who shows purpose of tracing the principles which bring our affections and passions into conformity with the Divine precept of charity, will touch upon and elaborate these subjects which the Settlement Question simply suggests. That would be laying the axe to the root. We can do little in the way of improving the masses by legislating against divorce or abuses of any sort, so long as the law is capable only of reaching the outside of the body social. What we need is education, reform from within, such as only Christianity by its doctrine and precepts is able to effect. I hope my suggestion will not be taken amiss by Eronomos.

A CRITICAL READER.

AFTER AUGHRIM.

The following attempt to cast into Virgilian metre the pretty Irish lines of Arthur Geoghegan, paraphrasing the words of the lover who at the bidding of his bride went out to Aughrim (*Each-Dhruim*) near Ballinasloe, in 1691, to fight “for the Green,” is from the pen of the Rev. P. F. O’Brien, Professor of Latin and Greek at St. Thomas’ College, Merriam Park, Minn. We gladly give it a place here, for it recalls the classic fancy of Father Prout, and many of our readers will regard it as a laudable effort to stimulate the study of the Latin tongue, the proper appreciation of which is gradually being lost in our modern education since we have begun to attend to novelties less worthy of a place in our college curriculum.

Arthur Gerald Geoghegan, born in Dublin, June 1, 1810, is the author of *The Monks of Kilcrea*, published anonymously in 1853, and translated into French in 1858. In 1861, he issued a volume of verses that had appeared in various magazines, chiefly in *The Nation*. “Arthur Geoghegan,” says a recent critic, “would yet merit a place in any Irish anthology, for the sake of this little poem (*After Aughrim*), so poignant in feeling, so fresh and

fragrant in expression." He died in Kensington, on November 29, 1889, and was buried at Kensal Green.

NENIA CANNENSIS.

I.

An menti redeunt horae quas carpsimus olim,
An redeunt Lalage? Sponsus cum lene susurrans
"Num pergam aut maneam, Lalage?" responsa superba
Excepit: "Tu perge modo, ac pro Caesare justo
Arma cape et viridi pro signo nitere dextra!"

II.

Heu! nive tibi sunt crines, heu, pectora luctu
Plena dolent, Lalage! jussu puerine profecti
Poenituit Lalagen? At tu "Non," ore superbo,
"Namque foret satius cum Paullo¹ perdere vitam,
Quam viridi signo siquis serviret inulto!"²

P. F. O'BRIEN.

Merriam Park, Minn.

¹ . . . animaeque magnae
Prodigum Paullum superante Poeno.

Hor. I, 12.

² Do you remember, long ago,
Kathaleen?

When your lover whispered low,

"Shall I stay or shall I go,

Kathaleen?"

And you answered proudly, "Go!

And join King James and strike a blow

For the Green!"

Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,

Kathaleen;

Your heart is sad and full of woe.

Do you repent you bade him go,

Kathaleen?

And quick you answer proudly, "No!

For better die with Sarsfield so

Than live a slave without a blow

For the Green."

AN INTERESTING "DIES IRAE" CONTRIBUTION.

To the Editor of THE DOLPHIN :—

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—I was much interested in the articles in the recent issues of THE DOLPHIN on the English versions of the *Dies Irae*.

Where no one seems to have succeeded, perhaps it will not be unpardonable for another candidate for failure to submit his attempt, although he has neither scholarship, nor a knack for verse, nor even a knowledge of Latin, to justify his presumption.

I tried only the first three stanzas, after reading the enlightening comments of Father Henry in the January number, but could not resist the temptation to try the second three when the February issue reached me.

I enclose two versions herewith.

I suppose the fault of these translations (if they may be called so) is that they rend the English without rendering the Latin, that they force the rhythm without persuading the rhyme, and dislocate construction without making a reproduction either vigorous in itself or faithful to its original.

A succession of jerks is a disconcerting substitute for the billowy rhythm of the Latin original; the too frequent mere alliteration of the final syllables is repetition rather than rhyme, and the confusion of tenses and profusion of participles is rasping,—like the voice of a great singer wheezing out of a phonograph. The reader of poetry can hardly be expected to forgive bad verse merely because the motive of the writer was good.

I do not apply these strictures to my attempt in order to forestall criticism of it, but to show you that I do not expect it to be taken very seriously. It seems to me, however, that, rough as it is, it sticks more closely to the original thought and excludes more rigorously what the original writer *might* have put into his poem but did *not* put into it, than many of the versions which you print. For this reason my versions might be suggestive to others possessing qualifications for the task of this difficult translation.

My honest reason, however, for sending them, is to be rid of them. When I read your January articles, the verses began to run (or hobble) in my mind, and, ever since, they have been teasing me like the "Age of Ann;" and unfortunately *this* puzzle does not yield an algebraic solution,—so there is no regaining my peace of mind but by dumping them on the unoffending but defenceless Editor.

I hope waste baskets will not be resurrected,—the thought suggests new terrors for the Last Day.

DIES IRAE.

(No. 1.)

Day of wrath, that day involveth
Earth and heavens, to ash dissolveth,
David proveth, Sibyl solveth.
Trembling shall there be, and wailing
When the Judge shall come unveiling
Every heart's most secret failing.
Wondrous sound of trumpet quarrying
All earth's graves and all flesh harrying
To the throne—no flight, no tarrying.
Death and nature, stupefied,
See the dead revived,
There to plead to laws defied.
Opened then the book ; recorded
There the sins, the merit hoarded,
Whence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge shall take the chair,
All things hid shall be laid bare,
Naught escape just vengeance there.

DIES IRAE.

(No. 2.)

Day of wrath, that day consuming
Worlds to ashes flamed and fuming ;
David—Sibyl—speak the dooming.
All shall quake in consternation
When the Judge of all creation
Comes to make His strict scrutiny.
And the trumpets wondrous sounding
Through the wide earth's tombs rebounding,
Gathers all the throne surrounding.
Death and nature stagger, viewing
All the dead their lives renewing ;
Life shall answer life's misdoing.

Then the book is spread, whose pages
Hold the record of the ages;
Merit crowns, gives sin its wages.

When the Judge shall take His throne,
All things hid shall be made known,
Nothing will the Judge condone.

EXPLANATORY.

I was in doubt as to the following variations which suggested themselves, viz.:—

“Brands” for “ash” in the second line of the first stanza of No. 1, making it read “Earth and heavens to brands dissolveth.” Ash is a little too strong, being suggestive of the pinch of dust left in the chemist’s crucible after a reaction; and “brands” seemed to be the nearest English equivalent of the Latin “favilla” as interpreted by Father Henry. But, on the other hand, “ash” seemed the more appropriate word to use with the verb “dissolve.” If the verb had been one more suggestive of fire, I would have preferred “brands.”

The second stanza of version No. 2 I thought of rewriting, as closer to the original, thus:—

How shall all things tremble, fearing
When the Judge in power appearing
Comes to hold that last dread hearing.

Perhaps it is better than the one used, but “fearing” is weak. If it could be “fearful,” I would prefer the rejected stanza.

Of course, the meaning of the third line of the fourth stanza of No. 2, viz., “Life shall answer life’s misdoing,” is that an unending life of misery shall be the result of the evil we have done in our temporary life on earth, and involving its converse of an eternal life of happiness for a life of fidelity.

Perhaps “resounding” would be a better word than “rebounding” in line 2; stanza 3, version No. 2.

The meaning of line 3, stanza 1, version 1, viz., “David proveth, Sibyl solveth,” is that the destruction of all things by fire on the last day will fulfil the prophecies of David and make plain (give a solution to) the obscure oracles of the Sibyl.

I originally wrote line 2 of stanza 4, version 1—“See creation vivified.”

Peoria, Illinois.

CHAS. H. MISNER.

Criticisms and Notes.

A SYSTEM OF METAPHYSICS. By George Stuart Fullerton, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University, New York. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan and Company, Ltd. 1904. Pp. 627.

The student who has received his intellectual discipline through neo-scholasticism, usually finds it no easy task to estimate fairly a modern work on metaphysics. How many soever books of this class he may have read, and striven to profit by, he almost invariably finds that the difficult process of adjusting his mental organism must begin all over again when the next treatise of the kind is submitted to his judgment. The reason of this lies, of course, partly in his training and consequent intellectual habits. Accustomed as he is to view philosophical subjects through certain rigorously defined concepts, categories, technical distinctions, and precisely formulated principles, he feels himself naturally awkward when obliged to move through mazes of thought where these signs and lines are unindicated or professedly ignored. On the other hand, the reason is not totally subjective. It lies just as much, if not more, in the character of modern works on metaphysics themselves. Each of them is written from the author's subjective standpoint, irrespective of any traditional philosophy. Each, therefore, is the expression more or less exclusively of an individual, embodies mainly his opinions and speculation, and differs correspondingly from every other work of its class. Nor is this individualism a mere contingency or the result of indifference to philosophical continuity. It is the deliberately studied and vaunted position of the writer in question. For, as Professor Royce, one of the ablest of modern metaphysicians, has recently said, "Agreement in opinion is not the goal of philosophy. That insight should more abound; this is the main purpose of philosophical inquiry. Insight, however, as it occurs in individual human beings, inevitably implies variety." The present reviewer is not here concerned to criticize this individualism. He is perfectly alive to what advantages it may possess, just as he is to the loss it entails to the philosophical organism.

He rather puts forward the above observation by way of apology for not giving an adequate critique of the work here under consideration.

After reading a great many of its pages, and rereading not a few several times, he feels that he can do no more than register a general opinion, and recommend the book to his fellow students for what it seems to him to be worth.

First of all, he finds in it a considerable amount of metaphysical, but just as much, if not more, of epistemological and psychological speculation. The *metaphysics*, indeed, are sufficiently evident, but the *system* not so. Nowhere does he read what the author means by *metaphysics*, what is its subject-matter; how, by what method, such a science, if so it be, is or should be constructed; what are its organic parts; what are its relations to other sciences or disciplines, or what its purpose and value. And yet one might fairly expect some information on these subjects from a work entitled *A System of Metaphysics*.

Secondly, in view of the bulk of the book—a feature to its credit, for large subjects should be largely treated—one might desiderate, if not an analytical table of contents—there is, indeed, a fair index—at least an occasional summary of the matter treated. The reviewer has been able to find but one such aid—though there may be another or two that escaped him—and he hails that one gladly, because it affords a survey of the author's standpoint. The conclusions reached at the opening of Chapter VII are these:—

“(1) The real external world is a complex of consciousness-elements; (2) when we speak of our consciousness of it, we recognize that what we actually have in mind is a compound of sensational and of imaginary elements, the latter largely predominating; (3) but we do not think of imaginary elements, as such, actually entering into the composition of the real world,—we see that the only elements which really fit into the system are the sensational elements; (4) it seems to follow that the real world which we are discussing is a complex of sensational elements and of none other.”

Thirdly, lest the reader should infer from the first observation made above that the volume is untrue to its title, a brief presentation of its systematic arrangement is here subjoined. The book contains four parts, dealing respectively with the content of consciousness, the external world, mind and matter, other minds, and the realm of minds. Under the first part are discussed the mind and the world in common thought and in science; the inadequacy of the psycho-

logical standpoint ; and how things are given in consciousness the self, the knower.

The second part includes an explanation of what is meant by the external world ; sensations "and things" ; appearance and reality ; Kant's and Berkeley's doctrine of space ; time ; the real world in space and time ; and the world as mechanism. The main topics of the third part are materialism ; the atomic self ; automatonism ; parallelism ; realism and idealism ; the world as unperceived and the "Unknowable."

To the last part are assigned such topics as the existence of other minds ; their distribution ; the unity of consciousness ; the sub-conscious mind ; mental phenomena and the causal nexus ; mechanism and teleology ; fatalism, free-will, and determinism ; God.

A glance over this outline shows that the material of the system embraces the facts of consciousness, their largest groupings : matter, mind, and self, other minds and God. Into an examination of the treatment of these vast subjects it is impossible here to enter with any satisfaction to the reader. Suffice it to add that, whilst the reviewer finds himself at variance not only with the fundamental standpoint of the work, and with very many of the statements it contains, he cheerfully and gratefully confesses that he has derived from its reading, in the first place, no little profit, especially from its criticisms, which are keen, sound, and good-tempered ; secondly, a good deal of pleasure,—a resultant not usually expected or derived from a system of metaphysics. The author moves with ease and grace over slippery ice, proving himself equally steady in plain, and adroit in elaborate, movements. He absolves himself too easily, indeed, from what one may justly conceive as falling amongst the metaphysician's duties,—that, namely, of basing on rational principles the existence of God and the soul's immortality,—handing over, as he does, these most vital subjects to the domain of faith and hope. The distrust of reason in the face of these problems is, however, common to all distinctively recent metaphysics, and is the logical consequence of the subjectivism introduced into modern philosophy by Descartes, and made permanent by Kant. The present author's sin, if so it be, is therefore specific rather than individual.

The reviewer unhesitatingly recommends the work to students of philosophy—advanced students, for only such can profit by it—as stimulating to thought, and instructive as regards a system held and, it may be presumed, taught by a distinguished professor at one of the leading centres of learning in this country.

LAST LETTERS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY. With an introductory note by the Rev. John Gray. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. 158.

THE YOKE OF CHRIST. Readings intended chiefly for the sick. By the Rev. Robert Eaton, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. First Series. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1905. Pp. 208.

NIGHT THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK AND DESOLATE. Second Series. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1904. Pp. 130.

A HUNDRED READINGS INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR THE SICK. London: Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 222.

A few years ago, there died in Menton, in southern France, a young English artist whose versatile genius had given promise of great work in the field of both letters and pictorial illustration. In the midst of a brilliant career came the shock of a first hemorrhage of the lungs and forced him, at the age of twenty-three, into comparative solitude. The place of his many friends in the gay world, whose society might have cheered him only to feed his vanity, was taken by one in whom artistic sense and love for the beautiful were regulated by a keen appreciation of Catholic truth, and who, during the few years which remained, managed to infuse into the life of our invalid a kindred feeling together with a spirit of trustful gratitude which, whilst it eased the troubled hours of the patient by drawing him out of himself, brought to him the consolation of a happy death in the true fold of Christ. The "Letters" here gathered together are written, almost all, to this one congenial yet earnest guide, and they cover a space of less than three years. The earlier correspondence consists simply of brief notes, addressed to "My Dear Mentor," signed "Télémaque," but, as the exchange of thought and feeling proceeds, the letters become longer, indicating a gradual growth of grateful attachment on the part of young Beardsley to his noble friend, whom he knows later on only by the term of "My Dearest Brother."

From the literary point of view there is nothing remarkable in these letters, except that they give evidence, as Father Gray expresses it in his preface, "of a keen intelligence concentrated upon its utterances without *arrière pensée*." They are records of a transition through which a soul capable of high cultivation passes from hopes set on earthly enjoyment into the region of spiritual motives revealed amid the stress of gradual humiliation. "Aubrey Beardsley might,

had he lived, have risen to a height from which he could command the horizon he was created to scan. As it was, the long anguish, the increasing bodily helplessness, the extreme necessity in which some one else raises one's hand, turns one's head, showed the slowly dying man things he had not seen before. He came face to face with the old riddle of life and death; his soul discovered needs which unstable desires had hitherto obscured; he submitted, like Watteau, his master, to the Catholic Church." The Fathers of the London Oratory, to whom from the first he had been recommended, undertook the spiritual care of the sick man :

"Father B. [Bowden ?] has just sent me an admirable little manual of Catholic Belief, and has invited me to send for him whenever I have any questions to ask. Thank you many times for your letter so full of sympathy and encouragement. You will forgive me for being sometimes peevish and complaining, but really it is hard to remain quite tranquil with so many setbacks."

In course of time, he made his profession of faith.

"I feel now like someone who has been standing waiting upon the doorstep of a house upon a cold day, and who cannot make up his mind to knock for a long while. At last the door is thrown open, and all the warmth of kind hospitality makes glad the frozen traveller."

The last letter, written some two weeks before his death, reveals the lasting effect of the change :—

"Thank you very much for your letter and the little book for the month of St. Joseph which I will read with you day by day through March [he died on the 16th].

. . . I am in better spirits, indeed very happy at times, for I have really great cause to be thankful for this latest trouble. I have been reading a good deal of St. Alphonsus Liguori; no one dispels depression more effectually than he. Reading his loving exclamations so lovingly reiterated it is impossible to remain dull and sullen. I believe it is often mere physical exhaustion more than hardness of heart that leaves me so apathetic and uninterested."

The reader whose attention has been directed to the above series of *Last Letters*, will perhaps realize what a difference there is between the sympathy that comforts a sick friend with flowers and sweets and kindly diversions, and that wiser and more effective friendship for the sufferer which knows the secret of converting his pain into joy, and which turns endurance into gain of life eternal.

In the matter of converse with the sick we all find it so much easier to ask questions of a patient about his ills, and how he came to get them, and what hope the doctor gives, than to speak of hopes of heaven, and directly to inquire how the soul may be helped. We have no hesitation about selecting an illustrated newspaper or a maga-

zine that tells of things passing by which the sleepless hours of the sick chamber may drag less wearily along,—and there is mercy and kindness in all this; but it is not the sole or best sympathy that a Christian can show to a brother or sister for whom God has ordained suffering as a means to reach more safely life's true end. If we find it difficult to talk of spiritual things to the sick—and it is one of the most difficult things to do wisely and with good effect—we might often put them in the way of reading that which will supply the defect of a well-meaning sympathy.

The fact remains, however, that with the best intentions we may yet experience considerable difficulty in procuring such spiritual reading for the sick as will not become a strain upon their nerves. A “pious” book is more or less irritating to most people who are in need of piety, whilst a novel, however good and edifying, if it is at the same time more than ordinarily interesting, is apt to stimulate overmuch the attention and curiosity of a weakly-sustained nervous system; and whilst such reading conveys perhaps to the devout reader who is in good health those motives which he or she can fashion into active resolves, it will leave the bed-ridden patient merely in a sentimental attitude, which is likely to pass with the occasion that aroused it. The quality of reading which, apart from special needs, best serves the invalid who is in condition to read, or to listen to the lecture of good books, is the brief story written in sympathetic strain, and of the sort in which the lessons are suggested rather than long-drawn-out. But such books are as rare as they are precious. Whilst to relieve the sickness and bodily stress we have the pill-makers and truss-makers, and intelligent nurses, all of whom devise ever new methods for accomplishing their end; and whilst there are gentile shroud and coffin-makers inventing patents to prepare us properly for death, as to the body, the spiritual physicians and undertakers rely upon moods and prayer-books, which do not always properly respond to the actual need.

Father Eaton has wisely given his attention to this department of spiritual wants and managed to supply it in a suggestive way by his “readings for the sick,” to which, in view of what sickness is to the Christian, he gives the appropriate and beautiful name of *The Yoke of Christ*. Suffering is, indeed, the yoke of Christ, as rightly interpreted and understood; and Father Eaton teaches us its promised sweetness by means of brief readings in which Scripture is made the basis and background of practical reflections, leading the mind of the

sufferer to see the designs of God outlined by affliction. Each chapter comprises a simple meditation, detached, that is to say, chosen without particular attention to connected sequence of thought, but offering morsels of divine truth in a certain desultory fashion which suits, as a rule, best the fitful spiritual appetite of the sick.

For a practical reason, namely, to recommend such books, since they contain an available variety of material which one naturally looks for when in need of reading-matter for the sick, we recall a similar volume, published some time ago by the same author, serving the same purpose. *A Hundred Readings* was published in 1901, and those who know and like it, will be apt to look for this later one, and *vice versa*. With these two books naturally fits in a small companion volume of thirty-one short meditations, entitled *Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate*. Of this there has also been a former volume in the same order. "Their one object is to illustrate the truth that a day of pain well borne for the cause of our Lord, or a day of hard and often distasteful toil, carried out with no relish and little or no apparent result, is by no means a day lost, but one full of merit in the eyes of God, and very sure of reward." So when evening is come, we are bidden, so to speak, by our Lord to pass over to the other side and to review the labors of such a day as we shall look upon them in eternity, or, as the author expresses it, resting "beneath the shadow of the trees in Paradise." Other similar volumes are in preparation.

We take occasion in connection with this theme to recall here a volume also published some time since, *The Day of an Invalid*, by the Abbé Henri Perreyve, which combines devotion and reflection by drawing the thoughts of the invalid toward the sanctuary, where the Divine Mysteries are being celebrated daily. It is a series of readings in the more fervid style which tends to attune the soul to suffering and to instruct the mind in the true values of pain for eternity. The book was written by one who had experienced all the bitterness of constant suffering, together with the sweetness, which its proper use brought to his soul. The translator is Father Bruneau.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Bell in the Fog: Gertrude Atherton. *Harpers.* \$1.25.

Ten stories, nine intended to shock or to scandalize all sane readers, and one on the well-worn theme of the reappearance of an ancestral type, comprise this volume. One attempts to justify the behavior of a physician who deliberately withholds a remedy from a patient because he thinks her death desirable.

Bucking the Sage Brush: Charles J. Steedman. *Saalfeld.* \$1.50.

A simple account of cowboy life on the Oregon trail thirty-five years ago, with many illustrative anecdotes, and accompanying statements of profit and loss, making it useful to those interested in the history of cattle-breeding in the West.

Captain of Men: E. Anson More. *Page.* \$1.50.

An Assyrian general exiled by his jealous king takes refuge in

Tyre, and forces his services upon a merchant who holds Miriam, a cousin of David, son of Jesse, in slavery. The merchant's daughter, an evil creature even for her time, pursues him, and when convinced that she cannot succeed casts herself into the arms of Moloch. The descriptions of heathen orgies are horrible, but they are not made attractive, and the exceeding ugliness of heathen life is forced upon the reader's mind.

Charms: Lord Iddesleigh. *Lane.* \$1.50.

The villain, wishing to obtain the fortune of a girl whose father refuses his proposals, gives her powders wherewith to charm her father's affections, and when he dies and the girl is arrested, hides himself. She is condemned as a murderess, and at the last moment he confesses. Life at the court of George Second and the strange character of the King are described, chiefly with reference to the King's whimsicality.

Clansman: Thomas Dixon, Jr.
Doubleday. \$1.50.

The author sets forth the Southern view of the reconstruction period, the deeds of the Ku-klux Klan, and the reasons why they were necessary to the preservation of civilization. His account varies very little from that given in the Northern novel, "A Fool's Errand," but he lauds what its author condemns. Warm praise of Lincoln, a dark portrait of Thaddeus Stevens, and commendation of President Johnson are the striking points in the political passages. A criminal episode makes the book unfit for young readers, but it is addressed to voters and to mature women.

Clock and the Key: Arthur Henry Vesey. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

The lost jewels of Beatrice D'Este and a wonderful casket containing them, after lying concealed for centuries, become the centre of a modern love-story in which an Italian duke, a simple lover, and a great collector contend for the prize. After a prolonged contest, unalleviated by any scruples worth mentioning, the author leaves all of them happy.

Closed Book: William Le Queux.
Smart Set. \$1.50.

A book which poisons whoever turns its leaves; envenomed points in stair-rails; a vial of poison and its antidote; and a hidden treasure of gems once the property of Lucrezia Borgia, are among the properties of this piece of contemporary melodrama. It

is over-wrought, and hardly worth reading as literature, even if it were freed from its indirect attacks upon Pope Alexander VI.

Dear Fatherland: Lieut. Biltse.
Lane. \$1.50.

A repulsive picture of squalid and profligate life asserted to be that of the German officer of small means. It is a shade less spiteful than its author's first book, but duller, and more offensive to good taste.

Despoilers: Edmund Mitchell.
Cassell. \$1.50.

Two wills figure in this story—one, made under a misapprehension, disinheriting the testator's favorite nephew; the other stolen, forged, and stolen again, to the loss of its maker's widow and her daughter. The sufferers from the two wrongs are brought together in a natural way, and in due time the villains are confounded.

Fair Land Tyrol: W. D. McCrackan. \$1.60 net.

History and legend and modern anecdote accompany detailed descriptions and good pictures in this book, which may be used either as a guide or as a home amusement.

Fortunes of a Free Lance: Alfred G. Lawrence. *Saalfeld.* \$1.50.

A very long biography of an Englishman of doubtful birth and small fortune, who fights under many masters and dies fighting after killing many of his enemies and making some friends. It is a fairly truthful picture of Eng-

land and France in the fourteenth century.

Garden of Allah: Robert Hichens.
Stokes. \$1.50.

The title is a name for the Sahara, in which the entire action passes. The heroine, a steadfast but not very devout Catholic, discovers that the man whom she has married in spite of instinctive repulsion, and in spite of the warnings of a simple but clear-eyed priest, is a recreant Trappist. Her influence over him suffices to take him back to his monastery. The tale is prolonged by reiteration of trifles and is too intimate in its revelations for perfect decency, but it is not frivolous.

House of Hawley: Elmer Elliot Peake. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

Southern Illinois is the scene and the chief characters, white and black, have the feelings and standards of their kind in the Southern States, the head of the house going so far as to forbid the marriage of his favorite grandchild to a Republican. The villain, a black murderer, is the centre of the strongest action of the story, and the author, although he describes many excellent and admirable blacks, finds them repulsive in the aggregate.

In the Arena: Booth Tarkington.
McClure. \$1.50.

Ten stories of politics, painting the politician as black but not too clever to be outwitted.

Lady Penelope: Morley Roberts.
Page. \$1.50.

A romantic and very ingenious comedy in which a

modern Portia endeavors to reform and improve all her suitors, and at last marries one, binding him to secrecy and refusing to tell his name. The result is endless confusion, in which her aunt, a garrulous Duchess, her cousin, a naughty but nice boy, and wild excursions in auto-cars, are equally prominent.

Morganatic: Max Nordau. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

The author gives the history of many morganatic marriages, binding them together by the kinship of the husbands, and contrasting the foolish widow, intent upon obtaining an empty title, and the sensible unacknowledged wife who works and teaches her daughter to work.

Mysterious Disappearance: Gordon Holmes. *Clode.* \$1.50.

A baronet's wife leaves her home to visit her sister, and does not return. The police, with no proof that she is not living, decide that she is murdered, and impede an amateur detective's efforts to explore the mystery. The secret is well guarded to the end, but the detective is unreal.

Mysterious Mr. Sabin: E. Phillips Oppenheim. *Little.* \$1.50.

The chief character uses empires and kingdoms as pieces to be pushed about on the political chessboard, planning sufficient alliances and quarrels to obtain the restoration of the French monarchy. The Russian and German spies and diplomatists are amazingly unscrupulous and clever, and the political scheming is quite plausible enough for hasty readers.

On Etna: Norma Lorimer. *Holt.*
\$1.50.

Sicilian character and customs and the fascinating beauty of the Etna region are the author's chief interest. Her heroine, the daughter of the Protestant owner of a Sicilian estate, refuses to marry an impoverished Sicilian prince, and has her kidnapped by brigands. The chief takes her from the prince when he finds that she is not a voluntary prisoner and she falls in love with him, and mourns him when he is captured. She is put forward as eccentric, but the other characters are meant to be typical.

Secret Woman: Eden Phillpotts.
Macmillan. \$1.50.

A woman of a violent temper, generally controlled, kills her husband when she detects his intrigue with an unknown woman. She wishes to give herself up to justice; her sons differ as to her duty and the matter remains in dispute for a long time, one of the sons paying court to the woman who is the cause of the crime. Events make it possible for the murderess to carry out her wish, and at the end of her term of imprisonment she enters on a peaceful life in the companionship of her son. The history of the secret woman's family, a blameless tale, runs beside the darker chronicle, and her share in the latter is known to her victim.

Silence of Mrs. Harrold: Samuel M. Gardenhire. *Harper.*
\$1.50.

The commercial aspect of the drama and the slavery in which actors are held by the combined

managers furnishes the leading interest for this story, but it also discusses the question of a wife's right to keep secrets from her husband. It is much better than "Lux Crucis," and its history of an attempt to reform the stage is excellent.

Slanderers: Warwick Deeping.
Harper. \$1.50.

Gossips of the deliberately malicious species found in the Elizabethan drama are represented as appearing in the present day, separating a married pair, and giving the unsuspecting one an opportunity for happiness after the death of the other. It is wilfully ill-written with elaborate parade of reference and allusion and no regard for syntax or the meaning of words.

Specialist: A. M. Irvine. *Lane.*
\$1.50.

The consulting room and private office of a surgeon bound nearly all the action of this story, in which especial effort is given to describing the feelings of a patient compelled to choose between certain death in a few weeks and an experiment that may cure and may cause death in a few hours. The vagaries of foolish patients and the freaks of childish patients, and the surgeon's mental and spiritual history are described with French minuteness.

Two Captains: Cyrus Townsend Brady. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

One captain sails with Nelson, one fights for the French Republic, the two contend for the hand of a French girl of noble birth, and Nelson and her grand-

father, a former vice admiral of the French Navy, supervise the contest. The Frenchman is a cowardly, treacherous brute and the Irishman is very near perfection. The story is written either without care or with an incompetent amanuensis, and abounds in errors.

Winged Helmet: Harold Steele Mackaye. *Page.* \$1.50.

The story of a noble lady of the time of Francis First, and of the many perils through which she passes before marrying happily. The fighting is almost incessant, but very little real history comes into the book.

Literary Chat.

In the February "Literary Chat" we stated that there is no complete biography of Montalembert; we meant, of course, in English. A correspondent calls our attention to the recently published life of Montalembert by R. P. Lecannet, of the French Oratory, which merits to be translated.

The Review of Church Music (St. Francis, Milwaukee), is a monthly journal intended to aid our clergy, organists, choir-directors, and singers, toward conforming to the prescriptions of the *Motu proprio*. More than twenty years ago, the able director of the present enterprise undertook the publication of a similar paper called *The Echo*, which eventually had to be suspended through lack of support. Since that date the number of resident pastors who have church choirs and schools has fully doubled, so that there is a greater guarantee of success for a music journal of this kind, independently of the fact that the interest in the subject has become of more decided importance through the Pope's action, as well as through the gradual passing away of the impediments which missionary conditions naturally imposed upon the ancient and approved observance of the liturgy.

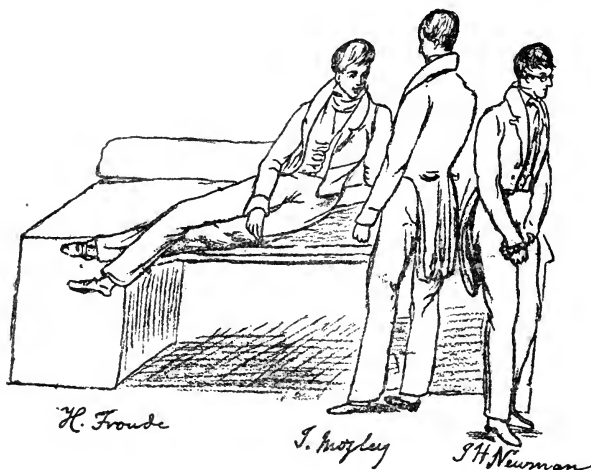
The Wiltzius' *Catholic Directory* for the United States and Canada for 1905 is a valuable improvement on the hitherto available sources of Church statistics. It contains not only complete reports of all the dioceses (clergy, religious communities, schools, charitable institutions, etc.) in the United States, including the new territories of our jurisdiction (Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands), but also Cuba, Canada, and Newfoundland, besides those of Great Britain and Ireland. In addition there is a good statistical survey of the Mexican States, those of Central America, West Indies, Oceanica, and the European States,—that is, Austria (Hungary), Germany, Holland, and Switzerland.

Pastels is the title of a handsomely printed volume (pp. 196) of French essays over the classical signature of Henri D'Arles—Père Henri Beande of the Dominican Order, unless we are much mistaken—published by Daniel Wien (Libraire-Éditeur, New York). The topics range over a wide and multiform field of devout meditations, literary critiques, scholastic reviews, and æsthetic chat. The author shows fine taste in the disposition of his material, and the capacity for taking a practical view of things not French, when dealing with such subjects as *Collèges Américains*.

Miss Guiney's volume on Hurrell Froude (Methuen & Co., London) gives two pictures of the subject of her "Memoranda and Comments," both unfinished but both probably the only ones in existence. One is Hurrell as a child, a portrait sketch by the Royal Academician, William Brockedon, the other a pencil sketch by Miss Giberne, a friend of the Newman family, a romantic, animated young art student whose interest in the Oxford Movement had gained for her the sobriquet "Queen of Tractaria."

Of the sketch, which we here faithfully reproduce, Miss Guiney writes: "There in the handsome lady's sketch-book is Hurrell, smoothly, almost infantinely, mischievous, with one obedient Mozley to listen and abet; there is Newman, at an angle of the ottoman, distinctly not surveying, with fond adoring gaze and yearning heart,

Common room Oxel July 12 1832



his friend (as he says he does in a poem, part of which, at least, was written that very week [July, 1832]), but back to back with him, sulking furiously and putting on a silent stare which sufficiently expresses human disapproval; that little sudden void stare, entirely characteristic, as of one who is forced to survey, for the time being, an endless vista of Siberian snows."

"More and more," said a prominent educational leader at the recent Religious Education Association in Boston, "we have come to see within the last few years that the problem of the family is the *crux* of modern civilization." Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, makes this topic the exclusive subject of a Pastoral Letter, "The Christian Home," which is to be read in all the churches of the diocese. The whole matter is brought into some forty pages of a well-printed pamphlet, divided into

sections under distinct headings. These are to be distributed in such wise that a part of the instruction may be read on each Sunday from Sexagésima to Holy Week. The points covered are,—The Home; the Church and the School; God and the Home; Paganism and the Home; Mere Dwellings; Husband and Wife; Parents and the Home; Woman and the Home; The Child; The Enemies of the Home (Civil Marriage and Divorce); The Tenement; Intemperance; Household Duties; Adornment of the Home; Literature of the Home; Domesticity; The Home and Society. The thoughts which the Pastoral suggests merely in outline, leave the expositor free scope to expand according to local needs and circumstances. What a splendid success Catholic influence would record throughout the land, if word went out simultaneously from the chief pastors to all the Catholic teachers in the land to dwell simultaneously on one such topic in pulpit, platform, school, and press! And what other organization on earth could, if it would, effect such combined and salutary a movement to improve home, and, with it, society?

An eminent statesman of the last century has said that no man can lay claim to true culture unless he has read Dante. After that, one must read him a second time, until the full sense of his thoughts has been mastered, and then you will understand the secret and principle of true greatness. With a quotation from Tommasio to this effect Bishop Spalding introduces Father Rivard's well matured *Views of Dante*, a series of lectures, dealing with the ethical, doctrinal, and æsthetic aspects of the *Divine Comedy*. The language is good, the thoughts are better, and both are superior to the style in which the book is made up, although one can hardly point out any other blemish except the unwashed type in parts of the volume. There are few reasons in these days of excellent mechanisms why such a book should not avail itself of the best form of typographical art.

Last year the eloquent Abbé Janvier took *La Liberté* for the subject of his Lenten Conferences in the famous basilica of Notre Dame in Paris, where Père Lacordaire, half a century ago, had drawn together the army of Catholic men who reanimated the faith of France by their organized works of charity. These Conferences are now published in a good-sized volume (P. Lethielleux, Paris). The author deals with the historical, philosophical, and theological aspects of human Freedom. He refutes the old objections raised against the control of the Church and such doctrines as are implied in the *Syllabus*. Incidentally he criticizes the teachings of the Abbé Loisy, M. Réville and other noted apologists who have departed from the approved traditions of Catholic orthodoxy.

Ben Hur, which, owing to its author's recent death, has become a fresh topic of literary chat, was first published by the Harpers, in November of 1880. It is interesting to know from Mr. J. Henry Harper's account that the book had a poor sale in its first year. It gradually gained in popularity, until now its annual sales far exceed those of the earlier period. One noteworthy fact in connection with its popularity is that no "cheap edition" of the book was ever published; whence it may be inferred that the intrinsic merits of the book once being recognized, it kept its dignified level in the mind of the reading public. To the Catholic reader the story of *Ben Hur* is far from satisfying, because the author does not reach the lofty concept in which the tradition of the Church and our daily worship picture to us the Holy Family; but,

apart from this, the charm of scenic description and the noble motive that pervade the whole narrative act upon the imagination of the ordinary reader in a beneficial way, and he learns to appreciate Christian virtue, albeit on a somewhat lower plane than that to which devotion toward the Virgin Mother of Christ and her chaste spouse, St. Joseph, is capable of lifting mind and heart.

Darley Dale (Francesca M. Steele) writes an interesting paper in the February number of *The Month*, on William Nassington, a writer who lived during the latter half of the fourteenth century, and who was a follower and ardent admirer of Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, one of the greatest early English poets, as well as a mystic and theologian of good repute.

The same issue of this conservative and representative magazine, which bears the impress of that fine type of cultivated Jesuit whom one meets with in England, contains a timely article by Father Sydney F. Smith, entitled *An International Catholic News-Agency*. The writer dwells on the constant misrepresentations of Catholic doings to be met in the popular press. Usually these misrepresentations are about things that are reported to occur in some distant part whence they are cabled as "news." It is not always possible to verify or refute such statements; but the question is, do we do enough to ascertain and make known the real truth about these unsavory reports? Referring to the splendid work of the English Catholic Truth Society, Father Smith says: "Some years back it recognized the need, and by this time it has produced quite a little library of publications in which the more notorious and influential of these Protestant fictions are investigated. Still there is much more left to do, and the difficulty is now not so much in circulating the information when it has been obtained, as in obtaining it in an accurate and properly authenticated form, and this before the flight of time has rendered it useless. What we need in fact is some world-wide organization with its centre in Europe and its agents in every part; with leaders having the needful zeal and capacity for a work so complicated and wearisome; and with agents, too, not chosen haphazard, for it is wonderful how few people are capable of estimating the true value of evidence, of distinguishing between first-hand testimony and hearsay reports, between plain statements and colored representations; but agents in whose insight, industry, and candor implicit trust can be placed." The object of Father Sydney Smith's article is furthermore practical. He not only points out the need, but also calls attention to a very excellent beginning that has already been made, "indeed to a scheme which has already got into working order and extended its operations to the greater part of Western Europe. This is the *Central-Auskunftsstelle der Katholischen Presse*, (*Bureau Centrale de renseignements pour la presse Catholique*), i.e., *Central News-Agency for the Catholic Press*, which was established a year or two back in Germany, and is under the Presidency of Dr. Kaufmann, Weismes-Faymonville, in the Governmental district of Aachen. It includes within its scope all kinds of attacks made on the Church by her enemies,—on her clergy, her Religious Orders, her missions, her doctrines and institutions.

It seeks to establish gradually its subordinate agencies in the different countries, and has already done so in Austria, France, Belgium, and Spain. That the reports sent to it may be thoroughly authenticated, it endeavors to obtain them, as far as

possible, from the authorities themselves in Church and State, or, at all events, from well-informed Catholics whose testimony can be trusted; and here, too, it has had a good success, a "large number" of Vicars-General and Catholic men of learning belonging to most of the European countries having promised to lend their aid by examining and attesting the accounts of local occurrences drawn up by the agents of the Bureau in their respective dioceses.

From the materials thus carefully gathered and sent to Dr. Kaufmann, he condenses short paragraphs which are quite admirable in their clearness of style, sobriety of language, and solidity of evidence. It is transparent, in fact, through their text, that we have in him one who has just the talent which is wanted for discriminating good testimony from bad, and discerning what the points are which we require to know in order to judge of the truth or untruth of an anti-clerical accusation; just the talent, too, for embodying the information to be communicated in concise statements which admit of being transcribed straight off by the organs of the Catholic press. And praise is also due to Dr. Kaufmann for another feature in his procedure. He realizes the importance of promptness in correcting a newspaper misrepresentation. His agents are set to work investigating as soon as ever the accusation is published, and with such success that not infrequently he is able within a very few days to give the results of the investigation in the (more or less) fortnightly lithographed papers which he sends to his subscribers and agents. And, as in Germany, and to a less degree in France, this *bureau de renseignements* is now well known, and most of the Catholic papers subscribe to it, it is quite an ordinary thing for their columns to reprint its paragraphs, to the great relief of their Catholic readers, and to the great confusion of their calumniators.

"This outline will suffice to show what good work the C. A. has already done, and how much more it is capable of doing when its staff is more developed and its operations extended to all parts of the world. At present Dr. Kaufmann has no branch-agencies in the English-speaking countries, but only a correspondent or two in England itself, who have been able to supply him this past year with an item or two of information on English and Irish matters,—for instance, as to the Irish Catholic Association, which was represented in Germany, as in the (London) *Times*, as a league for excluding all Protestants from employment in Irish places of business. Very soon, let us hope, we may have agencies in this country, in Ireland, and in the United States, and likewise in South America, which, as we know, is a favorite dumping-ground for those who wish to locate their anti-Catholic fictions in some locality sufficiently remote. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that the expenses of an organization like the C. A. must be considerable if it is to go on and develop as it should, and hence that, in the present stage, any subscriptions sent to Dr. Kaufmann will be well bestowed."

Books Received.

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DAS LEBEN MARIA, der allerseligsten Jungfrau und Mutter Gottes. In Betrachtungen nach den Evangelien. Zur Erinnerung an das Jubiläum der Unbefleckten Empfängnis. Von Julius Müllendorff, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu. Mit Genehmigung des fürstbischöflichen Ordinariates in Brixen und Erlaubnis der Ordensobern. Innsbruck: Druck und Verlag von Fel. Rauch; New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. Pp. 235. Price, \$0.75, *net*.

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CEREMONIAL FOR ALTAR BOYS. By Rev. Matthew Britt, O.S.B. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 282. Price, \$0.35.

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UNGEDRUCKTE AKTEN ZUR GESCHICHTE DER PÄPSTE. Vornehmlich im XV, XVI und XVII. Jahrhundert. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Pastor. Erster Band: 1376-1464. Mit Unterstützung der Administration des Dr. Joh. Friedrich Böhmerschen Nachlasses. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung. Zweigniederlassungen in Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo. 1904. Pp. 347. Price \$2.85 *net*.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND TRAVELS OF FATHER PIERRE-JEAN DE SMET, S.J., 1801-1873. Missionary Labors and Adventures among the Wild Tribes of the North American Indians, embracing minute descriptions of their Manners, Customs, Games, Modes of Warfare and Torture, Legends, Traditions, etc., all from personal observations made during many thousand miles of travel. With sketches of the country from St. Louis to Puget Sound and the Altasbasca. Edited from the original unpublished MS. Journals and Little Books, and from his printed works, with Historical, Geographical, Ethnological, and other Notes. Also Life of Father De Smet. Four volumes. With Map and Illustrations. By Hiram Martin Chittenden, Major, Corps of Engineers, U.S.A., and Alfred Talbot Richardson. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1905. Pp. Vol. I—xv—402; Vol. II—403 to 794; Vol. III—795 to 1212; Vol. IV—1213 to 1624. Price \$15.00.

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NO. 4.

THE TRAINING OF A CHANCEL CHOIR.

I.

FROM the considerations presented in the first paper of this series, it is evident that there are some very distinctive principles entailed in the successful organizing and directing of boy-choirs. The arguments alleged by the first collaborator have made it plain that if the reform-movement in Church Music is going to meet with anything like popularity here in America, the new choirs must be organized and maintained systematically and scientifically. There can scarcely be any doubt about this.

The present writer has for his part in the series, the discussion of some questions that follow naturally from the conclusions of the preceding article. The propositions which underlie the considerations to be offered in these pages, are the answer to the question: "What is the final guarantee of the effectiveness of choirs that have been correctly organized?"

It will appear during the progress of this article,—(1) that the effectiveness of boy-choirs is first and last determined by the care and method used in training the boys' voices; (2) that the *sine qua non* of the success of these choirs is the correct formation and development of that peculiar tone-quality inherent in every boy's voice, which makes the boy's voice preëminently the best vehicle for the expression of the religious sentiments of Catholic ritual-music.

The characteristic which differentiates the boy-voice, clearly and beyond any doubt, from other human voices, is essentially this, that it is absolutely free from any even remote suggestion of personal sentiment. It is not colored by the exaggerated emotion or the latent passionateness which must to the end unfit the

female voice for use in purely ecclesiastical music. Boys are capable of religious emotions, but anything like a personal, passionate, human sentiment is altogether impossible in their stage of physical development. Boys can express only such ideas as are inseparably connected with the spiritual tone of a composition. Women, on the other hand, can hardly avoid adding something of their own personal sentiment and mood; their tones insinuate something at variance with the strictly sacred and ecclesiastical character which should pervade all the music performed at the Offices of the Most High. And so it may be said that the feature which makes boys' voices *par excellence* the perfect instrument for the rendition of the chant and the other legitimate styles of ritual-song, is something negative if compared to the female voice, and something positive if compared to the coarse and strident tones of boys before they have been trained.

Obviously, then, a boy-choir must be educated with the greatest care and vigilance.

The peculiarities in the construction of the child's voice, and the various tendencies which characterize its development, must be carefully thought about and examined. The best methods for clarifying this distinctly spiritual timbre of the boy's voice, and the processes for effecting and preserving the imperceptible fusion of its two distinct registers which has made the English choirs famous, should be diligently considered by all choirmasters who hope to do successful work. It is a pity that there have been some choirs here in which the mention of a special process for training the boys' voices would have been as much a surprise to the directors as to the choristers themselves. The necessity of using a distinct method of voice culture which would be especially applicable to the physical and vocal conditions of boys, seems not to have been known by all who in the past have announced themselves as competent directors of boy-choirs. The singing of indifferently trained boys, and even the singing of boys who have received a certain amount of intelligent vocal instruction, but not according to the principles and methods which constitute the art of teaching chancel-choirs—a distinct branch of the musical profession—is often intolerable; strident, unrefined, lacking in flexibility, smoothness, and general finish.

The scientific cultivation of the boy-voice is a department of vocal art which is entirely distinct, in method, from all other systems of voice culture. The average boy is endowed with a natural voice practically identical in quality and timbre with that of the girl of like age. The physiological construction of the vocal organs is the same in both boy and girl, and continues up to the inevitable time of mutation in the boy-voice, which occurs generally between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. The purpose of vocal training during the four to six years' period of the boy's usefulness as a singer, is to produce a similar quality of tone and a uniform degree of force throughout the range of his voice. In order to produce this desired quality of tone and uniformity of force, the boy's voice must be subjected to an entirely different system of training from that ordinarily applied to the development of the female voice. Herein we perceive a leading principle which must be carefully borne in mind by the instructor of boy-choirs. The reason for this radically different method of dealing with the boy-voice is that the work done is usually a task of reconstruction, not of building upon a first foundation. Before the application of correct principles of vocal art to his case, he has in most cases unwittingly accustomed himself to certain incorrect usages of his most accessible tones, and the serious faults thus acquired must be entirely overcome by a special kind of training peculiar to his case. The strenuous life which the average American boy leads from cradle to long trousers, has endowed him with a forcible tone of speech and song which he emits with all the vigor of muscular power at his command. Baseball, football, wrestling, and singing are to him but so many ways of working off his surplus energy and asserting the sturdy prerogatives of his masculinity. The spirit in which he sings a song is much the same as that in which he kicks a pig-skin or breaks a race-tape,—his main idea being to "win out." In consequence, the exquisite voice with which he was gifted by nature has given place to a hoarse, strident, and even blatant voice which by careful methods of culture—proved invincible by widespread usage—must be restored to its pristine state of sweetness. The quiet domestic life of the average girl of the same age has fostered the best qualities of her voice and, generally speaking, the develop-

ment of her voice requires no marked deviation from the conventional methods. A girl's voice during girlhood cannot compare in charm of tonal beauty with the boy's voice; it can never attain to "that indefinable something"—to quote Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, F.R.A.M.—which is inherent in the ideal boy-voice. The voice of the cantatrice is always personal; the boy's voice scarcely ever so. And yet the impersonality of the boy's voice is by no means the greatest of its charms. Its boundless upward range elicited from Caryl Florio the admiring eulogium, "There is no top to a boy's voice." The tribute which the eminent scholar and critic, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, once paid the then famous Harry Brandon of New York, was couched thus: "He can soar into realms where few living prime donne can follow him, and his voice is so flexible that he sings the most florid music without difficulty." We might multiply *ad infinitum* the encomiums which the boy-voice in its perfect state of culture has elicited from the votaries of music. We might quote the endless comparisons of the ideal boy-voice with the cultured female voice, in which the former has won by the contrast.

But we must now proceed without further preliminaries to the choir-room, which is to be the scene of future labors, and where we are to meet the young lads who have been selected according to the principles enunciated in the first paper of this series. Bearing in mind the fundamental distinctions between the methods of training the boy's and girl's voice respectively, we will now reduce to application the chief principles of training the former, which the best authorities, English, Continental, and American, advocate as the desideratum for successful practice.

II.

The training of the boys must be of two kinds,—vocal and technical. Let us first concern ourselves with the vocal training of the soprano-boys.

The first step is to see that the tones of the scale are recognized and produced according to their proper pitch by each boy separately. The choirmaster will at once detect two entirely different methods of singing in the same pupil. Up to a certain point in the ascent of the scale, he will observe a coarse, heavy quality of

tone, in the production of which, force and conscious effort are conspicuous. About that point—which varies with different boys—the voice is clear and of a flute-like character, enriched, in some exceptional instances, by a most desirable suggestion of horn-like quality. These higher tones are produced without effort, and so entirely different are they from the lower tones of the scale that it is difficult to believe that the different qualities of sound emanate from the same lad. Hereby is manifested the dual principle upon which every human voice in the abstract is constructed,—that is to say, its natural division into two general registers.

“A register,” says Emil Belinke, “consists of a series of tones which are produced by the same mechanism.” The two registers of the boy’s voice, respectively denominated the *head* and *chest* registers, are commonly called in England, the *thin* and *thick* registers, these adjectives having reference to the quality of voice rather than to the placing of the tones. Some authorities term the high head-notes *upper thin*, and the chest notes, *lower thick*, thus making four registers; but as these two added registers are merely extensions of the two stated ones, head and chest, and as the same exercises are used in their development, they need not be separately considered.

If the average boy undertakes to sing without instruction, or after imperfect teaching, he will inevitably force his chest tones far up into the range of the head register. This forcing of the chest-tones produces a most unpleasant quality, and incidentally injures a voice.

Having discerned the break in a voice which occurs in singing an ascending scale, the choirmaster should now have his pupil descend the scale, commencing at F (fifth line). The break, as we may now call it, is soon in evidence again; but this time it occurs at a lower point in the scale. In this is revealed the vital point which should be borne in mind throughout the entire process of blending the registers.

The chest-voice cannot only be forced up into the domain of the head-voice, but the head-voice can be made to over-lap the chest-voice in the descending scale.

By applying to all the members of the boys’ section experiments similar to those outlined above, the choirmaster will dis-

cover the same characteristics existing among them all, though sometimes an exception is found. *Obviously, then, a boy is unfit for use in the choir until he has overcome the break between the registers.* Had he the voice of a seraph in his upper tones, he is useless as a chorister while his lower tones resemble those of an auctioneer. The purpose of scientific training is apparent. By constant training only can the entire voice be brought into focus and made uniform in quality and degree of force. The voice of the individual chorister, and of the *ensemble*, must be treated upon definite and recognized principles of instruction. It is the purpose of this paper to indicate and emphasize some of the most important of these principles.

The elementary principles of correct practice are laid down by Dr. George Martin of St. Paul's Cathedral, London: "Boys should be taught to open the mouth properly, and never to sing with the teeth closed. The tongue must not be curled up, the tip slightly touching the lower teeth. Many masters enjoin an unnatural extension of the mouth in singing. The best plan is to make each boy place his thumb edgewise as far as the first joint. Then the mouth is opened in its natural position for singing. The thumb is then to be drawn gently away, leaving the teeth in the position they occupied when the thumb was between them. The head should be held erect and any tendency toward *throwing forward the chin* should be checked at once." Elsewhere he says: "The quality of tone produced by the boys in the practice-room, and by the whole choir combined, should be pure and free from harshness, and the enunciation as clear as possible. The shape of the resonance box formed by the hollow of the mouth materially affects the quality of the tone produced. The master should be careful to check all that kind of singing which is called 'throaty,' but which might be more accurately described as tonsillitic, and stop every form of nasal production."

The boys correspond readily with an intelligent system of instruction, and they soon learn to carry the thin register downward so as to include the notes in the vicinity of the "break." How then shall the choirmaster proceed to reduce the necessary instructions to a definite system?

He should bear in mind first of all, that the fundamental principles underlying the successful training of the boy's voice are, —(1) soft singing; (2) downward practice of scales. Commencing with F (fifth line), single tones should be sustained softly during a slow emission of breaths to the syllable "OO," and this process should be continued in chromatic intervals as far as the thin register can be made to descend. Returning then to high F, groups of three, four, and more tones in any descending form may be taken to the same syllable "OO." It will not be necessary to confine the practice of the higher tones of the thin register to downward progression only. That portion of the voice may be dealt with so as to add to it new upper tones; and as such tones are added, they should form the starting-point for the downward practice of exercises designed to conquer the break between the registers. The vowel sound "OO" is generally adopted as the basic syllable for the tone-practice of boys, as it tends to impart a mellow, flute-like character to the voice. Furthermore, it betrays at once any tendency toward nasal or throaty tone-production, so that such tendency may be corrected in its incipency. The advantage of using this vowel sound is increased by prefixing a consonant like K, or a combination like *WH*; these serve to project and "place" the vowel sound properly.

For the purpose of gaining flexibility, "OO" and "AH" may be used alternately in moderately rapid passages, thus:—

G F G E G D G C etc.
 OO AH OO AH OO AH OO AH
 AH OO AH OO AH OO AH OO

Mr. Robert Louis Gannon, Choirmaster of the Mission Church (Redemptorist Fathers), Boston, secures excellent results in the way of fluency by the use of an exercise of this sort.

One important point to be kept in mind is that in practical choir singing, the soprano part must be of a tonal character which will blend consistently with the other parts. We have all heard "overtrained" boy-sopranos, where soullessness of voice is in evidence in spite of faultless production, and whose frigidity of tone is like the coldness of the polished marble shaft. The boy's voice has been called "*angelic*"; but it must be remembered that

it has the essential characteristics of the *vox humana*. When it is blended with the active voices of a church choir, the vibrating string-like character should be in evidence in the soprano as well as in the deeper parts. Where this quality is lacking, the *ensemble* effect is much the same as that obtainable in an orchestra in which there are no violinists, the upper parts being assigned solely to flutes and light reed instruments.

I have endeavored to indicate the general scheme upon which the cultivation of the boy-voice must be based, if the choirmaster is to secure the best results. It is recommended, however, that he familiarize himself with some established system of vocal exercises which have produced recognized results in choirs of international reputation. Dr. Martin's excellent book¹ should be in the hands of every boy-choir leader. This book embodies some exercises from the pen of Sir John Stainer, which for twenty years have been used daily in the famous choir at St. Paul's, London.

We come now to a much mooted question among choirmasters, and the distinguished authorities arrayed on each side of the question will indicate the force of the arguments which the supporter of each side can produce in favor of his contention. I refer to the two opposite ways of overcoming the *break* in the registers.

The first way is to smooth over the *break* by blending at that point the two registers of the voice, and subjecting the lower register to treatment which will greatly modify it, but by no means obliterate it. The other way is to eliminate *absolutely* the chest register, and to make the chorister use his thin register throughout the entire range of his voice. Let it be said at the outset that it is the conviction of the writers of this symposium that for the purposes of rendering our music the first of these methods is unquestionably the better. This difference of opinion has existed for years, and from Mr. Krehbiel we discern the same contention in 1888. Incidentally speaking of Mr. La Jeune, Organist of St. John's Chapel, New York, he says:

"His method differs from that of the *majority*, in that he does not permit the use of the chest tones at all by the boys. This is not because he believes the chest tones of boys cannot be used effectively, but because he holds it is impossible to bridge over the break between

¹ Novello, Ewer & Co., London and New York.

the registers, in the three or four hours' study a week which the appropriation for choir purposes enables him to have. Mr. Messiter, of Trinity Church, holds decidedly to the opposite opinion, and on this mixed question there are nearly as many diverse views as there are choirmasters. As a rule, the practice is to train the head voice downward, and to prohibit the use of the chest tones above G on the second line of the treble staff. Those who, like Arthur E. Crook, of Calvary, split up the voice into more than two registers, believe also in cultivating the medium tones, on the ground that, while sweetness and purity of tone are gained by developing the head tones downward, *the singing of the choir trained on this plan will lack brilliancy.*"

It is presumed that this last statement refers to the complete absence of chest tones in training low notes on the head plan. Every authority advocates training downward. In fact, the downward plan, while permitting the use of the chest tone, at the same time gives the usually strident chest register a modified character which is apparent early in the training.

One important consideration which the Catholic choirmaster must take into account in settling for his own practice the merit of this question, is that the chorister must be fitted to sing the Gregorian Chant instead of music which has been especially written with reference to his paramount abilities, as is the case in the Anglican Church. The chant is of wide range and varied character, oftentimes calling for great virility of tone; the insipidity of a voice trained entirely in the head register would be entirely inadequate to the requirements. For example: the *Victimæ Paschali* sung throughout in the thin register, supposing of course that the low notes could be thus reached, would lose its triumphant character. If this sequence is transposed to a pitch where it can be sung readily in the head register, the effect of such a passage as "Dic nobis Maria" and "Angelicæ testes," the victorious character of the melody is lost in its trivial treatment. The effect would be something like that of bugle call to arms played upon fifes. The difficulty in this particular sequence could be obviated, it is true, by the particular phrases in question being given to *altos* or *basses*; but such solutions in the general rendering of the chant are not always practicable. The boy's voice must be trained to meet any emergencies in the chant.

To sum up. (1) According to Mr. Krehbiel, the majority of choirmasters advocate the retention of the chest register in a modified form. (2) For all practical purposes, a qualified chest-tone seems indispensable in Catholic music.

Having decided to train the boys on this principle, choirmasters should take a method of dealing with the chest register which shall tend to free it from all symptoms of harshness and bridge over the break between the registers. Soft-singing and downward practice of scales from a point in the thin register must be insisted upon. Choristers must be given individual practice. By application and patience and the exercise of ingenuity and invention to cover special cases the habit of singing smoothly over the break can be acquired. Before leaving the subject of tone production, it would be well to mention that, upon the attainment of proficiency in singing, the general practice need not be confined exclusively to downward progressions, although this should still be the prevailing method.

Theoretically, the subject of proper breathing should be treated before that of tone production; practically, in the case of boys, it should not be enlarged upon until after they have been taught once or twice to produce tones. But for the production of sustained notes a regular system of correct breathing must be taught in the first days of instruction. For exercise in breathing, we can do no better than quote again Dr. Martin:—

“At the outset the boys must be made to stand in an upright position, both feet being firmly planted on the floor. During the breathing exercises the hands should be placed behind the back in as easy an attitude as possible, so as not to cramp the body in any way. The mouth must be slightly opened, and the air drawn gently in. When a full breath is taken, the chest, ribs, and abdomen must be enlarged and expanded. Any tendency to raise the shoulders must be considered a sign of bad breathing. Four slow beats should be counted during this process, and the breath should be taken slowly, silently, and very evenly. The breaths thus drawn must be carefully retained in the body without the slightest escape, while four is counted. Then with a strong effort of will and command of the muscles, the breath must be evenly and gradually expired while another four of equal measure is counted. Thus twelve beats will be used. Four

to take breath, four to hold it, and four to let gently forth. . . . It is most important that the teacher should explain to the boys that considerable mental force is required to prevent the air from rushing out too quickly at the beginning of the process of expiration."

It is also most useful in breathing exercises to have the lads stand with arms akimbo and palms of hands on the hips; this arrangement affords even greater freedom to the chest and abdominal muscles than when the hands are placed behind the back. At least five minutes of every rehearsal should be devoted to an exercise of this sort.

We have treated thus far of the training of the boy-sopranos. How does the choirmaster proceed with the altos? By precisely the same method, applied to a range of voice lower in the scale. The break in the alto-voice must be located, and with the application thereupon of the same method of treatment the boy-alto will develop a timbre of voice which will readily and beautifully blend with the flute-like quality of the sopranos.

The men, too, should be trained along some such definite line of voice-culture as can be applied to them *en masse*, in sections, or as individuals. If they are young men, just beginning their musical career, they will appreciate such training, and it will go a long way toward securing their steady coöperation in choir-work. It is most desirable that the men should use their voices according to some fixed plan, and that there should not be left loose among them one individual with personal peculiarities in voice or tone production. We all know what harm one twangy, nasal tenor, or one chesty basso, can do even in reasonably large choirs. The boy-choir is no place for either of them. The purity of tone which the ideal choir of boys and men can and should attain to is, as it were, the clearness of crystal. Natural flaws of voice in the deeper parts can be largely corrected by the use of proper vocalizing, and choirmasters will do well to adapt any of the recognized methods of voice-production for tenors and basses to the use of the men of the choir.

III.—TECHNICAL TRAINING.

We pass now to the technical training of the choristers in such of the theoretical principles of music as are necessary to him.

The reading not only of modern music, but also of Gregorian Chant, must be studied and mastered. The rudiments of modern music must be studied until each chorister is thoroughly acquainted with them. He should be able to name all notes in all of the lines and spaces, and some of the *lèger* lines, with their accidentals, and to explain the various time-values. He should be familiar with the signatures of the different keys, and he should understand the various marks of expression. In Gregorian Chant he should understand the clefs and their position in the staff; the value of the different notes and their pitch as related to the clef; the laws of duration and accent, the nature of psalmody, and many other points. A good method for learning to read modern music at sight should be introduced. Tuft's method is an ideal one, thorough and easy of comprehension. It is founded upon the *movable Do* system, by which each scale commences with *Do*. The lessons are deftly arranged, and the progress of the boys in assimilating them is remarkable. The system founded upon the *fixed Do* is most unsatisfactory. It has always proved a great task to teach boys to commence a new scale on a different sound, thus: *C* scale on *Do*, *D* scale on *Re*, *G* scale on *Sol*, etc. As a matter of fact, every scale is structurally identical. If *C* on a piano is tuned up to *D*, and every succeeding note accordingly, a perfect *D* scale will be heard. This is where the movable *Do* makes sight-singing easy. Every new scale starts on *Do*, and the perfect uniformity of the diatonic scale-intervals is impressed on the boy's mind without conscious effort on his part.

The movable *Do* will also facilitate the reading of the chant in which the position of the notes on the staff is relative. The writer of the third essay of this series will set forth reasons why the Gregorian notation of the chant is preferable in every way to the modern notation. Suffice it here to say that any attempt to learn to read Gregorian Chant according to some transcription of the same into modern notation would do violence to the entire system of theoretical musical knowledge as studied and mastered by the chorister.

It is hardly possible that those who are now interested and engaged in the revival of the traditional music of the Church have not before this realized the great necessity of embodying the

choirmaster and organist in one man. Nothing can be more obvious than that the choirmaster must have the reins in his hand absolutely. Any organist of skill who has also had charge of choirs or bodies of singers, will realize that there are subtle ways which, indeed, he cannot himself explain, but by which, with his fingers on the keys, he can so wield his singers as to produce any desired impression upon their minds. In these days of opportunity for the able organist, he should not be content to be merely a mechanical automaton while the choirmaster holds the authority and represents the greater brains of the combination. Much better results can be secured if the choirmaster and organist are embodied in one man. A further advantage to the parish would be in proportionately less expense.

To come to another point. Proper facilities must be provided for regular practice. The choir-room should be kept sacred for choir purposes, so that it may be accessible at all times. The choir should not be expected to have quarters with Sodalities and Leagues, not to mention sewing-classes and the Altar Society. The appointment of rehearsals should never depend upon whether the room is previously occupied by the St. Vincent de Paul Society or the Church Debt Association. The conscientious choirmaster will be obliged to make many appointments for personal practice, at all sorts of hours, and the scene of action should be always available to his purpose.

The piano should be one with horizontal strings, either grand or square, so that the choirmaster can sit facing the choir with an unimpeded view. The benches should be comfortable, but not conducive to lounging, and they should be arranged as nearly as possible according to the plan of the choir-stalls in the sanctuary. A blackboard with white lines, or better, a white board with black lines for the musical staff, should occupy a commanding position. It would add to the general musical effect if a few pictures representing musical subjects, for instance St. Cecilia, or some of the great composers, could hang on the walls. The cassocks and surplices of the members should hang in lockers built along the sides of the room. This would centralize the choir equipment, and would avoid the confusion which would inevitably result from mutual accommodation for choir and altar boys. A closet for

books and music should be provided in the choir-hall, and some regular method for keeping the music in repair devised. The choirmaster will find it convenient to appoint as librarians certain reliable boys whose duty it shall be to distribute and gather up the music, and see that it does not become worn beyond chance of repair.

As to the number of rehearsals, if the best quality of work is desired, from four to six hours a week for the boys, and two or three hours a week for the men is none too much. The boys should be rehearsed one hour on each of the five school days, then allowing them an absolute holiday. When the boys attend the parochial school, an arrangement between pastor, teachers, and choirmaster should be made by which a part of the rehearsal can come out of the class hours. One of the great aims of the school boy is to "get out of class," and he would gladly hew wood or carry water to attain this end. It has been abundantly proved that in a choir practice the best work is done in that portion of the hour when the lads have the satisfaction of knowing that they are out of class while their classmates are "grinding." The time between the closing of school and twilight is naturally given but grudgingly by the boys. Such an arrangement as I have just suggested might entail an extra degree of management upon the school Sisters, but they are ever susceptible to the inspiration "*ad majorem Dei Gloriam.*" The men of the choir should have at least two rehearsals a week; and on Friday night of each week there should be a full rehearsal of boys and men; this is considered to be the best night for the general practice, for it is sufficiently late in the week to admit of gathering up the results of the previous days' rehearsals, and preparing them for the Sunday which is to follow. The singing on Sunday will be characterized by all the greater freshness and spontaneity on account of the previous day's rest. Where the boys are not taken from the parochial school, it is not easy to hold the rehearsals so frequently. But there should not be less than three rehearsals a week for the boys, one for the men, and one general practice for all together. It would be a folly to hope for good results if less time than this were devoted to practice.

Our consideration as to the amount of time to be devoted to

choir-practice can be best concluded in the words of A. Madeley Richardson, Mus. Doc., F.R.C.O.: "To carry his work to a successful issue, the choirmaster must have ample time and know how to put it to the best use. An hour a day with perhaps one day a week as a holiday, is a reasonable amount of time to devote to choir-work with boys. If this time is used to the best advantage, it will be productive of great benefit to the boys, and will give possibilities of raising their singing to a very high level."

The question is often raised, "How long a time must necessarily elapse between the organization of a choir and its installation in the sanctuary?" Three months is the minimum of time required for the proper preparation. Six months would be more reasonable, and one full year is to be highly recommended. Of course, many pastors are so situated that the solution of this question is thrust suddenly upon them and in such manner that it must be solved by the first means which come to hand. But in places where the former choir of mixed voices is suddenly disbanded, and the liturgical choir is not yet ready for a public appearance, the pastors would do well to have Low Mass, or to engage a temporary unison choir of three or four men. If a sanctuary choir starts upon its career in a crude, unfinished state, it will lay up for itself the criticism and opposition of many years to come. If, on the contrary, it enters upon the performance of its functions in a condition of thorough fitness, its success is infallibly ensured.

The prudent pastor, in this regard, is he who, reading the signs of the times, and observing the straws which indicate how the wind blows, at once sets about preparing a chancel-choir. If he commences intelligently and permits himself a full year for preparation, there is no doubt but that the new liturgical choir will enter upon its career in such manner as abundantly to vindicate its installation and to win the approval of all interested.

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NOTES ON THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRAE."

IN the January and February issues of THE DOLPHIN the first six stanzas of the *Dies Irae* were treated from the double standpoint of their accurate version into English metre and rhyme, and their literary history. The eighteen lines comprised in the six stanzas sketch rapidly but with great vividness the picture of the Judgment. The remainder of the Hymn, which gives the "lyric cry" of the singer as he contemplates such a picture, is connected with the preceding verses by the seventh stanza, which serves as a bridge to connect the descriptive with the lyric part. With this seventh stanza the present paper deals first; and the remaining stanzas will be dealt with in this issue and the following (May).
—EDITOR.

STANZAS VII—X.

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

7. Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

The verse, particularly the third line, is based on the Vulgate of I Peter 4 : 18.

The Roman Catholic versions are, as has been said, often among the best; but it is a mistake to turn *miser* by *wicked*, as is done by a writer in the *Catholic Manual*, New York, 1870. The word has sometimes of course that sense; but here it refers to the defenceless state of a soul at the Great Judgment—defenceless in all external ways; his own good deeds must be his defence. The version is this:—

"What plea shall *wicked* I pretend,
What patron move to stand my friend,
When scarce the just themselves defend?"

In other respects it is good, in the second line especially; but as regards the turning of *miser* some one such as this is better:—

"What shall wretched I then plead,
Who for me shall intercede
When the righteous scarce is freed?"

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

The words, however, *intercede* or *mediate* can hardly, I think, be considered right; in *patronus* there is a *legal* metaphor which by many translators is hardly enough brought out. The *patronus* is the advocate, the counsel; and to substitute, as Isaac Williams, Dr. Irons, and others, have so often done, the idea of intercession or mediation is to alter the verse altogether. Mediation is the intervention between two parties of one who has somewhat in common with both; to intercede is to set before the Judge on the culprit's behalf either one's own merits, as our Lord Jesus Christ does in heaven, or those of another as a Christian priest does Christ's on earth. This intercession we have in the tenth verse: the idea in this is properly of a counsel only; and the despairing soul who puts the question sees at once that no "counsel" can be had, that more than a "counsel" is wanted, and so turns to Christ as the Intercessor in the ninth and tenth verses. Thus it seems that to turn the *patronus* into an intercessor is to interfere with the due order of the Hymn. Of those who have not done this, many have as usual contented themselves with vague generalities, of which the most that can be said is that they do not exclude the true idea.

Of the few who have categorically expressed the correct idea, Drummond of Hawthornden and two or three more have used the word *advocate*; others have retained the original word in its English form: this is not perhaps to be recommended, though it may be done. Possibly some way might be found of employing the word *counsel* in its technical sense; this I have never seen done, for the following curious line of course does not employ it so:—

"What shall be my pleading tearful,
Where shall I get *counsel* cheerful,
When the just almost are fearful?"

—WALLACE, *Hymns of the [R. C.] Church*.

If it could be done, it must be done very carefully: for after all the "counsel" is to be such a "counsel" whose office shall so to say merge into intercession; he shall be in short *The Intercessor* Himself; and in this light the best word of all, if it were not so unusual a one, might possibly be *daysman*, actually employed by one American.

The third line need not detain us except to mention the occasional use of the word *saints* instead of the more common *just* or *righteous*.

Line i.—Wretch or wretched, 36 ; sinner, 4 ; guilty, 3 ; frail man, 2 ; wicked, 1 ; unworthy, 1. Plead or plea, 40 ; say, 14 ; answer, 5 ; reply, 2.

Line ii.—Intercede, etc., 24 ; patron, 14 (-saint, 1) ; guardian, 1 (-creature, 1) ; advocate, 7 ; defend or defender, 6 ; friend, 4 ; protector, protection, 3 ; mediate, mediation, 2 ; mediator, saviour, daysman.

Line iii.—Just, 52 ; righteous, 18 ; saint or saints, 6 ; good, godly, faithful, holiest. Of *sit securus* the turnings are very various.

8. Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

How many both in reality and fiction has this verse consoled ! Some may remember two very different tales : Mr. Neale's repentant knight transfixd by the Saracens in the "Stories of the Crusades," whose prayer is rewarded by the armed Prior from the sally absolving him at the last moment ; and Meinhold's poor "Amber Witch" racked for her supposed sorcery.

The objections to translating the first line of this verse by *King of majesty tremendous* have been already stated, neither need be repeated : that translation has probably arisen simply from the need for a double rhyme (though there are some few instances of *King of tremendous majesty* as an iambic line), for it is of older date than the present crowd of versions of Latin hymns, and therefore than the fashion to which Neale was so much attached of using original Latin words in their English form. Of this I know but one thoroughly successful instance—

"They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song"—

has so succeeded ; *conjubilant* is a fine word and expressive, and unless H. A. M. (for which there was hardly a necessity) had altered it into *all jubilant*, would probably by this time have gone near to take its place in the language ; but *trucidation* (already quoted), and *cunctipotent*, and *prætergressing*, and others like them, are too pedantic to be of much value. They supply no real want, and only remind one of the Latinisms of some early pedantic writers.

The second line is perhaps the hardest line in the whole Hymn to turn well ; indeed the difficulty of this verse and the two next is so

great that very few writers indeed can be said to have succeeded. The meaning of *salvandos* is this,—those who, Almighty God sees in His infinite foreknowledge, will endure unto the end, for those are they who shall be saved, and they are saved *gratis*, according to His mercy and not by works of righteousness which they have done. And the difficulty is to express this in English without falling into Calvinistic views of predestination on the one hand, or watering the words down into nothing on the other. The coexistence of God's purposes and man's free-will is one of the most difficult problems in theology; and albeit this is not the place to attempt to discuss such a problem, we must remember its existence; for the remembrance, if it do not show us how to translate the verse, will at least show us how we must not. And most writers, in fact, appear to have been content with the latter knowledge without trying to acquire the former; for out of my two hundred versions (in round numbers) there is but a very small proportion in which it has been attempted to translate *salvandos*. One, Dr. Kynaston, has left out the whole verse; his version, however, is but a fragment; some have left out the word, as Isaac Williams—

"King of dreadful majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
 Fount of pity, save Thou me;"

many have taken it as if it were equal to *salvatos*. In two American versions, and in Mr. D. T. Morgan's, we have the word *elect*; *chosen* is also found. Mr. Hoskyns-Abrahall has boldly used the technical word *predestined*, wherein he was followed by the ten-syllable version of the *Sacred Heart*, 1880; and other expressions are *saints*, which has the same indecision as Drummond's word: *heirs of grace*; and the very literal one, *those who saved shall be*.¹ I should consider that the choice lay between the last two versions of *salvandos*; and of these—slightly cumbrous as it is—I should prefer the latter, since even in *heirs of grace* there may be thought a little uncertainty. For the translation of *gratis* the best word is probably the simple *freely*, though *gratis* itself is used in the "Thomas à Kempis" version, 1694, and later also in the *Catholic Choralist*, 1842, and in the *Lamp*, 1859; while the phrase in Mr. Simms' version is *Whose free salvation none can buy*. *Without fee* has also been used, but does not commend itself.

¹ "Those who saved *would be*," once or twice found, is of course wrong.

In the third line there are a few cases of the use of the word *piety*, but it is an objectionable use ; for this word now represents only our love toward God and the fruit of that love, and can hardly be used of God's love and compassion toward us, which is the meaning of the original. The shorter form of the word, *pity*, is very common, and between this, *love*, and *mercy*, all which are found, there hardly seems to be much choice. *Kindness* has been occasionally adopted, but seems to produce the same sense of something wanting which one gets from Tate and Brady's 51st Psalm—

“ Have mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind.”

The inexorable necessities of rhyme have driven Dr. Stryker to the unusual phrase *Mercy-Laver*, a synonym for *fount*, commoner in old Puritan language than now.

Line i.—King, 69 ; sovereign, 3 ; monarch, potentate, saviour ; majesty, 33 ; splendor, 5 ; glory, 4 ; exaltation, 3 ; dread, awe, might, awful, 18 ; tremendous, 13 ; dreadful, 11 ; dread (adj.), 3 ; dreaded, 1 ; majestic, 6 ; supreme, 2 ; supernal, 2 ; fearful, severe, glorious, wondrous, divine, resplendent.

Line ii.—The saved, 4 ; elect, 4 ; saints, 2 ; thine, 2 ; those who saved shall be, 2 ; chosen, 3 ; free or freely, 39.

Line iii.—Fount, 45 ; fountain, 4 ; font, 2 ; source, 5 ; spring, 3 ; head, 1 ; pity, 19 ; piety, 4 ; love, 10 ; mercy, 8 ; salvation, 4 ; blessing, 3 ; blessedness, 1 ; bliss, 1 ; compassion, 2 ; kindness, goodness, consolation, clemency, healing.

9. Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa Tuæ viæ :
Ne me perdas illâ die.

“ Uncle Tom's Cabin,” like many other books which had an enormous circulation at their first publishing, is now comparatively little read ; but some will still remember how the dying St. Clare murmurs these words, and how the authoress in a note quotes one of Dr. Coles' versions, and says, “ These lines have been thus rather inadequately translated.”² Rather or very inadequate indeed are many versions

² The version quoted is the first, and must therefore have been quoted from its publication in the *Newark Advertiser* in 1847. “ Uncle Tom ” first appeared I think in 1852.

besides the American physician's; the first difficulty is to find a good word for *pie*, since it is now hardly possible to use "pious" with the Rosarists. The idea is of course carried on from the *fons pietatis* of the last verse, and is therefore literally *pitiful, compassionate*; but it has always been rendered by epithets somewhat more general than these, and it would indeed be difficult to find a literal and admissible translation. Of those which actually have been used, *good* is perhaps the best and most susceptible of the required notion; *kind, sweet, gentle*, are all unsatisfactory, all have about them an irreverent familiarity unless used with the utmost care;³ and perhaps it would be on the whole better to omit any epithet for which there is no real need. Such as *blest* and *holy* of course introduce a new idea, and are objectionable on that account. Nor should such boldness be allowed as that of Mr. Brownell, 1847, who replaces the petition *Recordare, Jesu pie* by the assurance *Jesu, Thou hast not forgot*.

In the second line a new meaning has been suggested for the *via* by one of the latest American translators, Dr. Franklin Johnson, 1884. "To a Romanist," he says, "the signification is clear. He has heard much of the *via dolorosa* through which our Saviour bore His cross. . . . To the Romanist the *way* of Christ is a conception as definite as is His *cup* to the Protestant. I have no doubt that Thomas de Celano was thinking of the *via dolorosa* when he wrote the Hymn, and that he considered it a symbol of all the sufferings which the Son of God endured." It is a pleasing theory, but far-fetched, and requires proof which it has not got: there is, for instance, no proof that the phrase *via dolorosa* was in use so early, and Farrar indeed says ("Life of Christ," p. 691, note, ed. Cassell), "the so-called *Via dolorosa* does not seem to be mentioned earlier than the fourteenth century." It will be better to retain the older meaning; though even in the application of this there has been some uncertainty; for the *via* is not our Lord's way to earth or from earth, but upon earth, and further still, the whole of that way; not His Incarnation or Crucifixion exclusively, but His whole course

"From the poor manger to the bitter cross."

³ "God infinitely condescends, man must not infinitely presume," are the words of solemn warning used on this subject in some Notes on the Appendix to H.A.M. in the *Literary Churchman* for December 12, 1868. A reply to this was written by the late Dr. Dykes, which was again rejoined to in February and March, 1869, by three most valuable papers "On Hymns." To these it would have been well if more attention had been paid by subsequent hymnologists.

And so most English writers have taken it ; though if, as many have done, the word *way* is itself to be used, it must be explained in some manner ; Archbishop Trench, for example, is hardly intelligible to a mere English reader—

“ Jesus, Lord, remember, pray,
I the cause was of Thy way,
 Do not lose me on that day.”

It is unadvisable in the third line to give up the translation of *perdas* by *lose*. The idea in the original is so clearly taken from the Vulgate version of St. John 18 : 9, “ non *perdidi* ex eis quendam,” that the corresponding idea and word from our version should be used, and to substitute such a line as *Damn me not eternally*, seems quite wrong. This mistaken notion is luckily not very common ; *do not lose me* is a frequent translation, and a few writers, as Archdeacon Rowan and the anonymous *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, have put *keep me* instead of it, referring of course to “ those that Thou gavest Me I have kept.”

On the whole, the versions which can be marked for thorough praise, besides some of those already given, are not very many : an American is one—

“ O loving Jesus, think on me,
 Though of Thy woes the cause I be,
 And lose me not that day from Thee.”

—Round Table, 1867.

Now, as far as possible, to tabulate : in doing which, as in some other cases, I find that other versions are so very variable as to force me to keep myself to the literal ones.

Line i.—Jesus or Jesu, 44 ; Lord, 16 ; Saviour, 4 ; Christ, 1 ; sweet, 7 ; good, 6 ; dear, 6 ; holy, 6 ; kind, 4 ; blest or blessed, 3 ; gentle, 2 ; loving, 2 ; merciful, tender, piteous, glorious.

Line ii.—Way, 17 ; path, 3 ; travels, 1 ; lot, course, journey, sojourn, weary, 4 ; bitter, 3 ; toilsome, thorny ; saving.

Line iii.—(*Deprecations*) lose, 12 ; forsake, 4 ; forget, spurn, destroy, damn ; (*petitions*) save, 5 ; spare, 4 ; keep, 3.

10. Quærens me, sedisti lassus :
 Redemisti, crucem passus :
 Tantus labor non sit cassus !

In the multitude of commentators there is not always certainty, though still it may be a bold thing to differ therefrom ; Daniel, for example, says, "procul dubio, tangit poeta locum Joann. 4: 6"; but I can hardly think that the reference in this observation is so narrow as simply to the sitting of our Lord on Jacob's well ; in what way did He seek us then more than at any other of His times of rest, unless it be said (which is hardly at present applicable) that it was the first extension of His mission beyond the Jews? Though these His times of rest may be perhaps, so to say, typified by the rest at Sychar, the allusion in the Hymn is surely to them all, follows on the *via* of the last verse, and taken together with that is as if a man should say, "all Thy journeys on earth were for me—even in Thy resting Thou soughtest me." It is true that among the translators only those who professedly write paraphrase have distinctly expressed the allusion so commonly supposed to exist ; but this fact that in a paraphrase it is brought out shows that it is usually imagined to be there. Drummond is altogether exceptional in apparently referring the line to the agony in Gethsemane—

"In search of me Thou full of pain
Didst sweat blood, death on Cross sustain ;
Let not these sufferings be in vain."

On the other hand, many translators have given up altogether the idea of sitting or resting, and substituted either none at all, or else one identical with or akin to that of the last verse—in fact, exactly opposite to the true meaning, unless they took the various reading *venisti*.

It is indeed remarkable how very few, if any, versions can be found which give what I must still consider as the exact force of the original : perhaps all that can be said is that such an one as this, in itself good, may be thought not to exclude it—

"Weary satst Thou seeking me,
Diedst redeeming on the tree ;
Not in vain such labor be."

—MRS. CHARLES.

Other points which demand notice are that the force of *tantus* as "so great," labor, that is, such as that described, should not be

⁴ One is almost tempted to think that there must be or have been a various reading *sudasti*, though then *sanguinem* would seem necessary ; but I can find no trace of it.

omitted, and that what is referred to in *crucem passus* is the actual crucifixion, as is plainly shown by *redemisti*.

The great beauty of Lord Macaulay's paraphrase must not be omitted :—

“ Though I plead not at Thy throne
Aught that I for Thee have done,
Do not Thou unmindful be
Of what Thou hast borne for me,
Of the wandering, of the scorn,
Of the scourge and of the thorn.
Jesus, hast Thou borne the pain,
And hath all been borne in vain ? ”

The “ Bona Mors ” paraphrase represents part of this verse by a triplet with a very curious expression :—

“ In such dire anguish and distressful pain
Angels did weep and *heart-broke rocks complain* :
Thy labors were immense, O let them not be vain. ”

Line i.—Derivatives of to seek, 51 ; of to sit, 12 ; faint, 5 ; tired, 2 ; dreary.

Line ii.—Cross, 43 ; tree, 8.

Line iii.—Toil, 12 ; labor, 9 ; pain, 5 ; passion, 5 ; suffering, 4 ; anguish, 3 ; agony, 2 ; travail, 2 ; pangs, 2 ; vain, 23 ; fruitless, 7 ; wasted, 4 ; lost, 3 ; defeated, 2 ; crossed, 1.

COMMENT ON THE “ DIES IRAE.”

STANZAS VII—X.

VII.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

VII.

What shall I, wretched, then say,
What patron (counsel ?) shall I entreat,
When scarce the just shall be without anxiety ?

Is the poet borrowing the word *patronus* from ascetical or liturgical phraseology, or from that of the old Roman Law ? Mr. Warren strongly contends for the legal rather than the ascetical metaphor, for “ advocate ” or “ counsel ” rather than “ intercessor. ” If Mr. Nevin's assertion be correct, that in the criminal jurisprudence of the Middle Ages “ the prisoner was not

allowed to have counsel,"¹ and that the Hymn but presents a replica of the picture of a trial in those ages, when "the prisoner at the bar stood alone, without friends, without rights, without a cause," we shall be forced to interpret *patronus* as "intercessor," or "patron saint," or some such equivalent word or phrase. And indeed the context of the last two lines of the stanza would of itself support such a view; for we can understand the poet as saying: "When the saints themselves are not without anxiety, which one of them shall act as intercessor for me?" The real context of thought may, on the other hand, lie in the first and third line: "What counsel will take up the cause of a wretched sinner like myself, at a time when even holy souls are not without fear?"

Perhaps the poet had neither view exclusively in mind, and thought of the *patronus* as he was in the ordinary relations of life as much as in his relation of counsel or pleader for his client in the courts of Roman law; and the word "patron," as vaguely implying all of these relations even in English, may be the best word to use in translation. The real difficulty encountered by the translator scarcely lies, however, in the English rendering of the Latin *patronus*, so much as in the insistent temptation, suggested by the needs and, in this case, by the facilities, of rhyme, to use "intercede" in the second line (rhyming so beautifully—almost "inevitably"—with "plead" in the first and with "freed" or "need" in the third).

Mohnike favors *nec* instead of *vix* in the last line. *Nec* is the reading of the Mantuan and the Haemmerlin text. The meaning would be slightly altered by *nec*, and not for the better; for while there is an apparent strengthening of the argument, the strength is only apparent and not real, as the argument is not meant to be mathematical but rhetorical. To say that "the just shall not be without anxiety" on that day is not in reality as strong a contention as to say that "even the just shall scarce be without anxiety." Mohnike, however, thinks the poet but reflected the thought in Job (4: 18): "Behold they that serve him are not steadfast, and in his angels he found wickedness"; and again (Job. 15: 15): "Behold among his saints none is unchangeable, and the heavens are not pure in his sight." Daniel rejects the

¹ See *Preface* to his little volume, p. 5.

reading *nec* and the arguments supporting it, and thinks we have only another illustration of the necessity under which a Latin hymnologist lies of becoming familiar with the Vulgate; for the line,

Cum vix justus sit securus,

is merely an echo of St. Peter's First Epistle (4: 18): "*Etsi justus quidem vix salvabitur, impius et peccator ubi comparebunt?*" ("And if the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?") St. Anselm repeats the word: "*A dextris erunt peccata accusantia, a sinistris infinita daemonia, subtus horrendum chaos inferni, desuper judex iratus, foris mundus ardens, intus conscientia urens. Ibi vix justus salvabitur. Heu miser peccator sic deprehensus quo fugies? latere enim est impossibile, apparere intolerabile.*" ("At your right hand there shall be your accusing sins, at the left an infinite legion of demons, beneath your feet the frightful chaos of hell, in front of you the angry Judge, without you a world in flames, within you a conscience that burns. Then shall the just man scarcely be saved. Ah, miserable sinner thus surrounded, whither will you flee? for to lie hid is impossible, and to appear is intolerable.")

This stanza is the last of the three quoted by Goethe in *Faust*. In expression, it is marvellously condensed; in emotional quality, dramatic to the highest degree; poetically, it is one of the five flawless stanzas referred to by Saintsbury. In the Hymn, it is the bridge separating, or rather uniting, the epic and the lyric stanzas; for the first six stanzas describe the scene, while the remaining stanzas are wholly given up to the anguish of one of the multitude there present in spirit,—his cry of utter loneliness and friendlessness, his realization of the tremendous issues at stake, his appeal to the pity of that Christ who had sought for him with weary feet, who had borne for him the heavy weight of the Cross, who had suffered and died upon that Cross for the very culprit that now, in anticipation of that Day of Judgment, pleads before Him. This stanza begins the litany of supplication which has seemed like the universal "Cry of the Human" to its Judge and Saviour; and in the great "Book of Life" that shall be displayed at the Judgment, doubtless will be recorded the history of many a conversion to justice through the instrumentality of this very

picture of the "Day of Wrath." Occasionally we get glimpses of this power in the lives of men. Lockhart records of Sir Walter Scott, whose fragment of the Hymn leaves the regret that he did not complete a full rendering, that upon his death-bed he "very often" muttered verses of the *Dies Irae*: "Whatever we could follow him in was some fragment of the Bible, or some petition of the Litany, or a verse of some psalm in the old Scotch metrical version, or some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish (*sic*) ritual. We very often heard distinctly the cadences of the *Dies Irae*."

So, too, St. Alphonsus refers in his *Preparation for Death*² to the incident in the life of the Venerable Ancina (the Oratorian who as Bishop of Saluzzo died in the odor of sanctity) which proved the means of a complete change of calling for him. "Hearing the *Dies Irae* sung," says St. Alphonsus, "and reflecting on the terror of the soul when she shall be presented before the tribunal of Jesus Christ, the Venerable P. Juvenal Ancina took, and afterwards executed the resolution of forsaking the world." The incident is narrated more fully in Bacci's *Life of the Venerable Servant of God* (Rome, 1671). Ancina had studied at the University of Turin, had taken with distinction his degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Medicine, and had been practising his profession with great success before this vivid realization of the Judgment Day so touched his heart as to cause him to dedicate his whole energies to the more perfect calling of the religious life. The true turning-points of life are not often recognized as such, and are less often chronicled by biographers. The literary history of the Hymn is very incomplete; but we may well conjecture that if it were written the record would be a marvellous one.

The power of the Hymn over the hearts of our separated brethren is evidenced, not alone in the large number of recorded versions made into German³ and English, but by the formal

² Consideration xxiv, First Point.

³ The first recorded version into German was that of Martin von Cochem, 1613. Like the earlier English versions, it is not in the metre of the original Latin:

(*Catholic Hymn Book, Munich, 1613.*)

An jenem Tag, nach David's Sag,
Soll Gottes Zorn erbrinnen:
Durch Feuer's Flamm, muss allesamm
Gleichwie das Wachs zerrinnen.

estimates given of its power and the literary uses made of it. "Frederick von Meyer, a Senator of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and author of a revision of Luther's German Bible, in introducing two original translations of the *Dies Irae*, calls it 'an awful poem, poor in imagery, all feeling. Like a hammer it beats the human breast with three mysterious rhyme-strokes. With the unfeeling person who can read it without terror, or hear it without awe, I would not live under one roof. I wish it could be sounded into the ears of the impenitent and hypocrites every Ash Wednesday, or Good Friday, or any other day of humiliation and prayer in all the churches.'"⁴ Schaff also quotes from Victor Cousin, the celebrated French philosopher: "The *Dies Irae*, recited only, produces the most terrible effect. In those fearful words, every blow tells, so to speak; each word contains a distinct sentiment, an idea at once profound and determinate. The intellect advances at each step, and the heart rushes on in its turn."⁵ Goethe's introduction of a few lines of the Hymn into *Faust*, and Sir Walter Scott's fragment in the *Lay* are sufficiently famous. The hymn seems to have impressed Scott very much. "Tantus labor non sit cassus," he quotes in a letter to Bunsen, in reference to the

The earliest translation in the original metre appears to be that of Andraeas Gryphius, 1659 :

Zorntag ! Tag, der, was wir ehren,
Wird durch schnelle Glut zerstören,
Wie Sibyll und Petrus lehren.

Schaff (who, in his *Literature and Poetry*, pp. 173-182, gives nearly fifty illustrative quotations from as many versions into German, and adds two from his own pen) declares that the best among the German versions are those of Schlegel, Silbert, Bunsen, Knapp and Daniel. "But none of them has become so popular as the free reproduction in the old German hymn, 'Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit,' by Bartholomaeus Ringwaldt, 1582." The activity thus early begun received great stimulus, in Germany as in England, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Mohnike publishing (1824) specimens of 24 versions, while eight years later he was able to add 21 more to his list. In 1840 Lisco, in his monograph on the *Dies Irae*, gave 54 complete versions as well as a number of fragments; and three years later in his *Stabat Mater* gave in an appendix 17 additional versions. It is probable that the list would now rise to over 100, Schaff estimating, in 1890, that the number then was from 80 to 100. Just as the English list can boast such names as those of Crashaw, Dryden, Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay, so the German includes versions by Herder and A. W. von Schlegel.

⁴ Schaff, p. 141.

⁵ *Lectures on the True, the Beautiful and the Good*, p. 177.

German "War of Liberation" of 1813; and in a letter to Crabbe he remarks: "To my Gothic ear, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Irae*, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan; the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a pagan temple, recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities." Lockhart tells us how, in his dying hours, he was distinctly overheard repeating frequently "the cadence of the *Dies Irae*." Like Goethe and Scott, Justinus Kerner, "the Swabian poet and mystic," introduced effectively the first two lines of the Hymn in his *Wahnsinnige Brüder*, to exhibit the awful power of the doom-foreboding cadences on hearts that have spurned heavenly things. James Clarence Mangan's translation is so exquisite, and is withal apparently so little known, that we may be pardoned for giving it entire in a footnote.⁶

⁶ THE FOUR IDIOT BROTHERS.

Dried, as 'twere, to skeleton chips,
In the Madhouse found I four :
From their white and shrivelled lips
Cometh language never more.
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother
Gazes vacant on the other ;

Till the midnight hour be come ;
Bristles then erect their hair,
And their lips, all day so dumb,
Utter slowly to the air :
"*Dies irae, dies illa,*
Solvat saeculum in favilla."

Four bold brothers once were these,
Riotous and reprobate,
Whose rake-hellish revelries
Terrified the more sedate.
Ghostly guide and good adviser
Tried in vain to make them wiser.

On his deathbed spake their sire—
"Hear your father from his tomb !
Rouse not GOD's eternal ire ;
Ponder well the day of doom,
"*Dies irae, dies illa,*
Solvat saeculum in favilla."

So spake he, and died : the Four
All unmoved beheld him die.
Happy he !—his labors o'er,
He was ta'en to bliss on high,
While his sons, like very devils
Loosed from Hell, pursued their revels.

Still they courted each excess
Atheism and Vice could dare ;
Ironhearted, feelingless,
Not a hair of theirs grew grayer.
"Live," they cried, "while life ena-
bles !
GOD and devil alike are fables !"

Once at midnight, as the Four
Riotously reeled along,
From an open temple-door
Streamed a flood of holy song,
"Cease, ye hounds, your yelling noises !"
Cried the devil by their voices.

Through the temple vast and dim
Goes the unhallowed greeting, while
Still the singers chant their hymn.
Hark ! it echoes down the aisle—
"*Dies irae, dies illa,*
Solvat saeculum in favilla."

VIII.

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

VIII.

King of awful majesty,
Who savest freely those who are to be
saved,
Save me, fount of loving pity.

An interesting addition to the literary history of the Hymn is furnished us anent this eighth stanza by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, editor of Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, in his treatment of the *Dies Irae*: "Carlyle shows us the Romanticist tragedian Werner quoting the eighth stanza in his strange 'last testament,' as his reason for having written neither a defence nor an accusation of his life: 'With trembling I reflect that I myself shall first learn in its whole terrific compass what I properly was, when these lines shall be read by men; that is to say, in a point of time which for me will be no time; in a condition in which all experience will for me be too late:

'Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!!!'

Mr. Warren notes that the simplicity of the English "tremendous" as a rendering of the Latin *tremendae* seems to have proved too great an attraction for translators, who forget that the English connotations of "tremendous" are not exactly those of *tremendae*. Yet the word can not be easily rendered into English,—such words as "fearful" and "awful," which might literally translate it, having acquired colloquially a most trivial meaning; while such a phrase as "to-be-feared" would never answer the

On the instant, stricken as
By the wrath of GOD they stand,
Each dull eyeball fixed like glass,
Mute each eye, unnerved each hand,
Blanched their hair and wan their features,
Speechless, mindless, idiot creatures!
And now, dried to skeleton chips,
In the Mad-cell sit the Four,
Moveless:—from their blasted lips

Cometh language never more.
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother
Gazes vacant on the other;
Till the midnight hour be come;
Bristles then erect their hair,
And their lips, all day so dumb,
Utter slowly to the air:
"*Dies irae, dies illa,*
Solvat saeculum in favilla."

Mangan was a half-mystic himself, and the poem of Kerner must have moved him to seek special vividness in this translation. As was Mangan's custom, he everywhere writes the name of GOD in capitals.

necessities of rhythm, metre, condensation of phrase, or perhaps of rhyme.

The second line—

Qui salvandos salvas gratis—

has given trouble theologically to more than one translator and commentator, quite apart from its crucial demands upon the flexibility of English phraseology in the rendering of *salvandos*,—"those-who-are-to-be-saved." "There seems to be no utility," thinks Mr. Orby Shipley, "in treating of the dogmatic question which underlies the language of the eighth triplet in connection with the words *Qui salvandos salvas gratis*. This line has considerably exercised certain Protestant translators; but it is no concern of ours. We may be well content with the sanction for the orthodoxy of Thomas of Celano's theology which is afforded by the adoption of his hymn by the Catholic Church." Either very little or very much must indeed be said by anyone who undertakes to treat of "election." Briefly it may be said that by corresponding with grace we may merit additional grace; but it remains nevertheless true that, as Cardinal Manning somewhere says, we must confront the great fact that God holds in His own hands the first and last links in the chain of salvation—Baptism and Final Perseverance—the former of which we can in no wise merit, and the latter only *de congruo*; for history seems to concur with theology in the sad reflection of Cardinal Newman:—

"The white-haired saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove :
Death only binds us fast
To the great shore of love ! "

But while the grace of final perseverance is in the strictest sense a gratuitous gift of God; while, that is to say, we may not merit such a grace *de condigno* or as something proportioned to the good works we shall have performed,—still, we can merit it *de congruo* or as something which the mercy of Christ may accord to works which, juridically considered, have no such legal reward. And so the immortal Hymn reminds us that we should appeal to the "sweet pity of Christ":

Salva me, fons pietatis !

It is somewhat curious to notice, in this connection, that the last stanza of Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," sounds almost like a translation of

Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

The last four lines run :

"Thou of life the Fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity."

On the other hand, Augustus Toplady, whose Calvinism was so fiercely arrayed against the Arminianism of Wesley, seemed to have gained the day polemically in the mere writing of the famous hymn *Rock of Ages*. "Nothing in my hand I bring" is not, it is needless to say, the Catholic idea of meriting *de congruo* :

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

The "fons pietatis" appears again here, as in Wesley's hymn ; and both may have had in mind the great line of the *Dies Irae*. The Catholic will have, however, a different thought from Toplady's in singing the *Dies Irae* verse. Gladstone translated the *Rock of Ages* into Latin in the style of the mediæval poets. The above stanza runs in his version :

"Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero ;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro ;
Fontem Christi quaero immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus."

It is a strange, but withal an interesting fact, to record in this connection, that in the Appendix to the American edition of Father Caswall's *Lyra Catholica*,[†] the *Rock of Ages* should have been printed entire, with the first line of Gladstone's version into

[†] New York : Edward Dunigan and Brother. 1851. P. 349.

Latin as a heading or title (as though the hymn were a translation from the Latin): *Jesus pro me perforatus*. The prepossession in the mind of the Catholic compiler that the hymn was merely an English rendering of a Latin hymn probably forbade an adverse interpretation of the non-Catholic sentiment of the line: "Nothing in my hand I bring." It is true, of course, that after we shall have done all things commanded, we should, as our Saviour warns us, account ourselves "unprofitable servants;" and there is therefore a true sense in which the Catholic may humbly declare:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;"

but that sense is scarcely Toplady's meaning in the two lines of his famous hymn.

Speaking of this eighth stanza of the *Dies Irae*, the Protestant Mr. Hutton, one of its translators, wrote in the London *Spectator* (March 7, 1868):—

"This tense and majestic and intense verse is the very key of the whole hymn. It is an individual appeal on the part of an individual soul which has been following up slowly the whole train of thought connected with the scene in which it will have to play a part. And thus realizing that Christ's will to save is his only hope, the writer goes on to draw out a personal appeal to Christ why He should not lose even this single grain of His possible harvest. Was it not Christ's love for each individual sinner that brought Him down from heaven to earth; that moved Him to wander over the earth, where He had nowhere to lay His head; that inspired Him, when He sat weary by the well of Samaria; that led Him to bear His cross and endure His passion? Should such acts as these fail of their effect, even in the case of the worst of sinners who desires to be saved? The writer hopes nothing from his own prayers, but much from the love shown in the pardon of such sinners as Mary Magdalene and the thief upon the cross. The whole tenor of the hymn is one of personal appeal, of loving devotion, of humble contrition. When it is grandest, it is sweetest and contains least of physical imagery."

Mr. Hutton is in so far correct that the final appeal is to be made to the love of Christ; but such an appeal presupposes something on the part of the penitent:

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus—
Supplici parce, Deus !

The culprit must acknowledge his guilt, bewail his fault, and ask for pardon.

IX.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viae : .
Ne me perdas illa die.

IX.

Remember, loving Jesus,
That for me Thou camest on earth :
Lose me not upon that day.

The difficulty which Mr. Warren has with the rendering of *pie* by some such word as "loving," "sweet," "gentle," is not easily intelligible. He fears the suggestion, in such words, of too great familiarity with the infinite majesty of God; and he quotes with apparent approbation the "words of solemn warning" uttered by an annotator of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*: "God infinitely condescends, man must not infinitely presume." On the other hand, however, we must not forget that the loving effusiveness of Italian hearts—and the hymn is undoubtedly Italian in authorship—is the opposite pole of that legal and academic phraseology which, in English prayers, makes the soul seem to "memorialize" the Almighty, as Cardinal Wiseman acutely observes in his discussion of "Prayers." Besides, the whole Catholic attitude in prayer is one of pious familiarity with the Infinite,—not through a spirit of presumption, but through that "spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry Abba (Father)," as St. Paul so encouragingly has it (Rom. 8: 15). In addition to all this, it is to be noted that the Hymn has turned away, in the progress of its thought, from the engrossing picture of the stern and unrelenting Judge, to recall the picture of the loving Saviour, to whom the suppliant now appeals by all that marvellous excess of love and pity manifested in the life of Christ on earth. The Catholic, in short, belongs to the "household of the faith"; God is his Father; Christ is his Brother; Mary is his Mother; he is living "at home," and he enjoys the privilege of respectful familiarity with those of the household.

In the tender appeal which this stanza makes to the mercy and love of Christ, there lies a complete refutation of all such utterances as that of Lord Lindsay, who, while he pays the Hymn

the tribute of translation in his *Sketches of the History of Christian Art* (1847), takes occasion in the preface of that work to describe the wonderful Sequence as "expressive of the feelings of dread and almost of despair, with which Christians of the Middle Ages—taught to look on Christ as Jehovah, rather than the merciful Mediator through whose atoning Blood and all-sufficient merits the sinner is reconciled to his Maker—looked forward to the consummation of all things." But Lord Lindsay must have forgotten many hymnological treasures—not to speak of other religious monuments—of the Middle Ages, before he could pen such a statement concerning the Christians of those days. For instance, there is the exquisite and most pathetic hymn of St. Bernard—the *Jesu dulcis memoria*—which the Protestant Schaff calls "the sweetest and most evangelical hymn of the Middle Ages," and whose 200 lines are full of the "subjective loveliness" (to quote a phrase of the Anglican hymnologist, Dr. Neale) of that great saint. And he must also have forgotten the direct address by the same tender saint to each member of Christ's suffering Body, in the still longer hymn *Salve mundi Salutare*,—a hymn which has been a source of prolific inspiration to the most beautiful of Protestant hymns, such as the famous paraphrase of Paul Gerhardt. He must have forgotten the Eucharistic hymns of St. Thomas Aquinas, the *Recordare sanctae Crucis* of St. Bonaventure, and—not to continue a list which could be swelled out to vast limits to illustrate the fact that the Christians of the Middle Ages looked on Christ as the Mediator and not, as Lord Lindsay suggests, as the Jewish Jehovah—the *Ad perennis vitae fontem* of St. Peter Damian, which looks forward to the consummation of all things not "with feelings of dread and almost despair," but even "as the hart panteth after the fountains of waters":—

Ad perennis vitae fontem mens sitivit arida ;
 Clastra carnis praesto frangi clausa quaerit anima ;
 Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur exul frui patria.

"My thirsty heart hath panted for the fountain of everlasting life. My soul would break forthwith through this prison of flesh—it spreads its wings, it beats the bars, it struggles to break through its cage, poor exile, to gain its native skies." Is this Lord Lindsay's "dread and almost despair"? And yet the day

of liberation contemplated by the saint is the day of that "particular judgment" which shall be but ratified at the Last Assize. More directly contradictory of his thesis concerning the "feelings of dread and almost despair," however, is the long poem of the twelfth century from which we have already quoted some verses.³ From a part of it dealing directly with the Last Judgment some stanzas were selected by Mrs. Charles for translation in *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*; which present us with the joyful aspect of that Day. Although her rendering does not follow the exact order of the original Latin, the poem is of such interest to us in this connection, both as illustrating the *Dies Irae* and as refuting the contention of Lord Lindsay, that we shall print her version here, and place opposite to it the appropriate stanzas from the Latin original :—

Dies illa, dies vitae,
Dies lucis inauditae,
Qua nox omnis destruetur
Et mors ipsa morietur.

Appropinquat enim dies
In qua justis erit quies,
Qua cessabunt persequentes,
Et regnabunt patientes.

Ecce rex desideratus
Et a justis expectatus
Jam festinat exoratus
Ad salvandum praeeparatus.

O quam pium, o quam gratum,
Quam suave, quam beatum
Erit tunc Jesum videre
His, qui eum dilexere !

O quam dulce, quam jocundum
Erit tunc odisse mundum,
Et quam triste, quam amarum
Mundum habuisse carum.

O beati tunc lugentes
Et pro Christo patientes,
Quibus saeculi pressura
Regna dat semper mansura.

Lo ! the day, the day of life,
The day of unimagined light,
The day when death itself shall die,
And there shall be no more night.

Steadily that day approacheth
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long ;
Long implored, at length He hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful it will be
When they who, unseen, have loved Him,
Jesus face to face shall see.

In that day how good and pleasant,
This poor world to have despised ;
And how mournful and how bitter,
Dear that lost world to have prized.

Blessed then earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In those mansions to abide.

³ See THE DOLPHIN for January, p. 51.

Ibi jam non erit metus,
Neque luctus, neque fletus,
Non egestas, non senectus,
Nullus denique defectus.

There shall be no sighs nor weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear,
No old age, no want, nor sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking there.

Ibi pax erit perennis
Et laetitia solennis,
Flos et decus juventutis
Et perfectio salutis.

There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed ;
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And Salvation perfected.

Nemo potest cogitare
Quantum erit exultare,
Tunc in coelis habitare
Et cum angelis regnare.

What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the Angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

Ad hoc regnum me vocare,
Juste Judex, tunc dignare,
Quem exspecto, quem requiro,
Ad quem avidus suspiro.

To those realms, just Judge, oh call me,
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom seeking, looking, longing,
I with eager hope await.

These stanzas present the joyful aspect of the Day of Judgment ; but the poem nevertheless deals also, as it should, with the unhappy lot of the condemned souls :

O quam grave, quam immitte
A sinistris erit : Ite !
Cum a dextris : Vos venite !
Dicet rex, largitor vitae.

Ibi flammis exuretur
Et a vermibus rodetur,
Ab angustiis angetur,
Qui salvari non meretur, etc.

It is unnecessary to illustrate further ; for it is clear by this time that the mediæval mind saw in the Day of Judgment its terrors, indeed (as Christ would have all Christians, of whatever age, contemplate those terrors), but could also see its blessed joys,—could in spirit "look up" and see that their redemption was at hand.

It is strange that anyone should, in the face of such hymnological demonstrations as those we have referred to (and they form but a slight portion of the testimony that could easily be adduced), arraign the Middle Ages for ascetical harshness. It is strange, too, that the *Dies Irae* should be the text chosen for such comment as : "Taught to look on Christ as Jehovah rather than the merciful Mediator whose atoning Blood," etc. This generalization of the *Dies Irae* into a sweeping arraignment of the Middle Ages would be a piece of very poor logic, even were the logic based on a correct analysis of the great Sequence. But what could be more "evangelical" than the *Dies Irae* itself?

Recordare, Jesu pie
Quod sum causa tuæ viae—

what is this but an appeal to Christ? not as the terrible Jehovah of the Old Law, but as the loving Mediator of the New Law, whose atoning Blood was made a possibility by the Incarnation, as expressly alluded to in the line:

Quod sum causa tuæ viae?

And from this stanza until the end of the Hymn we find nothing but an elaboration of this one thought. "The atoning Blood and all-sufficient merits" of our Saviour appear in the next stanza:

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus!—

where the singer makes the very point that he has been purchased—*redemisti*—by the Blood shed upon the Cross for him. *Redemisti*,—Christ has not merely purchased the sinner: He has redeemed him, has paid the ransom necessary, has paid it completely; and the appeal is now to that love of Christ for the sinner, to the end that what has been so dearly bought may not be lost again:

Tantus labor non sit cassus!

And where are the "feelings of dread and almost of despair" in the stanza which chronicles the forgiveness shown to the "sinful woman" who in the Hymn is called Mary, and the mercy granted to the "penitent thief,"—instances of mercy on which the singer bases, not despair, but an explicit hope?

Mihi quoque spem dedisti!

The simple truth is that the hymnody of the Middle Ages, so replete with exquisite and direct allusions to the saving power of the Cross, demonstrates the very opposite thesis to that of Lord Lindsay, whose generalization, however, is shared by other similarly hasty reasoners; and if this were the place to do it, and if space sufficed, a very interesting paper might be constructed of merely hymnodal—not to speak of other sources of illustration—tributes to the fact we assert. With respect to the *Dies Irae*, we have shown that the Hymn of Judgment itself was made by its author to pay such a tribute. The Protestant Dr. Schaff recog-

nizes this fact when he says:⁹ "The feeling of terror occasioned by that event (*i. e.*, the Judgment) culminates in the cry of repentance, ver. 7: 'Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,' etc.; but from this the poet rises at once to the prayer of faith, and takes refuge from the wrath to come in the infinite mercy of Him who suffered nameless pain for a guilty world, who pardoned the sinful Magdalene, and saved the dying robber."

X.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

X.

Seeking me Thou satest weary ;
Redeemdst me, suffering the cross ;
Be not so-great a labor vain.

While the idea of resting (*sedisti*) during the long journey (*via* of the preceding stanza) is typical, as Mr. Warren is inclined to allow, of all the restings of Jesus, still there can be little doubt that the poet had in mind the exquisitely touching picture of our Lord resting by Jacob's Well, and awaiting the Samaritan woman. "Jesus, being wearied with his journey, sat thus at the well" (John 4: 6). And St. Augustine comments: "Not in vain was Jesus wearied. . . . Jesus was wearied with the journey for your sake." Jesus was indeed wearied "seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The Sacred Humanity of Christ is presented here with such an appealing weakness as to touch every heart to pity and love. Dr. Johnson could not repeat the stanza *Quaerens me sedisti lassus* without shedding tears; and his emotion must be shared by all in some measure. Turning from the content of the stanza to its mere form, we meet "the climax of verbal harmony" of the five flawless stanzas beginning with *Judex ergo cum sedebit*. "The climax of verbal harmony," says Mr. Saintsbury,¹⁰ "corresponding to and expressing religious passion and religious awe, is reached in the last,

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus !—

where the sudden change from the dominant *e* sounds (except in the rhyme foot) of the first two lines to the *a*'s of the last is simply miraculous, and miraculously assisted by what may be called the

⁹ *Christ in Song*, p. 373.

¹⁰ *Flourishing of Romance*, p. 10.

internal sub-rhyme of *sedisti* and *redemisti*. This latter effect can rarely be attempted without a jingle: there is no jingle here, only an ineffable melody. After the *Dies Irae*, no poet could say that any effect of poetry was, as far as sound goes, unattainable, though few could have hoped to equal it, and perhaps no one except Dante and Shakespeare has fully done so." It is indeed interesting to listen to so eminent a critic praising in such apparently unmeasured terms a great mediæval hymn with which Catholics become so familiar from early childhood as to lose, perhaps, a sufficiently keen appreciation of its many and marvellous excellences.

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THE SOUL OF OLD JAPAN.¹

A STUDY at once more timely and more attractive has seldom offered itself than that lately furnished by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in his "Interpretation" (tentative as this professedly is) of the inner life of Japan.

So far as this is possible to a Western, the writer has learned to see with the eyes, hear with the ears, and think with the brain, of the Far East; and the object of this, the final work of his life, is on the one hand to indicate the breadth of the gulf by which this ancient world lies sundered from us; and on the other to explain as far as may be how so great a gulf has come to be.

It would be impossible without voluminous extracts to do justice to the suggestion of archaic charm with which the opening chapter abounds. "The Calling of the East" which here greets us is the voice of a past already old when history and literature were young. Many people, observes the writer, would be delighted, were it only possible, to step backwards into time and find themselves living for a while in the beautiful vanished world of Greek culture; but even could they do so, the privilege, archæologically speaking, would be by no means so great as that which the present still offers us in the existing life of Japan; for

¹ *Japan—An Attempt at Interpretation.* By Lafcadio Hearn. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1904.

the conditions here are both older and psychologically much further removed from those of the Western world than anything which classical antiquity would have to show us.

The peculiar freshness and simplicity of Japanese existence is, we are here told, what first strikes the Western visitor, the thing which next assails him being a sense of its utter strangeness—a strangeness which produces a sort of uncanny thrill, as at the touch of something totally unfamiliar.

“ You find yourself moving through queer, small streets, full of odd small people, wearing robes and sandals of extraordinary shape. . . . The houses are constructed and furnished in ways alien to your experience. In the shops are displayed food-stuffs of unimaginable derivation,—utensils of enigmatic form ; emblems incomprehensible of some mysterious belief ; strange masks and toys commemorating legends of gods and demons ;—everywhere on signs and hangings, and on the backs of people passing by, you will observe wonderful Chinese characters. Further acquaintance with this fantastic world (rendered even more fantastic now by an incongruous intermixture of telephones, typewriters, electric lights, and sewing machines) will in nowise diminish the sense of its strangeness. . . . You will soon observe that even the physical actions of the people are unfamiliar,—their work seems always done in ways opposite to Western ways. The blacksmith squats at his anvil ; the carpenter pulls instead of pushing his extraordinary plane and saw. The left-side is ever the right, and the right-side the wrong.”

Not only do the Japanese “ speak backwards, read backwards, and write backwards,” but it appears they think backwards also. “ Their ideas are not our ideas,—their sentiments are not our sentiments, their ethical life represents for us regions of thought and emotion, as yet unexplored, or rather perhaps long forgotten.

. . . Could you learn all the words in a Japanese dictionary, your acquisition would not help you in the least to make yourself understood in speaking, unless you had also learnt to think like a Japanese as well ; to think, that is to say, in directions totally foreign to Aryan habit. While to be able to use the Japanese tongue as a Japanese uses it, one would have to be born again,—to have one’s mind completely reconstructed from the foundation upwards.”

The impression made on a stranger to begin with is, in short, that of a kind of pixie-folk, as unrelated to himself as might be the inhabitants of another planet ; and it is only by and by that the discovery dawns on him that in setting foot on Japanese soil he has traversed not space only, but time as well ; and has been

transported back across perished centuries, into something as ancient as Egypt or Nineveh, something in its essence coeval probably with the dawn of neolithic life.

It is with the key to this remote survival that Mr. Hearn has here endeavored to supply us.

"Shintō"—"The way of the Gods," in other words *ancestor worship*, has, he tells us, supplied both the immemorial religion of Japan, and also the core or framework around which the whole mental and moral growth of Japanese society has taken place. To understand anything of the latter therefore is impossible, unless we first gain some idea of the former.

To the mind of Japan, as of other Mongoloid peoples, the link between the visible and invisible world lies in the special connection assumed as existing between the living and the dead. Of all religious conceptions this is perhaps the most primitive; and it has at any rate furnished to a great extent the religious subsoil everywhere. But while in most cases it has been either destroyed, or relegated to a subordinate place, by the later growths of civilization, its continued supremacy both in Japan and China in combination with elaborate culture-forms remains a unique phenomenon. To this "Cult of the Dead" Mr. Hearn devotes one of his most interesting chapters.

Wherever ancestor worship has remained persistent, it will be found, he says, to involve three distinct beliefs; these are:—

(1) That the dead remain in the world, sharing invisibly in the life of their descendants.

(2) That through disembodiment, the dead have become possessed of superhuman powers.

(3) That although the dead are thus in a position to work good or evil to the living, it is yet on the living that they themselves remain in their turn dependent for whatever comfort and happiness their spirit-life admits of.

The honor of sepulchral rites, the shelter of a fitting tomb, daily offering of fire, and food, and drink—these are the things each spirit craves, and for which it has to look to the piety of its living representatives. Should they be withheld, it will suffer thirst, and cold, and hunger; and being angered, will act malevolently toward those who have neglected it; fitting care and

reverent tendance on the other hand are enough to secure its watchful and constant aid.

Ancestor worship in its more primitive stages has always centered about the tomb; while ancestor worship as a domestic, or hearth-cult, begins on the contrary with a settled civilization. So far as Japan is concerned, ancestor worship in this latter stage was introduced into it from China about 700 A.D.; and in this stage it still retains its place as the dominant religious force.

Its observances are simple and cheerful. Its altar is the "spirit-shelf," which is fixed against the wall in every Japanese dwelling, and supports a shrine containing little pieces of white wood, shaped like tombstones, and inscribed, each with the name of a deceased member of the family. These are the "ancestral tablets";—"spirit sticks" or "spirit substitutes," as they are also sometimes called. It is within these, not, as in more primitive times, within the tomb, that the departed are supposed mainly to localize themselves; and it is before them, therefore, that the shrine lamp is kindled, offerings of food and drink daily set, and the morning and evening greeting spoken, in acknowledgment of favors received.

The dead are the givers of life and wealth, the makers and teachers of the present. The attitude of the living toward them should be, it is held, one of reverential regard. The "Superior Ones," the "Higher Ones," the "August Ones," are the titles by which they are distinguished; and they on their part, made happy by receiving their dues, are supposed to watch from their shrines over the welfare of their descendants, to see and hear all that passes in the house, and to rejoice in the warmth and light which the living diffuse around them.

A religion calm and reposeful, it may be said; free alike from the higher lights and deeper shadows of the supernatural; but yet a religion which has shown itself a strangely compelling one, generating an "other-worldliness" which has found expression in a culture and character-type, both of them highly peculiar, and producing in certain directions admirable practical results.

Yamato Damashi, "The Soul of Old Japan," is the poetical name given to this special Japanese character-type, the more immediately striking features of which, according to Mr. Hearn, are

its phenomenal kindness and joyousness. "Everybody greets everybody with happy looks and pleasant words. Faces are always smiling. The commonest incidents of everyday life are transfigured by courtesy, at once artless and faultless." So spontaneous an altruism indeed seems to rule everywhere that we are inclined to think we must have struck a reef of morally superior humanity, and it comes almost as a shock when we discover that even in this Arcadia the ubiquitous law of survival has been at work and that among its results must be reckoned the above-mentioned exuberant growth of virtues which may be specially characterized as social ones.

Long pressure, exerted always in the same direction, has been without doubt the immediate agent here ; but it is in the influence of the Shintō religion, the "gospel" of the Cult of the Dead, that the force behind this pressure has really to be sought. For "the one thing needful" which Shintō recognizes for everyone, is the maintenance, for his own benefit, of his own cult after death ; and this cult being, as it is, emphatically a group or family cult, the maintenance of the group or family becomes in consequence for every member of it, the one thing needful also. Altruism, the reversal, that is, of the ordinary law of self-love, thus shows itself as having been in the first instance a product of pure egoism ; but the ideal so engendered being one which under the accumulating influence of law, custom, and opinion, would tend to become habitual, it is just such a suppression as has taken place of qualities tending mainly to individual prosperity, and a fostering of those favorable to communal well-being, which might be expected as its natural consequence. In any case, however, no matter what the cause may be, the difference between Japanese and Western ethics is a wide one ;—as wide indeed as common human nature will accommodate ; and it is only when we bear this in mind that the unlikenesses, and still more the superficial likenesses, between the West and the Far East, can be studied with any sort of profit.

Mr. Hearn devotes considerable space to this point ; particularly to the curiously minute resemblances which are offered by the so-called feudalism of Japan, to the feudalism of Western Europe. The likeness here he defines as being purely a *homologic* one,—

such a likeness only as might be possible between an endogen and an exogen, a tree-fern and an oak. For just as the relation between the root, trunk, and branches of an oak, is a structural and organic one, so was the relation of class to class, under the European feudal system, structural and organic likewise, the aggregate of self-sufficing class units, gathered beneath the feudalism of Japan, having been on the contrary, like the fronds of a palm or a fern, only connected with one another through insertion in a common stock. The conditioned individualism in whose exercise there lie the progressive forces of the present is the offspring of Western feudalism; while sheltered under the feudalism of the Far East was the primitive communism which remains permanent for so long only as it represses an individual enterprise. Says our author:—

“Those who write to-day about the extraordinary capacity of the Japanese for organization; and about the ‘democratic’ spirit of the people, as a proof of their fitness for representative government in the Western sense, mistake appearances for reality. The truth is, that the extraordinary capacity of the Japanese for communal organization, is the strongest possible evidence of their unfitness for any modern democratic form of government. Superficially, the difference between Japanese social organization and local self-government in the modern American or English colonial meaning of the term, appears slight; and we may justly admire the perfect self-discipline of a Japanese community. But the real difference between the two is fundamental—prodigious—measurable only by thousands of years. It is the difference between compulsory and free coöperation,—the difference between the most ancient form of communism, founded upon the most ancient form of religion, and the most highly evolved form of industrial union, with unlimited individual right of coöperation.” “There exists,” continues Mr. Hearn, “a popular error, to the effect that what we call communism and socialism in Western civilization, are modern growths; representing aspiration toward some perfect form of democracy. As a matter of fact, these movements represent reversion,—reversion toward the primitive condition of human society. Such self-government means a religious communistic despotism,—a supreme social tyranny, suppressing personality, forbidding enterprise, and making competition a public offence. Such self-government has its advantages;—it was perfectly adapted to the requirements of Japanese life, so long as the nation could remain isolated from the rest of the world. But it must be obvious that any society whose ethical traditions forbid the individual to profit at the cost of his fellow-men, will be placed at an enormous disadvantage when forced into the industrial struggle for existence, against communities whose government permits of the greatest possible personal freedom, and the widest range of competitive enterprise.”

It is in the comparison thus instituted that the drift, so far as it is a practical one, of the present volume really lies. Japanese

ethics, Japanese customs, Japanese government have all, like the faunas of long isolated regions, been produced by the elaboration of very primitive types. And their future, like the future of the kangaroo or the apteryx, must depend on their ability, under more stringent conditions of life, to hold their own.

Ages of repression and peculiar culture have gone to the production of the special Japanese type. Is it, or is it not, a type destined shortly to disappear?

There are trees in the gardens of certain Buddhist temples which have been trained and clipped for centuries together into all kinds of extraordinary shapes. Should one of these be abandoned to its natural tendencies, it would of course eventually, though by no means all at once, lose the form which has been imposed on it. Like such a tree, old Japanese society has been pruned and bent and bound. But now, though external restrictions have been removed, the reaction which might have been looked for toward freedom has not yet set in. Are there, or are there not, conservative forces built up within it which will enable it successfully to hold in check the struggle in the direction of individualism, which sooner or later cannot but take place? This is the question on whose answer the future, ethically speaking, of Japan must depend. It is not in the guns and ships of any other country, says Mr. Hearn in conclusion, that the worst danger to the "Soul of Old Japan" really lies. The enemy it mainly has to fear is the introduction of American and European capital. Japan for her own purposes has mastered and utilized the learning and methods of the West in a way which has made her the astonishment of every other people. Is she destined to assimilate the Western spirit as well? Or may she not possibly, trusting instead to her old traditions and her own spirit, succeed in keeping her own independent course, and in fashioning for herself, and in her own way, her own national future?

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LEX AMANDI.

THE PASSION FOR PERFECTION.

There is no beauty in Him . . . that we should be desirous of Him.

—Isa. 53: 2.

THE GOD-MAN.

BEAUTY is the symbol of physical perfection; Love alone expresses perfection in the soul. Beauty seems created for display; Love flies from discovery as if discovery meant death. Discovered beauty seems to droop with that languor which is the first presage of decay; beauty displayed loses the very charm that made it beauty, for boldness disfigures utterly its claim to perfection, and stamps it with a defect which must in time prove its complete undoing.

The fate of such beauty is told under Ezechiel's marvellous figure of the Cedar of Libanus, the symbol of all physical perfection, "with fair branches, and full of leaves, of a high stature, and his top was elevated among the thick boughs. . . . The cedars in the paradise of God were not higher than he; the fir trees did not equal his top; neither were the plane trees to be compared with him for branches; *no tree in the paradise of God was like him in his beauty;*" and the prototype of all worldly success and power and greatness. "The waters nourished him, the deep set him up on high, the streams thereof ran round about his roots, and it sent forth its rivulets to all the trees of the country, . . . his branches were multiplied, . . . and all the fowls of the air made their nests in his boughs, and all the beasts of the forest brought forth their young under his branches, and the assembly of many nations dwelt under his shadow. And he was most beautiful for his greatness, and for the spreading of his branches: *for his root was near great waters.* . . . And all the trees of pleasure in the paradise of God envied him."¹

This is the prophet's symbol of him who from the beginning was the ravisher and destroyer of God's chosen people; the foe against whom were directed those terrible maledictions which rang through the tents and courts and temples of Israel when its

¹ Ezechiel 31.

people lay prostrate under the spell of his beauty and the thrall of his power. This is the glittering Assyrian, type of all worldly greatness and beauty and power; terrible in the fascination of his falsehood; hideous in his revealed corruption, and pride, and weakness,—the historic contradiction to the belief that strength is rooted in physical force, and that success is perpetuated by success. Him did God use as the very “rod and staff of His anger” to teach Israel the folly of such belief, and to show them the terrible defeat that awaits those who defy the omnipotent strength of the Spirit by the puny threats of mere physical power. This is a Scriptural illustration of the eternal conflict between spirit and flesh, symbolized in figures that thrill with an awful significance. There is no wickedness named here but the wickedness of being great and strong and beautiful, *to the limit of physical perfection*; but being nothing beyond that limit, or rather, being all within that limit which such a circumscribed existence would inevitably lead to,—“the fruit of the proud heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of the haughtiness of his eyes.”² Here, too, is described the fatal delusion by which the *consciousness* of power, the physical sensation of strength blinds the very common sense and reason of the proud-hearted: “Shall the axe boast itself against him that cutteth with it? or shall the saw exalt itself against him by whom it is drawn? as if a rod should lift itself up against him that lifteth it up, and a staff exalt itself, which is but wood?”³ The very madness of the delusion is mocked at as the pride mounts higher and higher and success o’ertops success. Each phase of it is traced from that first intoxication with the sense of power which uttered its vain boasts like a man full of new wine: “By the strength of my own hand I have done it, and by my own wisdom I have understood: and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have taken the spoils of the princes, and as a mighty man hath pulled down them that sat on high,”⁴ upward to those dizzy heights toward which the blinded victim climbs, till that very pinnacle is reached whose measure is set not one degree higher or lower than the judgment that awaits it, has decreed. And the only condition that can accomplish this judgment is pride’s attainment of this same degree of exaltation, which is its

² Isa. 10: 12.³ Isa. 10: 15.⁴ *Ibid.* 10: 13.

own measure of success—and failure. The fall of the Assyrian describes the very psychology of pride; and the relics of that fall yet lie upon the earth to mock the folly of those who still “go down to Egypt for help, trusting in horses, and putting strength in chariots, because they are many.”⁵

Since modern psychological research popularized knowledge regarding the phenomena of hypnotism it has become a common thing to attribute great public success to the power of personal magnetism, and to explain history's record of the great personal achievements of its heroes by this same secret of magnetic personality, consciously or unconsciously used to sway the wills and hearts of millions, and to enthrone itself upon the seats of the mighty. Doubtless the very foundations of the world have at times been shaken under the magic spell of personal power, the charm of personality vested in one single little worm of the earth; and history no doubt does present to us here and there the humiliating spectacle of millions of other worms of the earth grovelling before such a personality, or writhing under the irresistible fascination that is luring them to their ruin. Thus is the mystery of personality recorded in the world's history; and thus are we of a more enlightened age recording it still for the future, when we too yield ourselves up to the elemental impulse of human nature to prostrate itself before the dazzling power of personal greatness, and to forget in our abject admiration of physical perfection that we are foreswearing our birthright to a higher good than this. Such weakness is the strength of the Assyrian; it is the secret of his success: “My hand hath found the strength of the people as a nest; and as eggs are gathered . . . so have I gathered all the earth: and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or made the least noise.”⁶

This is the ancient story of worldly power: strength founded in oppression; this is the secret of worldly success: triumph built upon delusion; perfection with its foot upon its rival's neck. And this is the simple solution of the mystery of personal magnetism, whose inherent strength is operative only through others' inherent weakness. It has no foe while it has no fear; but fear tracks its footsteps like a hound; fear for the loss of its power; dread of

⁵ *Ibid.* 31: 1.

⁶ *Ibid.* 10: 14.

the defeat that waits upon its victims' disillusionment. "The Assyrian shall fall by the sword not of a man . . . he shall flee not at the face of the sword . . . *his strength shall pass away with dread.*"⁷

One of the vain dreams of the false prophets of our age is that through physical perfection the race shall come into its kingdom and shall attain all happiness. And so to-day the culture of the purely physical has become a religion among the people; has formulated its doctrines and built up its temples for the worship of its ideal: human flesh perfected and deified through immunity from all pain and sickness and death. "The struggle for life, they assure us, is steadily eliminating imperfect forms, and as the fittest continue to survive we shall have a gradual perfecting of being. That is to say, that completeness is to be sought for in the organism,—we are to be complete in nature and in ourselves. . . . Civilization . . . will improve the environment step by step as it improves the organism, or the organism as it improves the environment." These are some of the more common by-words of this new cult, whose imposing apologetic has become almost the universal language of religious culture in the world to-day. Yet "we have not said, or implied, that there is not a God of Nature. We have not affirmed that there is no natural religion. We are assured there is. We are even assured that without a Religion of Nature, Religion is only half complete; that without a God of Nature the God of Revelation is only half intelligible and only partially known. God is not confined to the outermost circle of environment. He lives and moves and has His being in the whole. Those who only seek Him in the further zone can only find a part. The Christian who knows not God in nature, who does not, that is to say, correspond with the whole environment, most certainly is partially dead. . . . The principle that want of correspondence is death applies all round. He who knows not God in nature only partially lives. The converse of this, however, is not true. . . . *He who knows God only in nature lives not.* There is no 'correspondence' with an Unknown God, no 'continuous adjustment' to a fixed First Cause. There is no 'assimilation' of Natural Law; no growth in the image of 'the

⁷ Isa. 31: 8-9.

All-Embracing.' To correspond with the God of Science assuredly is not to live. 'This is Life Eternal, to *know* Thee, the true God, and *Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.*'"⁸

"The light of Nature, say the most for it, is dim,—how dim we ourselves, with the glare of other Light upon the modern world, can only realize when we seek among pagan records of the past for the gropings after truth of those whose only light was this. Powerfully significant and touching as these efforts were in their success, they are far more significant and touching in their failure. For they did fail. It requires no philosophy now to speculate on the inadequacy or adequacy of the Religion of Nature. For us who could never weigh it rightly in the scales of Truth it has been tried in the balance of experience and found wanting. Theism is the easiest of all religions to get, but the most difficult to keep. Individuals have kept it, but nations never. Socrates and Aristotle, Cicero and Epictetus had a theistic religion; Greece and Rome had none. And even after getting what seems like a firm place in the minds of men, its unstable equilibrium sooner or later betrays itself. On the one hand, theism has always fallen into the wildest polytheism; or on the other, into the blankest atheism. 'It is an indubitable historical fact that, outside of the sphere of special revelation, man has never obtained such a knowledge of God as a responsible and religious being plainly requires. The wisdom of the heathen world, at its very best, was utterly inadequate to the accomplishment of such a task as creating a due abhorrence of sin, controlling the passions, purifying the heart, and ennobling the conduct.'

"What is the inference? That this poor rushlight by itself was never meant to lend the ray by which man should read the riddle of the universe. The mystery is too impenetrable and remote for its uncertain flicker to more than make the darkness deeper. What, indeed, if this were not a light at all, but only a part of a light, . . . the reflector in the great Lantern which contains the Light of the World?"
—*Ibid.*, p. 149.

In the scheme of this doctrine of Physical Perfection there is no place for a Deity who could become subject to the frailties of human nature; who would accept the portion of pain, defeat, and death, which is our common lot. The Deity of such a religion must transcend the laws of human life; must be so far beyond and above the reach of human weakness that no conceivable perfection of human flesh could ever contain His indefectible immunity from all those laws of life and death *and love* under whose burden the race of man staggers from the cradle to the grave.

And so the precedent for perfection which the life of Jesus offers has become a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence not only to man's ideal of himself, but to his ideal of God. To such an ideal the Sacred Humanity might be the most perfect humanity,

⁸ *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 147.

morally speaking, ever born of woman; but on its physical side it was an utter failure; and in its spiritual capacity it could no more contain God than any other human being in whom moral perfection was as highly developed as in Jesus Himself; or it could, rather, contain Him, just as much.

While it may seem that in our age more than in any other the works done in Jesus' name outnumber even the mighty achievements of all other human effort and bear testimony to the spread of His kingdom upon earth; we have no evidence in this alone that His mission to humanity is being fulfilled. These things are testimony to the love of humanity *for itself* and to Jesus only as the founder of the Religion of Humanity. But if Jesus Christ be not God, who would want His Religion of humanity?—*and who would want God?* Who would want a Deity so mighty that the infinitesimal things of His own creation could never by even the most infinite expansion of their capacity contain His presence for an instant; who would blast the limits and bounds of the universe and reduce the world to chaos, if by so much as one swift visitation of His omnipotence His presence passed over earth in visible shape? Such would be the visitation of God among men,—if He were such a God; if He were Jupiter or Zeus, or fire or force, or Infinity or First Cause or The Absolute; or any single one of His attributes and just that one only. Such has not been His visitation because He is not these things alone, and through them alone He could not manifest His presence to men.

We might, for the sake of realizing this more, even say of Him that He tried to do so and failed; for since creation's dawn His omnipotence has thundered through the universe, and men, having ears, heard not; He flashed His glory across the sky and hung His riches upon the heights of space; *His Spirit hath adorned the heavens*,⁹ and, having eyes, men saw not. He hurled His judgments upon them from Sinai's mountain top, and they laughed and danced down in the valley even while He was speaking. He brought them out of the wilderness into the land of milk and honey, and they forgot the Hand that fed them: "Lo, these things are said in part of his ways: and seeing we have heard scarce a little drop of his word;"¹⁰ for by none of these things did He

⁹ Job 26: 13.

¹⁰ Job 26: 14.

reveal Himself *as He is*, because none of them is God,—*for God is Love*; and love can be interpreted to man only through humanity's language of love; only through those symbols which are enthroned forever in man's heart as love's supreme expression,—the MOTHER AND THE CHILD. God used such language to express Himself in love; and Jesus was the living Word of His message to mankind. God spoke through Him and by Him those words which spell Love in the language of humanity—sacrifice, selflessness; tenderness, sympathy—all the words born of that rich pregnancy of Love which fructified at the coming of an Incarnate God among mankind. *This is the God we want*; One who could clothe Himself in the flesh of a Babe, that we might love Him, with a love that is most human; One who would hide His awful majesty under the form of BREAD, that He might feed our hunger for Him,—a hunger that is most divine.

From this Word made Flesh we have framed a language of love so strange and mysterious in its meanings that it has become, as it were, a secret code of ethics among those who have mastered its hidden sense. The only key to its meanings is love itself; and love alone can lead the soul into the secret place where it shall find this key.¹¹ Knowledge has searched for it in vain; it has

¹¹ "All knowledge lies in Environment. When I want to know about minerals I go to minerals. When I want to know about flowers I go to flowers. And they tell me. In their own way they speak to me, each in its own tongue, and each for itself—not the mineral for the flower, which is impossible, nor the flower for the mineral, which is also impossible. So if I want to know about man, I go to his part of the Environment. And he tells me about himself, not as the plant or the mineral, for he is neither, but in his own way. And if I want to know about God, I go to His part of the Environment. And He tells me about Himself, not as a man, for He is not man, but in His own way. And just as naturally as the flower and the mineral and the man, each in their own way, tell me about themselves, He tells me about Himself. He very strangely condescends, indeed, in making things plain to me, actually assuming for a time the Form of a Man that I at my poor level may better see Him. *This is my opportunity to know Him.* This incarnation is God making Himself accessible to human thought—God opening to man the possibility of correspondence through Jesus Christ. And this correspondence and this environment are those I seek. He Himself assures me, 'This is Life Eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.' Do I not now discern the deeper meaning in '*Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent?*' Do I not better understand with what rapture the profoundest of the disciples exclaims, 'And we know that the Son of God is come: and hath given us understanding that we may know the true God? . . . This is the true God and life eternal' " (I John 5: 20).—*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 216.

unearthed things hidden from the foundation of the world in pursuit of that elusive something which always escapes its grasp just as the groping thought merges from the last rays of reason's light into the impenetrable darkness of mystery. Knowledge cannot even prove that this something was there; it cannot find so much as the faintest clue of its passing presence and is no nearer to the discovery of it after all its flights in the light and all its gropings in the dark than when it began its first blundering search for it. Knowledge cannot find or cannot prove Religion.¹² *Religion is Love.* You cannot prove love,—but you can know its manifestations! A man's capacity for love is his capacity for religion. The greatest lover who ever lived upon earth was Jesus,—and He *is* Religion; for religion, like God, is Love. It is not knowledge or power; or rightness or truth; or virtue or worship or good works,—though it includes all these, and more, in its capacity for good. Religion is the soul's search for God, and God's pursuit of the soul. Jesus is the clue to Himself that God has set in the pathway of the soul; and when the soul finds this clue it has found God.

THE WAYS OF LOVE.

He will be silent in His love.

—Soph. 3: 17.

THE SOUL.

A soul under the spell of love craves solitude as the body craves life's breath. It stifles for space and liberty that it may fill the universe with the vision of that beauty of its beloved which

¹² "What is Religion? What am I to believe? What seek with all my heart and soul and mind?—this is the imperious question sent up to the consciousness from the depths of being in all earnest hours; sent down again, alas! with many of us, time after time, unanswered. Into all our thought and work and reading this question pursues us. But the theories are rejected one by one; the great books are returned sadly to their shelves, the years pass, and the problem remains unsolved. The confusion of tongues here is terrible. Every day a new authority announces himself. Poets, philosophers, preachers, try their hand on us in turn. New prophets arise and beseech us for our soul's sake to give ear to them; at last in an hour of inspiration they have discovered the final truth. Yet the doctrine of yesterday is challenged by a fresh philosophy to-day; and the creed of to-day will fall in turn before the criticism of to-morrow. *Increase of knowledge increaseth sorrow.* And at length the conflicting truths, like the beams of light in the laboratory experiment, combine in the mind to make total darkness."—*Ibid.*, p. 213.

the bounds of its own heart cannot contain. It would sweep from the earth the images of all other beauty that but fret it with distraction from the beauty of the inner vision. It would be alone; it would fly even from the *visible* presence of its own beloved; it would sit solitary and brood upon the thought of the beauty and the love that ravished it rather than it would clasp it with sentient touch. And this because love and beauty in their essence are of the soul rather than of the body; and the soul shudders at the rough touch of sense which shatters that clear vision of the inner eye portraying love and beauty in a form too exquisite for the grasp of sense to hold; too vague and elusive for the gaze of the human eye to recognize.

“ In this deep loneliness God set
 Each soul as in a shrine;
 He bade His Virgin she should keep
 Her separate light ashine;
 While others on strange hearths attend
 The flames that are not mine.”

In this deep loneliness of love the soul discovers itself, as it were, for the first time, as an entity; as something which has lived and will forever live its own interior life inherently in itself; which holds at will some strange and absolute possession over its own Ego, and withdraws or shares this possession with others according to the dictates of its own imperious and personal choice. Sometimes this withdrawal wraps the soul in a sombre isolation that detaches it utterly from all life and consciousness and love outside itself,—

“ In the high watch tower of the soul
 I tarry all day long.
 The days flit by like flocks of birds,
 But not one has a song.
 My soul—it has no other soul
 To which it doth belong.

All night I watch from my high tower
 The great world come and go;
 Their faces flare along the dark
 Like wandering stars below.
 But who has seen two stars that touch?
 And space has said me No.”

Again its yearning for sympathy drives it impetuously toward the object which has for the first time made it aware of the dearth and emptiness within itself while this object is unattained.

“ My body is a waste
Through which my soul doth haste,
Famished until it taste
Its nameless new desire !

I thirst ! My throat is dried !
I ask ;—am still denied !
Cry to be satisfied,—
Yet only as Love will.”

Hiddenness is the very home of love, and the only shadow that haunts this home is the dread of that day when discovery shall unveil the deep hiding-place wherein its secret treasures lie. Secrecy is love's most inherent instinct ; and, guided by its keen apprehensions, love escapes discovery by an elusiveness almost infinite in its resources,—and can forever so escape it *if it will*, for by love's own consent alone shall its treasure be yielded up.

We cannot fathom the mystery of that strange law by which love inviolate, love undiscovered, is alone the love we want ; the love we pursue with unremitting desire ; the love we elect above all others for its supremely alluring charm,—a charm we have not seen, yet know is there, for we feel its strange spell upon us and we must follow where it leads. These things belong to love's mysticism ; and we may not press beyond the borders of that land enclosed, and sentineled by watchers holy with reserve, unless we have no other quest than love ; and feel no other spur urging us onward than love itself ; “ love which faints not, nor lies down ; which watches, and sleeping, slumbers not ; which feels no burden, values no labors ; when weary is not tired ; when straitened is not constrained ; when frightened is not disturbed ; love which will tend upwards like a lively flame and a burning torch ; which will be at liberty, yet circumspect ; humble and upright,—not soft, nor light ; but sober, chaste and quiet. Love which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it ; *love strong as death* ;—the perfect love, *which casteth out fear.*”

Love does not hide itself because it fears discovery, but because by eluding discovery it invites pursuit. For a soul to seek soli-

tude and to hide from men's sight merely that others may know it has set out upon love's quest, is to make a display of love's secrets which will sue in vain for praise and admiration from those to whom these secrets are mere contradiction and folly. This is to pervert love's quest, and to frustrate the plan by which its object may be attained. Always and forever that plan is secrecy; hiddenness to the point of obliteration; unobtrusiveness which strives for utter self-effacement; withdrawal that shrinks into annihilation,—these are the means which love's instinct for secrecy leads it to pursue that it may hold its heart's treasure inviolate.

"I will be silent in my soul
 Since God has girt me round
 With His own silences in which
 There is no space for sound.
 Only His voice perchance may drop
 Like dew upon the ground."

There are two ways by which love hides itself; and for the sake of defining their contrast better we might call one the physical way and the other the spiritual way. The former seeks material means for concealment; puts physical barriers between itself and others; announces its intention to disappear,—and thereby reveals the clue by which it may be discovered. The other obliterates itself by the more subtle means of absolute refrainment from all outward manifestations of the inward presence of love:

"My soul is girt in secrecies
 Like the petals of a rose;
 My breath which is among them floats
 On every wind that blows.
 They are like sleep around a dream—
 There is no one that knows."

It walks abroad through the public ways of men and in the simple unobtrusiveness of its outer personality they see nothing that betrays the presence of the inward spirit; only that at times the air seems to lift and clear at its passing, and someone within the reach of its hidden influence feels the touch of a virtue that went out from it. The other is no different from this one in its external gifts and graces,—perhaps it even outshines the latter in this respect; but somehow its finish reveals "the mark of the tool; the other with God's breath still upon it, is an inspiration;

not more virtuous, but differently virtuous; not more humble, but different, wearing the meek and quiet spirit artlessly as to the manner born. The other-worldliness of such a character is the thing that strikes you; you are not prepared for what it will do or say or become next, for it moves from a far-off centre, and in spite of its transparency and sweetness, that presence fills you always with awe. A man never feels the discord of his own life, never hears the jar of the machinery by which he tries to manufacture his own good points, till he has stood in the stillness of such a presence. Then he discerns the difference between growth and work. *He has considered the lilies, how they grow.*"¹³

In such a manner did Jesus hide from men the terrible potency of that God-love within Him which would have transported men

¹³ *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 121.

"The conclusion is, then, that the Christian is a unique phenomenon. You cannot account for him. And if you could he would not be a Christian. Mozley has drawn the two characters for us in graphic words: 'Take an ordinary man of the world, what he thinks and what he does, his whole standard of duty is taken from the society in which he lives. It is a borrowed standard; he is as good as other people are; he does, in the way of duty, what is generally considered proper and becoming among those with whom his lot is thrown. He reflects established opinion on such points. He follows its lead. His aims and objects in life again are taken from the world around him, and from its dictation. What it considers honorable, worth having, advantageous and good he thinks so too and pursues it. His motives all come from a visible quarter. It would be absurd to say that there is any mystery in such a character as this, because it is formed from a known external influence—the influence of social opinion and the voice of the world. Whence such a character cometh we see; we venture to say that the source and origin of it is open and palpable, and we know it just as we know the physical causes of many common facts.'

"Then there is the other: 'There is a certain character and disposition of mind of which it is true to say that "thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." . . . There are those who stand out from the crowd, which reflects merely the atmosphere of feeling and standard of society around it, with an impress upon them which bespeaks a heavenly birth. . . . Now, when we see one of those characters, it is a question which we ask ourselves, How has the person become possessed of it? Has he caught it from the society around him? That cannot be, because it is wholly different from that of the world around him. Has he caught it from the inoculation of crowds and masses, as the mere religious zealot catches his character? That cannot be either, for the type is altogether different from that which masses of men, under enthusiastic impulses, exhibit. There is nothing *gregarious* in this character; it is the individual's own; it is not borrowed; it is not a reflection of any fashion or tone of the world outside; it rises from some fount within, and it is a creation of which the text says, 'We know not whence it cometh.'"
—*Ibid.*, p. 119.

of themselves, had not its attraction been tempered and subdued into the semblance of a love which humanity could both understand and endure; a love which would *win* the heart of man, not force it, to admiration, desire, and surrender. Though it might have been a *quicker* way to draw men to God by flashing one single ray of the vision of His omnipotence upon their understanding, than to hang helpless in death upon a shameful cross, it would have been a way which a God of love could not stoop to use upon the creatures of His hand; because by such an act He would have robbed us of the priceless gift of liberty to choose Him of our own free will,—the one condition of our choice which He covets with an inexorable jealousy; and without which our love for Him would be a mere blind fatalism.

Liberty to love is demanded by the soul with a fierceness proportionate to its desire for love. The soul writhes under check or hindrance to its pursuit of love, when this desire has reached the climax of conscious want, with an anguish that no bonds of steel could inflict upon human flesh. This is the soul's condition once it has discovered that God is the only good which will satisfy its wants; once it knows that the vast emptiness which terrifies it in its moments of solitude and darkness is only its capacity for God. "*In this capacity for God lies its receptivity*" for Him. "The chamber is not only ready to receive the new Life, but the Guest is expected, and, till He comes, is missed. Till then the soul yearns and pines, waving its tentacles piteously in the air, feeling after God if so be that it may find Him. This is not peculiar to the Christian's soul. In every land and in every age there have been altars to the Known and Unknown God. It is now agreed as a mere question of anthropology that the universal language of the human soul has always been 'I perish with hunger.' This is what fits it for Christ. There is a grandeur in this cry from the depths which makes its very unhappiness sublime."¹⁴

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 269.

"The soul, in its highest sense, is a vast capacity for God. It is like a curious chamber added on to being, and somehow involving being, a chamber with elastic and contractile walls, which can be expanded, with God as its Guest, illimitably, but which without God shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the Divine is gone, and God's image is left without God's Spirit. One cannot call what is left a soul; it is a

This is the hunger which may never be fed "by bread alone;" nor by any material good in exchange for God. Nor will any soul with such a hunger upon it seek for good in a direction opposite to God once it has found the *Clue* that will set it upon the track to Him. A soul that wants God like this can be trusted to find Him even in the dark,—only let it go its own way to Him. If it would climb up to the mountain top, let it go there; if it would seek Him in the depths of the sea, do not hinder it. Dare not to set bounds and limits to its way of finding Him, saying to it, "Thus far only thou shalt go, and no farther." Do not offer to go before it that you may guide its steps, lest you darken the light that shines upon its face; and put no check upon its speed by timing its paces to your own slow gait. It can be trusted alone to find Him whom it seeks. *It can never get to Him at all until it is able to go in the path of His attraction alone.*

shrunken, useless organ, a capacity sentenced to death by disuse, which droops as a withered hand by the side, and cumbrous nature like a rotted branch. Nature has her revenge upon neglect as well as upon extravagance. Misuse, with her, is as mortal a sin as abuse. . . . It is no objection to all this to say that we are unconscious of this neglect or misdirection of our powers. That is the darkest feature of the case. If there were uneasiness there might be hope. If there were, somewhere about our soul, a something which had not gone to sleep like all the rest; if there were a contending force anywhere, if we would let even that work instead of neglecting it, it would gain strength from hour to hour, and waken up one at a time each torpid and dishonored faculty till our whole nature became alive with strivings against self, and every avenue was open wide for God. But the apathy, the numbness of the soul, what can be said of such a symptom but that it means the creeping on of death? There are accidents in which the victim feels no pain. They are well and strong they think. But they are dying. And if you ask the surgeon by their side what makes him give this verdict, he will say it is this numbness over the frame which tells how some of their parts have lost already the very capacity for life.

"Nor is it the least tragic accompaniment of this process that its effects may even be concealed from others. The soul undergoing degeneration, surely by some arrangement with Temptation planned in the uttermost hell, possesses the power of *absolute secrecy*. When all within is festering decay and rottenness, a Judas, without anomaly, may kiss his Lord. This invisible consumption, like its fell analogue in the physical world, may even keep its victim beautiful while slowly slaying it. . . . Men tell us sometimes there is no such thing as an atheist. There must be. There are some men to whom it is true that there is no God. . . . If every Godward aspiration of the soul has been allowed to become extinct, and every inlet that was open to heaven to be choked, and every talent for religious love and trust to have been persistently neglected and ignored, where are the faculties to come from that would even find the faintest relish in such things as God and heaven give?"—*Ibid.*, 101-107.

Such a soul can not only be trusted in the dark; but it can be trusted in the light. There is no glare of noonday that can dispel that vision which to love's eyes outshines the light of sun and moon and stars; there is no place so populous with life and so teeming with the distracting activities of men, that it cannot make into a wilderness for itself by the absolute preoccupation of its own conscious thought with God alone; and by the utter aloofness of its inner life from all external things. This is not the mere fancifulness of mysticism. It is a simple psychological condition of mind; so common to preoccupied thought that we would hardly make a comment upon it if our neighbor at his desk near by should not, in his absorption with his own work or thought, hear our voice at his ear or observe our casual passing in and out, though he might seem to be gazing at us with fixed attention. If such mental states close up the media of the senses to our inner consciousness, there are heart states that can make the world about us one great dead blank, and the whole universe a vacuum in which we hear only the beat of our own pulse; and feel only the great spaces that fill up, yet divide, the distance between our groping soul and God.

" Though His sweet presence like a light
 Is shed about the place—
 My Love, to whom I am most near,—
 I have not seen His face.
 My tears, which are not His, must drop
 To reach His heart, through space."

There is no defeat for love like this, or that which to others would be defeat, to it would be but the shorter road toward its goal. Like him who strives to hold his balance upon the pinnacle of this world's greatness, to it defeat can only come through *fear*. But *perfect love casteth out fear*. Neither can corruption steal between it and the vision of perfect purity upon which its eyes are fixed,—for such love has "become as a little child"—its eyes can see no evil while they look only with the veiled gaze of the clean of heart.

These are love's uncommon ways; the paths it treads when "the burden of the valley of vision" which bore it down, yet urged it on, has been lifted from its heart, and it steps free upon

the heights where love's only law is the liberty that unbinds all law; yet puts it under that sweet constraint of love from which it now may never more be loosed.

But there are still the common ways for us to cover who dwell down in the twilight peace of the valley; and we cannot always see why we who need the light here more than those who have reached the mountain top should have to build all our hopes and risk all our happiness upon the promises of a God who hides His face; nor why those who, in their weakness and doubt, most need the sight of Him should be the ones who are most deprived of His presence. Why we should grope and stumble in this darkness we do not know, when even the merest glimpse of His face would so lighten the gloom upon Faith's pathway. Yet we cannot tell with what infinitesimal calculation God reckons up the value of each weak effort of human flesh to fight off the foe of sin; of each sudden piteous sigh for peace and rest from the unending struggle of it all; of every blind grasp in the dark upon any hold that would bear up the sinking spirit till the light breaks again; of even those unuttered murmurs of the lonely soul and the suffering heart which His inscrutable hiddenness at times almost presses into open reproach. We can see the reason for these things sometimes when the broad noonday of joy lights up all the earth and shines far out into the unfathomable width of space. Yet even in the twilight gloom of our common daily life the cold mind sees a reason for this struggle toward the Unseen Good; and marks the mysterious results of it even upon our external lives. We know these are the processes by which the spirit's fibre is refined and strengthened, and that exquisite quality given to the human soul which we call character. We do not know the actual operation of this process upon the spirit, but we know the results of it when we see it. And we have seen and watched the silent mysterious workings of this hidden force even in the souls of those nearest and dearest to us; we have marked the gentler touch of the hand as time has borne them along on its tides of disappointment and bereavement of this world's good; and have caught that note of tenderness in the voice that is left behind by the tears of a sorrow subdued and past. Again, in the face and voice of friends we have met after years of absence, we

have noted a change; and have thought for a moment, "They are the same, yet not the same as the image we have carried in our heart." It is not the marks of time that have made the difference; but some strange transforming power has touched their spirits, and the traits we knew and loved in them so well seem to have emerged from the rough into the clear-cut outlines that define that ideal of them which has sometimes visited us in dreams.

"Mysteriousness is the test of spiritual birth. And this was Christ's test. The wind bloweth where it listeth. Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, *so is every one that is born of the Spirit*. The test of spirituality is that you cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. If you can tell, if you can account for it on philosophical principles, on the doctrine of influence, on strength of will, on a favorable environment, it is not growth. It may be so far a success, it may be perfectly honest, even remarkable, and praiseworthy imitation; but it is not the real thing. The fruits are wax, the flowers artificial; you can tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth."¹⁵

These are the outward signs of the inward grace of love's secret work upon the soul. These are the spontaneous revealings of that growth toward God which bears to mere imitation of such growth the same resemblance that the flower of wax bears to the lily of the field; and this growth, too, like the flower of nature, betrays its hiding-place more often by its perfume than by its presence there.

THE SINGULARITY OF THE SAINTS.

Not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect, but I follow after.

—Phil. 3: 12.

IMITATION.

It is not possible to understand the singularity of the saints, and it is less than honest to imitate it until we come to know, at least by some small measure of personal experience, the force of the motive behind their sanctity.

To devote one's attention to merely imitating the saints is to divert one's mind from the very principle which made them saints,

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 118.

and upon which all true sanctity must be based. We might succeed in making ourselves almost the replica of a saint externally, but if the interior principle and motive of his sanctity did not become a fact of our own personal experience, we would be perhaps a poorer representation of such sanctity at the end of all our efforts than if we had remained our own poor shabby selves.

We are only frustrating the mission of the saints to humanity, and misconstruing the supreme lesson of their lives to us, when we make a blind imitation of what they did and what they were the whole aim of our study of them. Our business is to get to the bottom of *why* they did these things, and how they came to do them. We must get at the motive of doing anything before we can rightly understand and fulfil the method of doing it. It is only for soulless machines to work with method, and without motive. Let us master the motive of sanctity before we attempt to copy the method of it; for the latter is the mere framework of the saint's individual life, suited to his own peculiar character, conditions and period and perhaps most unsuited to any other. "Such is the inexplicable variety of internal dispositions, that the same course and order will scarce serve any two souls."¹⁶ The motive only is absolute and arbitrary in its meaning for all souls alike, for it describes the single destiny of all souls,—eternal union with God, through personal perfection.¹⁷

We do not notice that the saints were given to imitating other saints; but that all of them seem to stand with singular distinctness in a little world of their own, set apart sometimes from their fellows and estranged from all by this very singularity of character, the like of which may have never been known before. "The

¹⁶ *Sancta Sophia*, Treat. 1, Sec. 2, Chap. 3, § 8.

¹⁷ "That without such an interior tendance and desire no exterior sufferances or observances will imprint any true virtue in the soul, or bring her nearer to God, we see in the example of Suso, who for the first five years of a religious profession found no satisfaction in soul at all, notwithstanding all his care and exactness in exterior regular observances and mortifications: he perceived plainly that *still he wanted something*, but what that was he could not tell, till God was pleased to discover it to him, and put him in the way to attain to his desire, which was in spirit to tend continually to this union, without which all his austerities and observances served little or nothing."—*Ibid.*, Chap. 4, § 4.

This author uses a still more striking example from the lives of the saints in illustrating the difference between methods and motives of sanctity in his interesting

measure and manner of loving God is to love Him immeasurably and without any prescribed manner," is St. Bernard's standard of saintliness. Once let the real sense of this seize upon the inner consciousness, and we should not only understand the motive of sanctity, but would become so absorbed in fulfilling the behests of its hidden impulses that the manner and method of their expression would be as unstudied and as unconscious in us as they were in the saints themselves.

It is no wonder that the lives of the saints are so misunderstood and even so much disliked by common Christians. To such as these the saints often appear to be almost anything outside the category of sane human beings; and all from the mistake we have made in presenting the saint's life, as it were, in an inverted order. Either from not being able to understand the motive of sanctity, or of not being able to explain it if we did understand it, we have obscured and even eliminated this basic principle from our description of the saint's life, and have presented a mere history of singularities and wonders that have repelled instead of attracted the common mind. Far from this principle being beyond their comprehension, it is on the contrary just such uncalculating minds that most readily respond to the appeal of it. It is more comprehensible to them how a human being can be so dominated by a great passion, by such a great overmastering attraction to some supreme good, as to be reckless of all consequences, blind to human policies and considerations, and rash even to the point of idiocy in the effort to reach this good,—all this appeals more immediately to the simple, unquestioning mind, moved only by human nature's impulses and emotions, than it does to the higher intelligence, prone to distrust the experience of others until it has itself made a personal test of it.

account (*Ibid.*, Treat. 3, Sec. 1, Chap. 7) of Bl. Baltazar Alvarez' sudden illumination on this vital point. He, too, like Suso, had followed the *method* in vain, "and for near sixteen years had labored as one that tills the ground without reaping any fruit." Then the light came: "But when sixteen years were passed he found his heart on the sudden unexpectedly quite changed and dilated, . . . and his soul . . . filled with an astonishing joy, like that of those which say, 'Lord, when we see Thee, we have seen all good, and are entirely satiated.' "

"*Si semper desideras, semper oras,*" says St. Augustine; "if thou dost continually desire God, thou dost continually pray."

"As substantial holiness, so the perfection of it, which is contemplation, consists far more principally in the operation of the will than of the understanding," again says Father Baker; and if we keep this oft-repeated fact in mind, we shall get the point of view from which to rightly estimate the character of sanctity.

We may never succeed in making the unintelligent Christian—or any other Christian for that matter—understand the singularities of the saints, or rightly appreciate their methods of sanctity, until we have succeeded in grasping the simple, fundamental fact of sanctity's supreme motive; which is the saint's overmastering conviction that God is not only the highest good, but the only good either in this world or in any other;¹⁸ and that all the conduct of his personal life is but a consistent effort to attain that good in the shortest possible time over the shortest possible road. His method of accomplishing this is for the most part his own, the spontaneous expression of his own personal and perhaps inherent characteristics; and it is worked out almost unconsciously as he goes along. He has that gift which is common to most genius, and to all high grades of character,—abstraction from externals, and an almost utter unconsciousness of manner; evidencing simply an interior fixity of will and purpose which is proof against the shock or surprise of external influences. He would hardly brook the distraction of studied method or prescribed manner, as it would be to him little more than a turning-away of his gaze from that goal whereon all his desires and all his thoughts are irrevocably fixed. The sight of that is spur enough to him; and his impulse toward it rough-rides all obstacles in his way. How foolish to try to follow in his wake unless we too have glimpsed that shining goal, and felt the impulse and the spur to reach it that the vision gave us. And how fatal to check our progress toward it, once we have set out to reach it, by stopping to trace every path and by-path through which the feet of others have found their way to this goal. It is

¹⁸ "They not only believe and know, but even feel and taste Him to be the universal, infinite Good. By means of a continual conversation with Him they are reduced to a blessed state of . . . transcendancy and forgetfulness of all created things, and especially of themselves, to a heavenly-mindedness and fixed attention to God only, and this even in the midst of employments to others never so distractive."
—*Ibid.*, Treat. I, Sec. I, Ch. 3, § 7.

well, and most cheering to us indeed, if we find the marks of saintly footsteps on the same road by which we have ourselves been led. They have been left there merely to give that assurance the traveller feels, as he goes into an unknown region, when he finds the footprints of one who has explored the way before him. He does not follow their leading out of a foolish desire to imitate the fatigue and sufferings that the painful and difficult journey must have cost to him who went before. He simply takes this road with the same end in view that the other had, and blesses and praises him for having blazed the way.

He who would travel the road to sanctity must have the key by which to read aright the sign-posts he meets along the way, lest their seeming contradictions only mislead him into a maze of spiritual confusion and darkness. Let him have no other object in his mind than the journey's end, and he will have the key to every occult sign and mystic meaning hidden in the annals of saintly lore.¹⁹ The sign-language of the elect! How well they know each other's meanings when they meet face to face; when soul looks into soul and greets a brother pilgrim bound for the self-same object! How quick the recognition, when the magic of a word or the flash of a glance reveals spirit unto kindred spirit!

To impute as folly the exaggerated and extravagant fervor of the saints is only to confess one's own short-sighted conception of that good which is the divine object of all their desires. Yet to admire and imitate this fervor in the hope that this would in itself bring to the consciousness a realization of that good, would be to confess that one had never had the personal experience of conceiving good in this form, and was simply striving to borrow another's conception of it. Love cannot see with borrowed eyes. No matter how fair a vision another may have of love's object it is not so dear and intimate a thing as one's own conception of that object; and it is untrue as a conception until it possesses the

¹⁹ "Yea, I dare with all confidence pronounce, that if all spiritual books in the world were lost, and there were no external directors at all, yet if a soul that has a natural aptness . . . will prosecute prayer and abstraction of life . . . and propose Almighty God, His will, love, honor, for her final intention . . . such a soul would walk clearly in perfect light . . . and would not fail in due time to arrive at perfect contemplation."—*Ibid.*, Treat. 1, Sec. 2, Ch. 3, § 17.

mind and will with a conviction of its truth as intense and as real as the original conception in the mind of the other. "We can do the outward deeds and say the words of love; but over the thing itself we have no direct command. It is given to us like the inspirations of genius; or it happens to us; and we can dispose ourselves to receive it and can cooperate with it when received; but it means in some sense a grace, nor can we by taking thought add a foot to our stature in this matter."²⁰

While there is the kind of imitation which seeks with sincere desire to acquire sanctity by method, from lack either of natural ability or grace to achieve it by motive; there is another kind of imitation which, like a veritable parasite, fastens upon the most vital forms of the Christian life. It is not satisfied with the imitation of ordinary righteousness, but takes the pose of some extraordinary virtue or zeal in well-doing. The most striking resemblance it bears to the real parasite is in its own inherent lack of even the capacity to possess the qualities which it assumes. This explains more than anything else its eagerness to borrow their semblance, as it were, to hide its own nakedness and deformity. The unhappy result of this deception seldom comes back upon itself—for it is facile in assuming other guises as fast as the old ones are torn from it—but upon those who have been imposed upon by the imitation. The peculiar thing about this kind of inferior person is his or her talent for deceiving the superior and spiritual minds. "It takes a thief to catch a thief," or at least guilelessness too often unfits one for detecting the deceits of guile. Spiritual books are full of the accounts of this kind of imposters; and in most cases where the mask has been torn off them, some very clever bit of common sense has been used to set the trap. Imitation of an inferior thing is not worth while; and it is equally useless for inferiority to impose only upon the inferior. "Rogues and liars prosper just so long as there are a majority of honest men to lie to; but a community of rogues could not hold together; their theory of conduct is untrue to the nature of human society."²¹

There is a still further kind of imitation which comes from mere weakness and lack of personal initiative. It is almost motiveless, except in its desire to secure its own safety by blindly follow-

²⁰ *Lex Orandi*, p. 200.

²¹ *Lex Orandi*, p. 57.

ing precedent, and saving itself the risk or the penalty of acting consistently with its own characteristics. This kind of imitation is best described by its analogy to certain phenomena in nature. "Recent botanical researches have made science familiar with what is termed *Mimicry*. Certain organisms in one kingdom assume, for purposes of their own, the outward form of organisms belonging to another. This curious hypocrisy is practised both by plants and animals, the object being to secure some particular advantage, usually safety, which would be denied were the organism always to play its part in Nature *in propria persona*. . . . It is a startling result of the indirect influence of Christianity, or of a spurious Christianity, that the religious world has come to be populated—how largely one can scarce venture to think—with mimetic species. In few cases, probably, is this a conscious deception. In many doubtless it is induced by the desire for *safety*. But in a majority of instances it is the natural effect of the prestige of a great system upon those who, coveting its benedictions, yet fail to understand its true nature, or decline to bear its profounder responsibilities. It is here that the test of Life becomes of supreme importance. . . . After all it is by the general bent of a man's life, by his heart-impulses and secret desires, his spontaneous actions and abiding motives that his generation is declared."²² Until we know what a man loves, and to what degree he loves it, we have no key to his real character, and may be profoundly deceived in our estimate of that which is only apparent. True also it is that a man's conduct in love is only the measure of his personal traits, and the revelation of his inmost qualities of heart and mind.

Ἐρώνομος.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

ON the evening of that day in which Redmond Casey had given his solemn commission to Donal, old Edmond Connors, returning slowly from his walk through the fields, sat weary and tired on the parapet of the little bridge that curved itself

²² *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 352.

above the Ownanaar. The years, and, perhaps, much musing and sorrow, were telling on the great, muscular frame of the old man. For everyone said that since Donal's marriage, and the death of the *vanithee*, Edmond Connors had aged more than twenty years. He often, too, fell into fits of drowsiness. He slept before the hot fire in the kitchen; he slept outside against the south wall of the barn, where the sun shone fiercely; he slept sitting on a boulder above a mountain torrent; so that people said he was breaking up, and that this somnolency was a forerunner of death. This evening, as he sat tired there on the mossy wall of the bridge, Edmond Connors fell asleep, and dreamed in the fitful way of the old or the troubled, that Nodlag had gone from him for ever. He did not know why or wherefore. He vaguely conjectured that Nano, Donal's wife, had made her life unbearable; and that himself and Donal could not prevent it. He only remembered that the girl had come into the kitchen, flung her arms around his neck, kissed him on forehead and cheek and lips, and passed out the backdoor of the kitchen without a word. He was moaning sadly in his dreams, when a light finger touched him, and he woke. He saw standing over him a tall woman, with great black eyes shining out of a pinched and sallow face, and above it a crown of the whitest hair he thought he ever saw. He rubbed his eyes, and stared, not knowing whether this too was not part of his dream. The woman spoke.

"Edmond Connors, you don't know me?"

"N—no," said the old man, "are you alive, or am I dhramin' yet?"

"You are wide awake, now;" the woman said, looking down upon him. "Listen! I want somethin' from ye!"

"I have nothin' to giv' ye, me poor 'uman," said the old man feelingly. "Whin God giv' it to me, I shared it with His poor. I've nothin' now but what does not belong to me."

"You have somethin'," she replied, "that belongs to me. I have come to claim it."

"You're makin' a mistake, me poor 'uman," said the old man. "Edmond Connors never kep' as much as the black of yer nail from annywan. You mane somebody else!"

"No!" she cried. "I mane you! I want me child!"

The dream and the reality rushed together through the brain of the old man. He did not know "which was which." He looked up at the woman, and said faintly:

"Nodlag?"

"Yes!" said the woman, apparently remorseless. "I have come to claim back the child you have called Nodlag. Her right name is Annie Daly, and she is my child!"

"And are you the 'uman that met me on this bridge fourteen or fifteen years ago, whin the snow was on the ground, and—she was a little child in yer arrums?"

"I am," said the woman.

The old man paused.

"And was it you that lef' that little infan' to the mercy of God on that cowl'd Christmas night in the byre among the cattle?"

"It was," said the woman, unmoved.

"Thin, av you giv' up yer mother's rights, thin, what right have you now to claim her back?"

"The same mother's rights," she answered, "and the sthrong hand of the law."

"To the divil with you and yer law," cried the old man, starting up in a fury. The word "law," so utterly hated by the Irish peasant as synonymous with every kind of injustice and brutality, set his cold blood aflame. "To the divil wid you an' yer law," he repeated. "You an' yer law darn't put a wet finger on *my* child. I've saved her from worse than ye; an' as long as God laves me the bret' of life, nayther you nor yer law will take her from me."

The woman now sat down on the mossy wall, and pulled the old man down beside her.

"Listen to rayson, an' common sinse, Edmond Connors," she said. "'Tis thrue I put me child into your hands that Christmas night. Your byre was warmer than the cowl'd river. If I remember right, 'twas you yourself that axed me."

"'Twas," said the old man; "you thought to murder that weeshy, innicent crachure that God giv' you; and I said many a Christian family would be glad to take her from ye."

"Did ye know at the time to whom ye were shpakin'?" asked the woman.

"No! but I knew well 'twas Annie Daly, daughter of the man that was swearin' away me life, that was brought in from the bastes that night."

"You did?" said the woman.

"I did," he replied. "An' I clung to her since; and she has growed into me heart, as none of me own childre ever growed; and, be the high Heavens, nayther you, nor your law, nor any livin' morchial man will take her from me, ontill she puts me in me coffin, and sees the last sod above me grave."

The woman was silent for a few minutes.

"You did a good an' charitable act, Edmond Connors," she said at length, "but didn't ye ever get back annything in return?"

He did not catch her meaning for a few minutes. Then, as the recollection of the trial dawned upon him, he cried, as he felt for the woman's hand, and grasped it firmly:

"Yes, *mo shtig, mo chree*; an' I have never forgot it. But for you, me bones would be blaching this manny a year, beside poor Lynch's, in Cork gaol."

"'Tis to save you from somethin' worse," said the woman, disengaging her hand, "that I've come across three thousan' miles of stormy ocean, and am here now in the teeth of those who'd murdher me, if they knew me."

"I'm at a loss to know what you mane, ma'am," replied the old man. "I have only a few years, it may be a few months, to live, an' I'm not sorry to be goin' to the good God—"

"People like to die in their beds; and to have the priest wid them," she replied, "no matther how tired of life they are."

"An' wid God's blessin', that's how I'll die," he said. "I've been prayin' all my life agin a 'sudden an' unprovided death,' and God is sure to hear me in the ind."

"He'll hear you, but He won't heed you," said the woman, rising up and pulling the black shawl over her head, as the preliminary of departing. "Av you don't take me advice, Edmond Connors, this blessed evening, a worse death than the Cork gallows is before you."

"What wrong have I ever done to morchial man or 'uman," he cried, anxiously, "that any wan should murdher me?"

"'Tisn't to the guilty, but to the innicent the hard death comes," she replied.

"But I have never made an inimy in me life, 'uman," he cried passionately. "I've always lived in pace with God an' me nabors."

"I don't say 'tis on your own account," she replied. "But I hard since I kem back to this misforthunate country that your secret is out; an' the bloodhoun's are on yer thrack."

"Why don't you shpake to Nodlag hersel', and let her decide?" he said, after a long fit of musing.

The wretched woman gave a long, hoarse laugh.

"An' do ye suppose for a moment she'd listen to me story?" she said. "Do ye suppose she'd lave you for the likes av me?"

"Nodlag is a good girl," said he, seeing how much he was gaining. "If you can shew her that you are her mother, she'll go wid you to the inds of the airth."

"I don't want her to come wid me," said the wretched mother. "I want her to go where she'll be cared for well, without puttin' any wan's life in danger!"

"An' where might that be?" he asked.

"She can go among the gintry," the woman answered. "They'll sind her where she'll be safe; and yet no wan can find her; and she'll be rared up a lady, instid of bein' slushin' and moilin' for Nano Haggerty!"

"An' be brought up a Prodestan', I suppose?" said the old man, looking at her keenly.

"That's nayther here nor there," said the woman. "Her be-longin's have got more from Prodestan's than Catholics anny day."

"Av they have, 'tis the dirty wages they got," the old man said. "And Nodlag never yet did anny thing mane, to say she'd do it now."

"There's no use in talkin' to you," the woman cried, lifting the shawl high on shoulders and head; "keep her, Edmond Connors, keep her. You've a better right to her than me; and may it be a long time till the death comes between ye to part ye! But there's blood before me eyes these nights I have been spindin' out there on the heather, and the furze; and I misdoubt me if there's not blood to be shed like wather. But I have warned ye, Edmond

Connors, I have warned ye! An' yet, may the Blessed Vargin be 'atween ye an' her inimies for all ye have done for me child!"

She took his hand, raised it to her lips, and kissed it passionately, as she had done so many years before; and then strode away with her swift, swinging step across the road, and down through the moorland.

"Am I dhramin' still?" said Edmond Connors. "I'm so old and wake now I don't know whin I'm asleep or awake. But, 'tis quare, out and out, that Nodlag should be comin' up so often."

Hence, when the old man returned home, he could scarcely keep his eyes off the girl. He stared at her, and watched her, wherever she was, and whatever she was doing; stood up, and followed her figure from the kitchen, when she went out; sat down resignedly and kept his eyes fixed upon her, as she sat beneath the lamp, darning his stockings, or polishing his brown gaiters. She was getting somewhat alarmed at the persistency of his gaze, when, late at night, looking around cautiously at first, to see if Nano was in the kitchen, he beckoned the girl to his side.

"Whisper, alanna," he said, "and don't spake loud, for fear thim would hear, who oughn't to hear. Did ye see anny wan strange to-day?"

"No, sir!" said Nodlag, surprised. "There was no sthranger round the house to-day."

"No 'uman," he asked, "with a yellow face, and big eyes, and grey hair?"

"No, sir!" answered the girl. "There was no wan of that kind about, at laste as far as I know."

"Don't mintion to anny wan that I asked the question," he said.

He fell into a fit of musing that seemed to last very long to the young girl. Then he woke up suddenly to see her face near his.

"What was I sayin'?" he cried. "Oh, yes! don't mintion to anny wan what I was sayin', Nodlag. But, whisper! Come closer, Nodlag!"

"Yes, sir! what can I do?"

"Nodlag, sure you won't lave me?"

"Leave you, sir? Certainly, I won't."

"Promise me that you won't lave me till you see the hood of the habit pulled down on me face; and the last sod flattened above my grave."

"Sure, you know, sir, I'll never lave you," said Nodlag, crying. "Where 'ud I go from you, who have been father and mother to me?"

"Thru, for you, child," the old man whispered. "More than father and mother, if ye knew all. But ye didn't see the white-haired 'uman I was spakin' about?"

"No, sir," she said, now believing that he was grown delirious. "There was no wan of that kind here, at all, at all!"

"Thin, you'll say nothin' to nobody about what I was sayin'," he whispered. "'Twas all a dhrame! 'twas all a dhrame!"

She went back to the table, and resumed her work; but from time to time he called her over, when there was no one in the kitchen but themselves.

"Say nothin' about it, Nodlag! Say nothin' about it! 'Twas all a dhrame! 'Twas all a dhrame!"

CHAPTER XVIII.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Donal was quite wrong when he said that Nodlag had nothing but the clothes she wore. She was, unknown to herself and the world besides, the heiress of Edmond Connors, her more than father. The old man, feeling that time was narrowing for him, and that he should soon sleep with his fathers down there beneath the elms at Templeroan, had gone into Kilmallock, and apportioning equal shares to Donal, Owen, and their unmarried sister, had left by will, duly drawn and signed, the rest of his money and such property as he might die possessed of to Nodlag. And lest this might not be strictly legal, he had called her for the first time in his life by her baptismal name, Annie Daly.

How the double circumstance—the legacy and the revelation of the name—became known to Donal's wife, it is difficult to ascertain. But the knowledge was conveyed to her in some way; and by her own minute and vigilant inquiries she placed the matter beyond doubt. Needless to say it doubly intensified her dislike for Nodlag, until that hatred became an obsession. The thought that *her* fortune, the money accumulated with such infinite pains

by her father and mother, and even by the labor of her own hands, should go to this girl was maddening. On one excuse or another she left Glenanaar, and went home to her parents for a few days. When she returned, she was unusually silent; and her manner toward Nodlag had changed almost into an attitude of kindness. Donal's spirits rose, and, after waiting many days for a favorable opportunity, he opened the subject of the young blacksmith's suit to Nodlag. He was so cheerful that he spoke with a light heart, and with that bantering manner that best bespeaks friendship amongst the Irish peasantry. He met Nodlag on the bridge that crossed the Ownanaar, the bridge where he had discerned Nodlag's tiny footprints the night of the great snow.

"Did you dhrive the yearlings up the glen?" he said.

"I did," answered Nodlag. "They're up in the high field."

"'Tis a grand year, glory be to God! for near everything," said Donal, not looking at the girl.

"'Tis, indeed," said Nodlag. "Everythin' is thrivin', thanks be to God!"

"I suppose you'll be a bit lonesome now, lavin' the ould place?" said Donal, breaking in at once on the subject in a whimsical manner.

She started and turned quite pale. Had the voice for which she had been listening all these years spoken at last?

"What do ye mane, Donal?" she said, almost crying, "am I goin' to be turned away at last?"

"Faith, an' you aren't," he said buoyantly. "But, begor, I'm afther thinkin' you are goin' to be took away from us; and sure 'tis we'll miss you."

"I thought there was somethin' goin' on," she said, "from the way the Missis was talkin'. I knew she begredged me the flure; but I never thought, Donal, you'd turn agin me."

And here she broke down utterly; and putting her apron to her eyes, wept bitterly.

"Why did you take me out of the snow-drift, Donal Connors," she said, amidst her sobbing, "up there under the ash-tree; an' why didn't you lave me die, and go to God, instid of turnin' me now adrift on the world? You know I have nayther father nor mother; I don't know who I am, or what I am, or where I

came from. All that I ever knew was that I thought I had a father an' a frind in your father, Donal; an' if you an' him now are goin' to turn agin me—well, sure, I've no right to complain," she said in a sudden burst of gratitude; "ye both have been more than father an' mother to me, and, whatever happens, I'm not likely to forget it."

"Like all women," said Donal, smiling at her sudden emotion, "you're running away with the question. What I was thryin' to say was, that a likely young colleen like you won't be long wid-out a husband, an' a good one."

Nodlag blushed scarlet, and dried her tears.

"You're jokin', Donal," she said. "You know as well as I do that there's not a dacent boy in the whole neighborhood would look at me—whatever it is, is agin me."

"I know wan dacent boy enough," said Donal, "that has worn his two eyes a'most blind lookin' at you, or for you. At laste, I know the sun never shines for him unless you're to the front afore him."

"Whoever he is," said Nodlag, her woman's heart leaping up at the thought that she was thus singled out for admiration, "he has never spoke to me; an' whatever be his manin' he never intinds to make me his wife."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Donal; "in fact, I kem to offer you his hand, as they say; and the divil's own black wan it is."

"What's the great saycret, Donal?" said Nodlag, anxious to turn away for a moment from the revelation of a happiness that seemed too great. "Who am I, an' where did I come from?"

"That I can't tell you. But I can tell you this, that, unless you throw away your chance, you will be in a very short time Mrs. Redmond Casey."

The declaration threw both into a reverie. Donal, having spoken, and seeing the success of his intervention on his friend's behalf, was plunged in conflicting emotions of delight and regret. It was a happy thing for Nodlag and for them all. It would mean a new life for her, surrounded with all kinds of affection, and a happy emancipation from the sordid trials to which she had for so many years been subjected. For himself it would mean peace at

least. And yet he thought there would be a big blank in his own and his father's life. There would be a gap at the fireside, where they would miss her bright presence, and her gentle voice, and her silent, but affectionate ministrations. He felt it was a change and a sad one.

Nodlag's memory was running rapidly over the past, trying to recall every little incident indicative of the newly-revealed affection of Redmond; and her imagination fled forward to the future, and she saw herself no longer the unnamed dependent on the charity of others, but the honored wife of a decent tradesman; and she was thinking how she would make up for all this blessedness by her loving solicitude to his mother and himself, when the morning reverie was suddenly broken by the shrill, sharp voice of Donal's wife:—

"Wisha, thin, Donal Connors, aren't I well in my way, huntin' and seekin' for you all over the farm, and you nowhere to be found? Wouldn't it be bettther for you to be above driving out Hickey's pigs from the grass-corn than colloquing an' codrauling with that idle *thucka*?"

"Are the pigs in the grass-corn?" said Donal, lazily raising himself from the wooden parapet of the bridge.

"They are! An' 'tis mindin' thim an' your bisness you ought to be; an' let *her* do somethin' to airn the bread she's atin'."

"Thin, why didn't you drive out the pigs yoursel?" said Donal. "'Twouldn't be the power and heap an' all of throuble to dhrive out a few little bonnideens, sure?"

"I have enough to do, slushin' an' slavin' for you an' your ould father, mornin', noon, and night," she retorted. "It was the cowl'd, bittther day for me I came upon yer flure."

"Think over what I've been tellin' ye, Nodlag," said Donal, following his wife. "You see it can't be a day too soon."

All that day Nodlag's heart was singing its own jubilant song of triumph and affection, as she went around doing little things here and there. The poor girl walked upon air, and saw a new color and shape in all things. This sudden transformation in her life was so much more than she ever expected, or hoped for, that she found it difficult to still the beatings of her heart. It was like a beautiful dream come true. For often down there at the

forge, as she went around and tidied things for old Mrs. Casey, she couldn't help thinking how much better she would do her work of benevolence if she had a right to the place, and it was a housewife's duty. How often she dreamed of the new curtains she would loop up over the diamond-panes, and the flowers she would place in the windows, and the new chairs she would get in place of the old sugán chairs now tattered and frayed and worn. And what broods of chickens she would rear, and what fresh eggs she would have for Redmond's breakfast, and all the other airy fantasies of young and hopeful girlhood. And now it was all come true. Yes! Donal would not deceive her. Redmond had asked her to be his wife; and she had—No! her heart stood still. She had never answered Donal! But he understood; and would make all right. She leaped so suddenly into happiness that it was almost too much for her. The servant-girls, who, following their mistress, disliked her, noticed it. They said to one another:—

“Begobs, you'd think she had come into a fortune, or found a crock of goold. What's the matther, I wonder?”

Alas! and the cup of hope and love was dashed from the lips of the poor girl in one instant; and it was only after many years and many bitter trials that it was proffered to her lips again!

It was the early springtime; and night fell sharply at six o'clock. There was no moon; and the thick banks of gray clouds shut out the feeble light of the stars. Supper was over in the house; the dishes and cups had been washed and laid aside on the dresser; and the mistress had done an unusual thing. She had allowed, nay ordered, the girls to go up to the dance at the cross-roads that branched to Ballyorgan on the right, and to Ardpatrick on the left. The old man, half asleep, was nodding over the fire. Nodlag was reading by the light of a paraffin-lamp in a corner; reading, to her surprise, undisturbed, for her mistress rarely allowed her that luxury without breaking in with sundry commands to do this or that work about the house. Donal was in the bawnfield looking after the lambs and ewes. Donal's wife was busying herself in the bedroom.

Just as the clock struck nine, the front door, opening on the

road, was opened noiselessly, and, one by one, six masked men came into the kitchen. Nodlag, with her back to the fire, was the first to see them. She gave a little shriek, and her heart stood still. Instinct told her that it was on her account they had come,—that this was her life's great crisis. She stood up with white face and eyes dilated with terror, as she noticed that the two last of the intruders carried firearms.

"What's the matter, alannao?" said the old man, turning around.

She couldn't reply. She merely pointed with her finger.

The old man arose from his chair slowly and with difficulty, and confronted the intruders. His faculties had become so weakened by age that here again he found it difficult to distinguish a dream from a reality. But the trembling figure and white face of Nodlag assured him that this was no delusion. Here were six masked men; and their presence boded no good.

"Run out for Donal, Nodlag!" he said, turning to her.

"Stop where you are," said the leader of the gang in a voice that he sought to disguise, "ef ye don't want yere brains blown out!"

"Who are ye, and what in God's name do ye want in a decent house, an' at this hour of night?" asked the old man.

"'Twas wanst a dacent house enough," said the man, "but it is no longer so. It is cursed, and blighted, and banned, in the eye of every dacent man, 'uman, an' child in the three parishes."

"That's quare enough intirely," said the old man. "I never hard that priest nor minister had ever anythin' to say agin' us."

"'Tisn't priesht nor ministher," replied the other, "but informer and approver, who sint manny a dacent man to the gallows; and whose spawn," he cried passionately, pointing to Nodlag, "you have been rarin' to turn on you an' yours in the ind."

"Oh, wirra! wirra! oh, ochone, ochone!" cried Donal's wife, coming out from her bedroom, and in a paroxysm of fright. "Oh, who are ye, at all, at all, and what do ye want? Oh, sure take annythin' ye like, and go away, like dacent boys! Oh, where is Donal, at all, at all; and the girls? Oh, spake aisy to them, sir, or they'll murder us all."

"We don't want you here, hones' 'uman," said the ringleader. "Go back to where you kem frum, an' hould yer tongue."

"I will, indeed. But sure you won't kill him, nor do him anny harm. Sure, ef 'tis atin' or dhrinkin' ye want, ye can have the besht——"

"Hould yer tongue, 'uman," he cried, rudely pushing her aside till she fell on the settle, "an' let us do the bisness we're sint to do. That is," he said, turning to the old man, "to warn you to-night, Edmond Connors, to sind out from you that girl; an' let her beg her bread as she ought to do, from house and house——"

"That I'll never do," said the old man, firmly. "Who tould you, you ruffian, that she is Daly's child? Not that 'twould make much difference——"

"Who tould me?" said the fellow, fumbling in the breast pocket of his coat. "Doesn't every man in the parish know it? Do you deny it? Nobody knows better than you!"

"Lave me go, sir," said Nodlag, coming forward bravely, now that the truth flashed certainly on her mind. "Lave me go! I have been here long enough!"

"No," said the old man, pulling her softly toward him, "you and I go or stop together."

He did not know how prophetic were his words.

"But wance more, you ruffian," he cried, fiercely—for all the old lion-spirit was now aroused—"what do you know of this girl? An' how do you say she's Daly's daughter?"

"You d——d ould hypocrite, here are yer own words fur it," said the fellow, showing a sealed paper. "Who wrote, or got wrote, 'Annie Daly' there?"

The old man looked, and his face fell. It was his own will, that had been stolen.

"I see it all now," he said, looking over to where his daughter-in-law was crouching on the settle, "I see it all now. I'm in the way, and she's in the way of those who are well behoulden to both of us. I think I know who ye are now; but whoever ye are, let me tell ye, that nayther Nodlag nor I will lave me house, where me fathers and their fathers lived before me, until we are put out by the shtrong hand of the law."

"Ind the argyin'," cried the rough voice of one of the ruffians behind; "we can't be stayin' here all night."

"Wance more, I put it to you for pace sake, and to prevint bloodshed," said the leader, "let her go, and do you remane in pace."

"Oh! for the luv of God, Mr. Connors," cried his daughter-in-law, who now saw the unexpected determination of the old man, and feared that matters would end in a way she had not anticipated, "give in to them. Sure the girl is big and shtrong enough to airn her own bread now."

The old man looked at her with such anger and contempt that she shrank from him, and rushed into the fields to summon her husband.

"I gev you my decision," said the old man, turning once more to the intruders. "I say whatever is mine and Donal's is hers, so long as we live."

"Thin, be all that's holy," said the ruffian, levelling his musket at Nodlag, "we won't shtand it. I'll give you while I do be countin' twinty——"

He held the musket still levelled toward Nodlag, his eye running along the barrel, whilst he commenced—"Wan! Two! Three!——"

He had scarcely said these words, when a dark figure leaped from the door and flew through the kitchen; and a strong hand caught the would-be murderer by the neck, and swinging him round and round, at last pushed him toward the wall to wrest the deadly weapon from his hand. The other ruffians, thinking there was help at hand, fled through the door, and up along the road. The old man had pushed Nodlag into the recess of the fireplace, and now stood before her to protect her. The two strong men struggled wildly, but Donal, having his two hands free, had driven the fellow up against the whitewashed wall and pinned him there.

"Don't shoke me, Donal Connors," said the ruffian, gasping for breath, as Donal squeezed and twisted his neckerchief. "Unhand me, or be this and be that——"

To relieve the suffocation, he had to part with the weapon, which he flung on the floor. The moment it struck the ground,

the flint touched the steel,—there was a frightful explosion, and the whole kitchen was filled with smoke, as some heavy body fell with a thud upon the hearthstone. But, unheeding this, the two men, now equally matched, struggled desperately for the mastery. Donal Connors had the reputation of being the fiercest fighter and most powerful wrestler in the county, and was reputed a dangerous antagonist when his passions were excited. His adversary now—an equally powerful man—felt he was fighting for his life, and threw into the combat all the energy of desperation. And, when he got his right hand free, he caught Donal by the collar and the blue necktie, and the two men swung around the kitchen—now flung against the settle, now against the door, now dragging each other along the mud floor, which their rough boots had powdered into dust; and again, erect, with white faces and panting breasts, and breathing hotly into each others' mouth the silent hatred and determination that this was to be a death-struggle and nothing less. They were strangely silent, and struck but few blows. At last, swinging round in their death-embrace, they stumbled up toward the fireplace, and here the would-be murderer tripped over some heavy body and fell toward the fire, dragging Donal with him. In an instant the latter was up, and planting his knee so firmly on the ruffian's chest that the ribs seemed to crack beneath the pressure, he tore the black mask from the fellow's eyes, and revealed the face of—*his wife's brother*.

"I thought so, you ruffian;" he cried, "you'll pay dear for this. Nodlag, come here!"

No Nodlag answered; but turning around he saw his father lying senseless across the hearthstone, his legs shattered and splintered by the heavy slugs discharged from the blunderbuss, and the hot blood pumping from the severed arteries, and making a ghastly dark pool in the lamplight.

He rose up at the awful sight, and lifting his hands to Heaven, he shrieked:

"Great God in heaven to-night! Nodlag! Nodlag!"

But Nodlag, like one insane, had fled shrieking into the darkness.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

(To be continued.)

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

The Young Man as a Scientific Discoverer.—Quite a sensation was produced toward the end of February by the announcement that Professor Osler, of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, had declared in a public address that it was the young man who was most precious for the advance of science, and that indeed very few new ideas were ever acquired after forty. At first it was considered that perhaps this declaration was really not Professor Osler's, but due to some exaggeration on the part of the reporter of his remarks. When interviewed on the subject, however, our most distinguished American medical teacher, who is just about to become Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, insisted that he meant exactly what he said, though he did not anticipate that it would create so much of a sensation. He added that, while there are exceptions, they are few and only serve to illustrate the rule. Further, he said that after forty a man can lead a useful life as a citizen and he can make money, but making money is not the great work that tells. The creative mind seems not to care to make money. The work that counts is the essential fermentative vitalizing creation of the mind, and history shows that men under forty have done the best and the largest part, in fact nearly all, of that.

There is no doubt at all that Professor Osler's opinion thus forcibly expressed is confirmed particularly by the history of his own science of medicine, though it is usually the custom to think that it is the old physician who makes progress and stands for what is best in the medical thought of any given period. All the great discoveries in medicine have come from men who were under thirty and most of them under twenty-five years of age. Vesalius, the father of modern anatomy, was not quite thirty years old when he published his famous book on the structure of the human body. Morgagni, the father of modern pathology, as Virchow called him, began his revolutionary work in pathology when

he had not quite attained his majority. Auenbrugger, who laid the earliest foundation of modern physical diagnosis of diseases of the chest, began his work when he was well under twenty-five. Laennec, who continued Auenbrugger's work so fruitfully, made his discovery with regard to the value of auscultation probably before he was graduated, at the age of twenty-two. He spent twelve years in working it out, and his great book was published when he was about thirty-three. Jenner's work on vaccination was done when he was a young man. Long and Morton, with regard to whose precedence in the discovery of anæsthesia there used to be dispute, now settled in favor of Long, were respectively twenty-six and twenty-seven when they did their work. Schwann made his discovery that all tissues were composed of cells when he was scarcely twenty-five. Virchow had begun his work in cellular pathology when he was scarcely older than that.

Of course it might be said that in the earlier days of progress in medicine, so much was still to be discovered that it was comparatively easy for a bright young man to light upon great and hitherto unknown truths. As a matter of fact, however, even in the last half-century, or the last twenty-five years, it is the young man who has made the discoveries in medicine and displayed the greatest originality. Koch, the father of modern bacteriology, was scarcely thirty when he wrote his first important paper on that subject. He was not forty when he discovered the tubercle-bacilli. Behring and Roux, to whom we owe diphtheria-antitoxin, working at the same time in distant countries, were both in their third decade when the work was accomplished. Ramon y Cajal, to whom we owe so much of our modern knowledge of the anatomy of the central nervous system, did his best work while he was still quite a young man; indeed, most of it was done when he was under thirty. Pasteur's great work in his later years was really only the accomplishment of the projects and the carrying out of ideas that had come to him when he was much younger.

It would seem that the most important thing for progress in science is the encouragement of the young man to see things for himself, and not through the eyes or prejudices of his teachers. There seems good reason for thinking that much knowledge in

the shape of information may stifle originality. Just now, when so much is being done to encourage original research, this idea must be constantly kept in mind. Hence Professor Osler's insistence on it, and the good that very probably will result from his declaration,—in spite of the fact that it caused such a storm of protest from the men who are over forty and yet do not feel themselves quite out of the race.

The Coreless Apple.—A few years ago all the world was interested in the seedless orange. Notwithstanding the supposed connection between seeds and that fashionable disease, appendicitis, the seedless orange has ceased to be a nine-days' wonder, so common is it. As a matter of fact, the seed-orange is going out entirely and will be eventually replaced, at least for ordinary dietary purposes, by the navel orange. Now comes the definite announcement that we are to have the seedless or, as its inventor prefers to call it, the coreless apple. We owe the new fruit to a Mr. Spencer, an experimental fruit-farmer in England. After many years of observation and experiment, he has succeeded in developing a blossomless tree. It is doubtful whether the world will ever quite forgive him, if it should prove as the result of his successful experiments that we are to be deprived of all that apple-blossoms mean for the beauty of the springtime. The blossoms on the new fruit-trees are replaced by small clusters of tiny green leaves, which gather round the newly-formed apple. As with the navel or seedless orange, so with the seedless or coreless apple, slightly hardened nodules make their appearance at the most dependent portion of the fruit. The color of the new apple is red, but with yellow dots. Heretofore, though seedless apples have occasionally been produced, it has not been found possible to continue the species. Trees reproduced from the seedless apple did not themselves produce seedless apples. The English experimenter has now, it is said, several thousand trees from which cuttings can be obtained for propagation in all parts of the world.

Mr. Spencer thinks that he can produce many seedless varieties of apples. In fact, he goes so far as to claim that he can take any favorite variety of apple and by proper nurture develop a seedless variety of it. One of the most interesting features of this discovery

is of industrial import. The apple crop suffers severely always when high winds in the springtime strip the trees of many blossoms before there has been any fertilization, and nature's purposes are thwarted. On the other hand, apple-blossoms have certain insect enemies which destroy them very freely at times, with serious results to the crops. One of the most harmful of these is a moth whose ravages cause a loss every year to the apple-growers of the world of £5,000,000. The inventor claims that this \$25,000,000 will be saved to the apple-farmer, because the new apple, having no blossom, will neither invite nor harbor this insect-pest. Some idea of the extensive way in which the problem of introducing the coreless apple has been faced may be gathered from the fact that it is estimated that within the next two years several millions of trees of this variety will have been set out mainly in Great Britain. Even though the new fruit should not prove as savory for eating while raw as the old varieties of apples, it will surely be of immense importance for the preserving industry, and especially for the production of evaporated apples, which form such a common fruit supply during the winter months for the poorer classes.

The Sun and Terrestrial Magnetism.—Mr. Maunder, the Superintendent of the Department of Solar Observation at the well-known English Astronomical and Magnetic Observatory, Greenwich, has been recently making some announcements with regard to the definite details of magnetic disturbances on the earth and their connection with sun-spots. The magnetic storms so called, which disturb the compass, sometimes to a serious extent, often proving such a hindrance to telegraphing and long-distance telephones, are directly connected with the appearance of sun-spots. It has been known for a long time that there was also some connection between these peculiar disturbances on the sun and the manifestations of the aurora here on earth. Now it has been found that there is a definite periodicity in the magnetic storms, and that they occur regularly at intervals of $27\frac{1}{3}$ days after the first manifestation is noted. This is just the time it takes the sun to make a revolution on its axis and consequently to bring the sun-spot back to its previous relative position to the earth. The magnetic storm is apt to be repeated when the sun gets into the same posi-

tion, even though the sun-spot itself has in the meantime disappeared.

Careful measurements and ingenious calculation seem to show that it takes about twenty-six hours for the electrical or magnetic influence that disturbs terrestrial things to travel from the sun to the earth. This is apt to lead to still further knowledge with regard to the nature of various forms of energy that we receive from the sun, and of course points out an even closer relationship than has been so far supposed to exist between very distant parts of the solar system. Astronomical discoveries of the latter times are all of them distinctly tending to prove the unity of the universe and its intimate connection with every other part, notwithstanding the immense spaces that may intervene between celestial bodies.

Radium and Vital Activity.—The disappointment of some of the exaggerated hopes that were raised with regard to the possibilities of radium in the treatment of disease, or, should it rather be said, the failure of unwarranted claims on the part of over-enthusiastic investigators properly to materialize, has given rise to a very general impression that radium will be of no use at all in therapeutics. The wonderful new metal has, however, shown itself to be possessed of some effects that will doubtless make it of value in surgery, especially after more careful investigation has resolved some of the mysteries still remaining as well as the radio-activity most suitable for these purposes.

At one of the closing meetings of the New York Academy of Medicine last year, two conservative observers stated some of the results they had obtained with radium during the past year. They were encouraged to continue the experiments with the metal because of the results on vital action that had been discovered in various biological departments. Seeds, for instance, that have been exposed to the action of radium are distinctly retarded in their growth. The longer the seeds have been exposed to the new metal, the more slowly do they grow. A sufficiently long exposure kills the seeds, although the most careful chemical and microscopic investigation fails to show any change in the interior of the seeds or in the chemical composition. The germinal substance appears to suffer in some of its biological qualities rather

than from any more material standpoint, and life is somehow destroyed without recognizable material change.

The great interest of this observation lies in the fact that, after all, malignant growths in human beings—that is, the tumor formation, which is ordinarily called cancer—partake of the nature of seed material scattered in various portions of the body, which for some unaccountable reason take on new formative purposes toward the close of life. It has long been known that such growths were particularly prone to occur at points where the infolding of tissues in the course of embryonic development not infrequently leaves certain islets of misplaced tissue. Recent investigations in England with regard to the cause of malignant new growths point to the occurrence of a special tendency to the assertion of reproductive qualities somewhat resembling the properties of seeds in certain of the body cells as the basis of neoplasia.

Another very interesting observation with regard to the action of radium on living material has been made in the case of certain of the lower forms of life. If the larvæ or grubs of certain insects be exposed to the action of radium, they are somehow prevented from going through the series of changes known as metamorphoses, which brings the worm into the pupa stage and later into the winged form in which the ova are laid and a new generation begins. Meal worms, for instance, are the larval form of the well-known black beetle, which is found so commonly in houses. If meal worms be exposed to the action of radium, some of them will be killed, although most of them will survive; but instead of completing their normal cycle of development and eventually becoming beetles, and thus continuing the race, they live on, while sister meal worms, unexposed to the action of radium, are completing a life history of several generations. This retardation of the ordinary processes of life and nature forms a very curious bit of evidence as to the power of radium over vital processes.

Certain recent observations then in medicine take on a renewed interest. Warts, for instance, which are after all the form of a new growth not unlike a cancer in many ways, except for the absence of any tendency to infiltrate other tissues, but which may by irritation be roused into an activity that gives them infiltrating power, can be made to disappear by one or two exposures to a

good sample of radium. Certain of the recurrent cancer nodules in the skin along the lines of incision where such malignant growths have been removed can also be made gradually to disappear. Lupus, a form of tuberculosis of the skin, has been treated successfully by radium, in certain cases. The radiations of the metal seem to occupy an intermediate place between the Finsen light and the X-rays. They have been spoken of as a transcendentalized pocket-edition of the X-rays.

Present-Day Evolution.¹—There are many people who would be very glad to know the facts upon which the claims of the theory of evolution, as far as we know anything about it, rest, but who are deterred from studying the subject because of the number of books that it would presumably be necessary to read, or the difficulty that would be encountered in understanding the technical terms which are used in the more ambitious treatises. For those who are anxious to know the present position of biology in this matter, Professor Metcalf's book with its large type, its abundance of illustrations that really illustrate, its absence of technical language, and yet its scientific accuracy and completeness as far as the author wished to go on the subject, would seem to commend this volume as an excellent handbook to a difficult subject.

There is perhaps a tendency to follow traditional teaching too much in stating the significance of certain of the factors of natural selection. Mimicry and protective coloration are given a place of influence that will undoubtedly be lessened in a subsequent edition of the book, for the present trend of biological thought is toward the remaking of these subjects by more modern and more careful observation. His summation of the present position of the two great factors that must be considered to enter into any evolution, viz.—the nature of the organism and the character of the environment in its relation to the organism—is very well done. It is here that the mutations of evolutionary theory serve to show how unsettled is the subject. When Lamarck began modern teaching of evolution, he taught the tendency to evolution as

¹ An Outline of the Theory of Organic Evolution, with a Description of some of the Phenomena which it Explains. By Maynard M. Metcalf, Ph.D., Professor of Biology in the Woman's College of Baltimore. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan and Company, Limited, 1904.

coming from within the organism as if, in a way, the desire to progress led to development. Later came Darwin and Wallace, who insisted that evolution was brought about mainly by forces external to the organism, by natural selection,—that is, by the influence of the natural environment of the living being. A quarter of a century after Darwin, many prominent American biologists considered that the Lamarckian principles were truer to nature than those of pure Darwinism, though certain modifications were suggested and the Neo-Lamarckian school had quite a vogue.

Toward the end of the century came the rediscovery of the work that Mendel had been doing in the fecund obscurity of his monastery garden in Moravia, and then there was a return once more to the thought, so much insisted on by St. George Mivart, that evolution came from within the organism. At the present time, Mendelism occupies the attention of practically all the prominent workers in biology throughout the world, and as a consequence natural selection has come to be looked upon as a secondary factor in evolution. It is the realization of these successive phases of evolutionary thought—although each special school of evolutionists claims to have ultimate truth—that makes so apt the title of Father John Gerard's book, *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*.

In striking the balance between the influence of environment and the internal tendency of the organism to develop, Professor Metcalf says:

“There are two great factors in the processes of organic evolution—first, the nature of the organism; and, second, the character of the environment and its relation to the organism. Of the latter, the character of the environment and its relation to the organism through the struggle for existence and in other ways, we know much. Of the intimate nature of the organism, however, we as yet know but little. We do not even know whether the life processes are conducted in accordance with the ordinary principles of chemistry and physics, or in conformity to some more subtle ‘vital’ principles. There are many questions which we are unable to answer because we do not understand the intimate nature of living things. Are there inherent tendencies in the organism, leading it to evolve in certain directions rather than

in others, as St. George Mivart contended, or is its evolution controlled by the needs created by the character of the environment? Such questions are as yet beyond our ken, and we have no present prospect of soon being able to answer them. It is possible that our knowledge of evolution may very materially advance when our knowledge of life processes of living things becomes more intimate."

OUR CRITIC.

South European Catholics There and Here. — Palermo lately received her new archbishop. "It was a touching sight,—the interior of the cathedral that day. The entire floor, filled with artisans, men who earn their living, and a scanty one as a rule, by their daily labor, and all so orderly, self-respecting, brothers of Christ, and of the highest in the Church. And their little boys, from five to fifteen! There they were standing on the costly inlaid altar-rails, perched high on the top of the confessional-boxes, clinging to saints and angels wherever they could find a place to see over the heads of their elders. Many of these were far from washed and combed for the occasion. Their boots and shoes were white with dust or mud. No one rebuked them. One thought of 'Suffer them, forbid them not, of such is the kingdom.'"

So we read once more in one who writes, if not with home-longings for the Catholic Church, yet with eyes to discern its deep-veined humanity.

And we recall an archbishop of another sort, the Anglican Archbishop Benson, after a ceremony in Bristol Cathedral: "Nevertheless, in the working crowds outside I do not (I sadly confess) recognize *sympathy*. They look at it as if we belonged to a nice and (on the whole) satisfactory order of things, but an order of things which is not *theirs*. Abroad, the cathedrals belong apparently to the *poor*; the greater the churches the more the poor seem to use them. Not so here. I yearn for that sight."¹

Such a sight he might have seen when Bristol was Catholic, even as he saw it at such cathedrals to-day as Palermo,—odious as their actual Catholicism seemed to him. "And their eyes were holden, that they should not know Him."

¹ *Life*, Vol. II, p. 637.

But we have another word,—to the wise among ourselves. The sympathetic lady of the Unitarian *Christian Register* is quoted as above,—in a Catholic paper of our country; but without a word to suggest our living in glass houses. Strange! This “touching” sight, artisans in their work-a-day clothes, and their children, so much at home in the church. *Ecco bello*,—even if too much at home in their Father’s House. And then we throw our stones,—not too strongly; but we throw them,—and not against ourselves, with our (perhaps necessary) pews and churches often closed to the poor, but against Protestants whose churches have as much (and as little) of Sicily’s “touching sight” as our own in this country. With no carping spirit, but with charity, we must all be ready to ask how far we offend and put stumbling-blocks in the way of the little ones that come to us, the illiterate, the narrowly prejudiced, the unreasoning—what you will; yet children of the Church, unused to our commonplace, our materialism, our individualism, to our methods good and bad; shocked, scandalized, or frozen by our lack of sympathy, by what less of our own narrowness would make us to look on as offensive and in nowise Catholic, even if just tolerable *hic et nunc*.

A Novelist and the Church.—Nor must we again sin by omitting our difficulties, if we will not fall into the more deadly danger of a content that is dull. Mr. Thomas Hardy has now stated that, far from wishing ill to the Church, he often wishes he had been born into her in the Middle Ages, when, he says, everybody believed and was happy. So several Catholic papers have quoted him. They stopped short, and did not continue his words, which added, that reason must have its claims allowed, and that history and geology now block the way to belief.

Why is it any use noting all his words? Because it is well to see things as they are. “Things are as they are; and their consequences will be as they will be; why then should we wish to be deceived?” If we do not understand disbelief, such as in Mr. Hardy’s wish to believe, we shall never, by the human means we are bid use, persuade it to consider yet once again. Of what use is it preaching the beauty of *Le Génie du Christianisme* to a man who feels that as much or more than you do? What troubles him is that you contradict facts of geology, while murmuring

aside that truth cannot contradict truth; and that you ignore history and seem to him to have fenced in a garden, and roofed a house, and called them the world and all the aeons. Do we not teach and preach often as if the world had been the people of the "Old Law" and those of the Christian dispensation; under the former of which always but a handful of men existed, as for a long time also under the latter? This is what really troubles men; not that the Christian Church does not seem to them admirable, but that we seem to them to pass along unthinking, unknowing, happy it may be, but helpless to guide and steady the unhappy, whose solid-bodied troubles seem to us only spectres of the imagination. We may not be able to put everything in its place; but, to be blind to the confusion around, is not to recommend ourselves to those who have had to battle through it, or are there struggling in the realities still. Three ways there are of facing such difficulties to faith: ignore them, and so be useless to others; be overwhelmed by them, and so, to your own ruin, refuse to admit what can be seen for our guidance, though so much be in darkness; and lastly, accept the light vouchsafed, and work by it, ignoring nothing, admitting no delusions; if not satisfied, yet submissive, wondering at the permission of evil, yet not wearying men by futile attempts to explain it away; seeing in the beauty of religion, in its effects, proofs of what we try to figure to ourselves in the Divine, while acknowledging that the history and the geology on which for generations we insisted are well calculated to make an honest mind put himself toward us in a state of defence and resistance. Little wonder that, as one more theological writer² confesses, young men of intelligence have their confidence shaken, when they find that "many old systems and opinions are incompatible with indisputable knowledge." To be sure, Faith may tell them that "any beliefs hopelessly in conflict with scientific truth, whatever dignity they may have arrogated to themselves, are no teaching of the infallible Church;" but they must have a healthy power of drawing mental distinctions, when authorized books have been teaching them, by authorized teachers, that it is quite easy to trace each family's descent from our Lord's day to Adam; that the Bible has the oldest historical record of men in

² Dr. James Fox, *The Catholic World*, February, 1905.

the world ; and when, to find out the evil deeds of Christians and Catholics, they have to go outside authorized books, and first learn two sides of history from the mouths of enemies, into which we have put all the power of bitter truths, to be used, thanks to us, against the Truth, and for the keeping away of honest minds, mayhap, who could approach it.

We have only to read the introduction to Deharbe's Catechism to know how shamefully true is what has here been said.

Some passages of warning and guiding we will note,—for the clergy, and even for the children. For one, or for the other, to cut one's self off, says the Franciscan Father Alphonsus, from the main current of intelligent life may be a remedy for some to preserve their faith ; but to assert this as a principle of life, is to preach intellectual suicide. And we must know, as St. Jerome knew, in words adopted by Leo XIII, that, while the Bible is inspired in all its parts, yet, "many things are said there, according to the opinion of those times, and not according to the truth of facts." The following are the passages :

(a) "In the interests of piety itself, the Bible must be studied scientifically like any other object of human knowledge. Edification must rest ultimately on Truth. . . . One after another, positions [of traditionary interpretation] which were deemed vital, were given up. . . . The concessions were made slowly, grudgingly, but they were made ; and as St. Augustine had said, 'Whatever they can demonstrate to be true of physical nature, we must show to be capable of reconciliation with our Scriptures,' the latter were read afresh, and found capable of new and scientific meanings."³

(b) "Catholic children were taught a certain amount of Bible History, but it was almost always out of text-books. . . . The constant repetition in all the French manuals⁴ of statements about the age of the world and other matters, which no educated theologian now maintains, must involve for the pupils grave danger, when . . . they will find one set of statements to be quite untenable, and will, therefore, be placed in obvious risk of doubting the other statements also." (Costelloe : *The Reading of the Scriptures*, English Catholic Truth Society ; id.)

³ Father Hogan : *Clerical Studies*, p. 471.

⁴ Deharbe's Catechism is not French.

Anglicans and Church Music.—It rejoices anyone to read another recommendation of Dickinson's *History of Music in the Western Church*, and of the need we are in, of turning, for sound of "service high and anthem clear," to other Protestants, the Anglicans, whose men and boy singers it was that dissolved Milton's soul into ecstasies, and brought all heaven before his eyes. Boys not sing well! Boys not have pure bell-like tone, ringing, soaring! And not be capable of being trained! Go into any cathedral in England, and hear the choirs, those admirable upholders of the Catholic tradition we have lost, often living their artistically or religiously beneficent existence on old Catholic foundations, singing the same response music in St. Paul's to-day as in old St. Paul's before the Reformation. In that fifteenth and sixteenth century in England was there not a most noble school of English church music, glory of the country, as well as was its architecture? Were not Tallis and Byrd Catholic composers? Are not the Latin originals of much of Tallis' music now being recovered and sung? Did not Byrd fly from old St. Paul's where he was organist, when the first Protestant bishop, Ridley, broke down the altars? Do we not read of Byrd at a lone country house taking refuge, with two Jesuits, and the faithful lord of the manor and his family, and there singing the offices of Holy Week to the divine chant silenced publicly in those Elizabethan dark ages of the Church's art? And who now forgets it; who despises it? Not the sons of the first wreckers of its noble tradition.

But, that boys cannot sing! There is one great Catholic Church to astonish those thus talking wildly in their ignorance,—Westminster Catholic Cathedral, with perhaps the best singing of any church in the world.

America and Saints.—"Such servants of God are rare in the United States,"—Cardinal Steinhuber is quoted, by a contented American publication, which cheerfully suggests Father Hecker as a candidate, as a hopeful saint. But, let us consider this matter more curiously, and we shall see, with that Brook Farm idealist, and well-detached religious, that indeed the civilization that spells comfort makes not saints, nor yet artists, nor heroes. We have heroes; but they have not merely lain in the lilies and roses of

life; they have been, if you will, despisers of the common good, men who fail, as our civilization—whose worse usurps its better part—would say. Let us not laugh, nor even be self-satisfied, much less scornful, if our hearts are cold to saintly extravagance, and if in Italy saints can live and be loved. It is we, not they, must change, if we are to rise above “the good, enemy of the best,” and much more, in soul, as in mind and in heart, above that which *uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine*.

Assassins.—What fatuity there is in urging Russia to have some such state of things as we have in the Western world! And then there will be no more assassinations. Though more Presidents have been assassinated than Czars. Though the murderer of Mr. McKinley said that he too did the deed “for the sake of the good people,” for the poor, for the suffering.

So Robespierre proscribed, and Marat purged France of those thought to be in the way of the great regeneration, the Jacobin millennium, in which the sufferings of all men for countless years were declared to be but just, if by that means the rights of humanity could be established.

And meantime the Ten Commandments? With monstrous revolutionary sentimentality, there are introduced to us dear, nice, quiet Russians who are to write to us on the end of humanity, justifying the means of assassination of human beings, and to persuade us that a good deal of the breaking of the Commandment against murder may help us on our lawful way.

It is the old story by which we justify divorce,—for the sake of the suffering class of persecuted spouses; and lynchings because of victims, real and imagined, who excite our special commiseration. But, Lord! as Mr. Sam. Pepys used to conclude, to see how mightily mankind do differ, according as the wicked murder our own kings and kin, or those of other men.

Church Music and Church Latin.—The Bishop of Verdun, in France, has addressed his clergy reminding them that for some time past, as in other higher seminaries, so in his, a Benedictine expert has been giving lessons in the practice and theory of plain chant; and with great success. The old common and dreadful French hammering out of mutilated chant texts must disappear, and with it the French pronunciation of Latin—the nasals, the *j*

and the *u*; these last must be *y* and *ou*. This truer new-old pronunciation the Bishop makes obligatory in his seminaries. So does the Bishop of Soissons. Above all, tonic syllables must be stressed, so that French Latin speakers be no longer unintelligible to Italians and others, "committing short and long." M. l'Abbé Ragon, a professor of the Paris Catholic Institute or University, writes, *à propos* of all this, in *l'Enseignement chrétien* (1^{er} février, 1905), noting that though the faulty pronunciation had been given up in theory, yet it had been kept, commonly, in practice. Even so in England, whose university books give the pronunciation, as far as may be, of Cicero, while English youth still commit their barbarism of modern English vowels applied to Latin. M. Ragon makes his French confession honestly: "It is we French who are wrong. With our stay-at-home habits, and our craze of thinking everything outlandish that is not of our land, we go on laughing at the way an Italian, a Spaniard, or a German pronounces Latin, though it is we who are queer and ridiculous; every civilized nation (except perhaps England) shrugging its shoulders at hearing Latin pronounced by a Frenchman. . . . French bishops at the Vatican Council had almost to stay silent,—without the means even of understanding the other bishops."

So, for him, as for all the world, *j*=*y*, *u*=*ou*, and long syllables are long. This much first; and the rest,—the always hard sounds of *c*, *g*, and *t*,—will come later. Of course, as M. l'Abbé Rousset, another professor in Paris, writes in *la Revue du Clergé français* (1^{er} Janvier, 1905): "The way the Latins transcribed the Greek *h* is sufficient,—they represented it by their *c*. So, read *Cicero*=*Kikero*, *natio*=*na-t-io*, as in *natus*."

To the half cultured the unfamiliar will, of course, be always affected or silly-sounding.

"Enthusiasm" and "Fanaticism."—The unfamiliar use of the former of these words for the latter has been puzzling reviewers of *Sidney Smith*, the last volume of Macmillan's "English Men of Letters." Not that they know they are puzzled. It is surprising, however, to read a London *Times* review quite shocked at the cold-hearted canon of St. Paul's and his denunciation of "enthusiasm"; by which, of course, his Whiggery meant the

fanaticism—the unestablished, unauthorized, but not unnatural nor all unwise fanaticism—of Methodism and Revivals.

"Roman Catholic News" from France.—It is striking to see a long line of French bishops' portraits; now when readers are hearing of the French Church tossed and seeking brave pilots. But who played a hoax on the *Literary Digest* to send it a photograph of Archbishop Fabre of Montreal for "Bishop Fabre of St. Denis"? Mgr. Fabre, here represented as living, is dead. Montreal was his see. St. Denis neither is nor was the see of any man. There is, in all France, no such see as St. Denis.

The hoax on the paper or on the readers goes further. A type of fighting prelate of some fifty winters represents Cardinal Richard, who, in his proper person, is nearing double that age, gentle, courteous, frail; as like the *Literary Digest's* "Cardinal Richard" as the poet Whittier was to President Roosevelt, or Pope Leo XIII to Prince Bismarck.

"Roman Catholic News" from Germany.—The careful and accurate information from France makes one suspicious as to the German, who finds, according to the same issue of our American weekly, that celibacy accounts for lack of candidates for the priesthood. Yet such a reason must sound strange to heads of religious bodies whose ministers marry, and from whose ministry so many, in continually increasing proportion, are now shrinking; whose married ministers even, in increasing numbers, are giving up their profession.

Perhaps a truer word is that of an Anglican celibate, that the more self-sacrifice you have in a religious service of God, the more the souls that are worthy will enter it.

Studies and Conferences.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

Views of a Priest-Graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

Editor of THE DOLPHIN.

REVEREND DEAR SIR:—Let me offer a few words upon my friend Professor Stockley's two articles on this burning topic, which is certainly full of instructive lessons for American Catholics, and may not come amiss from one of the very few graduates of Trinity College who have entered the ranks of the Catholic clergy. I may say at the outset that the Irish Catholic Bishops have undertaken a grave responsibility by their attack on Sir John Nutting's offer to provide Entrance Scholarships which would, in practice, place ambitious boys from Catholic Colleges on something of an equal footing with those from favored Protestant schools. I, for one, do not believe that there was any collusion between Sir John Nutting and the Board of Trinity College further than the collusion between a generous mind and a liberalizing body.

It is well-known that Catholic youths were handicapped, in the matter of money at least, by the lack of Entrance Exhibitions such as are tenable in Trinity from Royal and Erasmus Smith Schools; and it was to level matters up for the Catholics that Sir John Nutting's offer was primarily and principally made. If there was any "bribe" about the matter, it was made solely in the belief—surely not an ignoble one—that gold for genius, to quote an expression of Sheil's, has always and everywhere a magnetizing power. The only avenue to a lessening of the usual pension lay through the winning of a scholarship, and in this connection I may state that, long before the revival of Irish in Ireland, Trinity College was the only place in the country which gave an Irish boy the chance of a liberal education on the mere strength of the Irish language alone.

But this handicapping of a Catholic student was confined to the lack of an Entrance Exhibition. Once within the walls, there was an absolute absence of anything like unfair play. Merit, and merit alone, was the only ladder of collegiate distinction. I retain with a green memory a sense of the complete fairness of my Alma Mater. To conjure back the iniquities of other days when, for example, a scholar-

ship was submitted to certain doctrinal "tests," is as worn and as deplorable an argument as to import into the discussion of a modern Land Act the cruel feelings and crimson wrongs of vanished years.

It is a strange thing that the "proselytizing tendencies" of Trinity College were not exploited for the past thirty years or, at all events, that the stereotyped protests of the Irish Hierarchy were mainly levelled against the creedless colleges of Cork, Belfast, and Galway. The chequered career of these institutions may have more than justified the Bishops' traditional attitude; but Trinity College is a fact of Irish life which scarcely admits present compromise as well as past censure.

I have never heard a student complain that his faith had been tampered with or mocked at; and any tokens to the contrary have been limited either to peculiarly constructed individuals or to the jettison of juvenile minds. No university holds itself responsible for individual opinions, provided they are not delivered *ex cathedra*.

It has been said *ad nauseam* that the influence and atmosphere of Trinity are Protestant. Of course. No one denies it. But is not the atmosphere of Dublin city Catholic? Are the influences of Catholic training so ephemeral as to fade away at a few whiffs of heretical air? The priests and the sanctuaries of the city are all around; there are learned Jesuits and eloquent Dominicans and assiduous "seculars" to whom the freest of access is not denied; and the Catholic student, who is unable to maintain the faith of his fathers for four years in a Catholic city among Catholic friends, must be very poorly "grounded" by his clerical preceptors, or is an indifferentist at heart.

I venture to say that the "faith and morals" of an average Trinity student were as good as the faith and morals of an ordinary student of the Cecilia Street Medical School, which was the only faculty that survived the *débacle* of the "Catholic University of Ireland." When, by the way, was any religious instruction afforded—I am speaking of twenty years ago—to the vast body of students that attended the medical lectures at Cecilia Street? What attempt was made to organize into a Catholic Association—as is laudably done in the American Universities—the Catholic students of Trinity whose faith was supposed to have been in such imminent peril? The Catholic students of Dublin—Trinity and non-Trinity—were left wholly to themselves, a state of things which, I understand, has been partially remedied of late years,—a state of things which Trinity at all events, by its latest proposals, is more than willing to ameliorate.

Of course remedies of this kind are always in the nature of compromises,—*mais que veut-on?* There are only three possible solutions of this University question;—one of these has been jilted, another is cold-shouldered; but the third is “in possession.” The prospect of a purely Catholic University has been dashed by the Tory Government; the prospect of reviving such a one by subscriptions from the people is thin and bleak, especially in the light of a previous failure. The foundation of a Catholic College within the University of Dublin—“to be as Catholic as Trinity is Protestant”—whilst admissible within the charter, is a scheme that would start a second college at this time of day in a very uneven race.

The third solution, to make the most of a broadened and reformed Trinity, to make T. C. D. a truly national centre by filling it as far as possible with Catholic students (and hence in due time with Catholic Fellows) is the scheme that fails to find acceptance with the Catholic Hierarchy. The episcopal ban has been placed on this third scheme, after the bishops have failed to realize either of the other two. The result is a deadlock. The Tories have flouted the bishops; the bishops are flouting Trinity. It is curious, by the way, that no body of Catholic laymen has ever taken the *initiative* in this matter of Irish university education. The bishops alone have mooted this question, year in and year out,—although, in doing so, they have always been politically unfortunate. What the next Liberal Government may do is uncertain; what the future may bring is “on the knees of the gods.” I will only say that a policy that, instead of severing, would draw together the young minds of Irishmen, in the silver bonds of intellect and sympathy, would not only solve the question of University Education, but the larger question of National Government for their common country.

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ANOTHER VERSION OF THE “DIES IRAE.”

We have received from the Saint Louis University a copy of its monthly publication, the *Fleur de Lis* (November, 1902), containing a version (signed “J. A. C.”) of the Hymn in trochaic 7s, from which we here quote stanzas VII—X.

What shall I, poor culprit, say,
To what patron shall I pray,
When the just are in dismay ?

King of awful majesty,
Saving those who saved will be,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me.

Loving Jesus, think I pray,
That I caused Thy thorny way ;
Let me not be lost that day.

Thou satst wearied seeking me,
By Thy cross Thou ransomedst me :
Let not vain such labor be.

The felicitous fidelity of the version will be apparent on comparison with the Latin text of these stanzas, as discussed in this issue of THE DOLPHIN by Mr. Warren and Dr. Henry.

HOME TRAINING AND SCHOOL.

Dear Editor :—I have read with much interest A. A. McGinley's article on the Boston Conference of Christian Educators, and am impressed with the writer's plea for the training of parents and child in the home ; at least, so I read his contention.

That is a point upon which very little stress seems to have been laid by those who have pushed the question of parochial-school education as a vital necessity of our moral existence, and the preservation of religious faith amongst us. I have witnessed time and again the spectacle of Catholic children in the circle of Protestants of the same or similar social stage, exhibiting a decidedly inferior training, in not only the general observance of politeness, but in the signs that make for the development of character, which the school is supposed to form. It is not merely our boast, but, as I am convinced, also our aim, to give to our children through the Catholic school those habits of virtue which a mental training and discipline in the common schools cannot by itself give, and we call the former the education of the heart and mind, that is, of the whole man, as distinguished from instruction, which reaches only the intellect and the externals of manners. If, then, a Catholic child, trained under the Sisters' eyes, shows itself greedy, vulgar, or thoughtless about the feelings of its companions,

whereas the Protestant child, coming from the public school, often shows a decidedly superior habit of moderation, you will say that the superiority of the latter is *merely external*. But then where are the habits of the child trained in the Catholic school? If they are not external (I am not speaking of the many Catholic children who are well behaved, because they have both home and school training in the same direction), where are they? They can hardly be within, since the child is apt to show readily what is in him. What then is the result of Catholic training in so many instances where our children are markedly inferior in respect for their parents and in general external behavior, such as truthfulness, kindness toward other living creatures, cleanliness, order, and taste? Can any of our educators answer this question without begging it, or shirking the main point by denying what anybody may see if he frequents our middle-class homes, or those whose owners have earned much money, and built homes with their early manners and late acquisitions? I assume the fault is in the *home*. Have we no remedy for this deficiency of home training, and must we wait for the Citizens' Christian Settlement Association to give it to our Catholic people, or has the Church made provision for training Catholic mothers and fathers outside the school? It seems a topic worth amply discussing in THE DOLPHIN.

A CATHOLIC FATHER.

A "NON-SECTARIAN HISTORY."

Rev. Dear Sir:—A subscription-agent for a work entitled "The History of North America," which is to be completed in 20 volumes, left with me some advertising matter, from which I learn that the editor-in-chief of the work is Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., assisted by "twenty distinguished scholars" who are to write the volumes, and are to be assisted "by a Board of forty College Presidents, forty Professors, and many Men of Affairs." The work is to be "non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-sectional"; in evidence whereof, no doubt, a supplementary broad-sheet gives the names of prominent Catholic subscribers, etc. The "Editorial Board" includes the Rev. Edward H. Welch, S.J., of Georgetown College, Condé B. Pallen, Esq., J. F. Edwards, Ph.D., of Notre Dame University; while the "Board of Exclusion and Inclusion" includes the Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S.J., President of Georgetown College, and the Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D., of the Catholic University.

Under such auspices, I have no doubt that the work will prove of great value from a Catholic standpoint ; and my purpose in addressing you on the subject is to learn, if possible, just what part the Catholic gentlemen I have mentioned have taken in the preparation of the work,—how far their advice ran and was followed, what subjects of treatments they succeeded in “excluding” or “including,” whether or not they were permitted to revise, in any volume, offensive statement or style of presentation (I mean, of course, offensive from a Catholic point of view), etc. My desire to learn something of such matters arises from the fact that prominent Catholic scholars are prominently advertised to prospective Catholic subscribers, who will depend on such names to authenticate the claim that the History is to be “non-sectarian”; and I am led to address you on the subject because, on examining the first volume of the work (“Discovery and Exploration”), I find statements and language which I think a Catholic might fairly object to. I will instance the following :—

I. On page 437 of Vol. I, I read :

“During the third quarter of the sixteenth century, Spain, inflated by the wealth which she drew from the West Indies, was the incubus of Europe. The gloomy Philip was the incarnation of intolerant and narrowing conservatism. Spanish ascendancy in European affairs was fatal to the humanizing and broadening spirit which emanated from the Renaissance and the Reformation ; or it would have been, were it not that these influences were endued with the imperishable vitality which marks all movements of epochal evolution.”

Evidently the writer assumes that his readers may be Protestant, Indifferentist, Agnostic, Infidel—anything but Catholic, or he would not have made so many cool assumptions in the paragraph. The “narrowing conservatism” was the Catholicity of the centuries ; the “humanizing and broadening spirit,” etc., was the Protestantism of the century. “Intolerance” was the ear-mark of the age, equally prominent in England and Spain.

II. The author continues :

“The spirit of the age impelled the Netherlands to resist, and England to attack, the life-destroying ponderancy of Spain. Sir John Hawkins, by his voyages, pointed out the way by which England could make the attack with most advantage to herself and weakening effect upon Castile.”

The “attack” made by England was not of a heroic kind. England was at peace with Spain. Hawkins, who has the unenviable place in history of being the first Englishman to engage in the horrible slave-trade, carried on the “attack” in this wise : “The Spanish

government," says a recent Protestant historian,¹ "disapproved of slave-trading, and only allowed negroes to be imported into the American colonies in small numbers, by favored traders, and on payment of a heavy duty. It was well known that the Spanish colonists in the West Indies, Mexico, and South America were eager to buy slaves, whether their home government approved it or not, and that negroes would probably bring a good price and find ready sale if brought there. In 1562, John Hawkins of Plymouth, with another captain, fitted out three vessels, sailed away to the coast of Sierra Leone, captured or bought about three hundred negroes, and then made their way to the Spanish colony of St. Domingo, into which they pretended to have been driven by stress of weather. The governor, in spite of orders from home, made but slight resistance to the English adventurer's proposal to sell some of the negroes to obtain money to pay his expenses, and eventually Hawkins disposed of most of his wretched cargo, bought some hides, and returned to England. The Spanish government protested against this action and forbade its repetition. The king of Spain, in addition to his opposition to the trade in negro slaves, wanted no intrusion of English traders into the Spanish colonies. Nevertheless Hawkins was soon again on the coast of Africa and then in the West Indies with some hundreds of negroes, and by threatening the governors with small military guards at various Spanish ports he again disposed of his slaves. So in voyage after voyage, in some of which members of the queen's council and even the queen herself invested money, Hawkins and other English traders pursued their odious trade,—kidnapping African negroes and then forcing their way into the Spanish colonies and finding a profitable market for their wares."

This was the "attack" made by England on the "ponderancy" of Spain. Both nations were at peace. Elizabeth, fearing to attack openly, put money into slave-trading enterprises, against the policy of Spain in restricting and disapproving of such a heartless business.

III. Next we come to Sir Francis Drake, whom Hawkins aided in the progress of the "attack" by a solid training for such a business of pure piracy as Drake engaged in. I quote again from the "non-sectarian" History (p. 438):

"Hawkins had contented himself by making gain in his slave-dealing exploits; but every year Protestant England became more exasperated by the cruel tyrannies

¹ Cheney: *A Short History of England*, p. 355.

of Philip, especially by his treatment of the Netherlanders. Queen Elizabeth, though nominally at peace with Spain, could not in humanity forbear to render that stricken people some assistance; consequently, she looked with more than lenity upon the piratical operations by means of which Francis Drake replenished her treasure and caused the galleons of Spain to reach their harbors with empty hulls. While on one of these buccaneering expeditions he crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and beholding the Pacific, and at the same time the city of Panama, the emporium of Spanish wealth, he was seized with a desire to explore that great ocean, and doubted not but that means would be found to make the expedition profitable. He laid this project before Elizabeth and the statesmen of England, who in private gave it their sanction, and on the 13th of December, 1577, Drake set sail from Plymouth with four ships and a pinnace."

He gathered great booty from the undefended and unsuspecting ports of Chili and Peru, and returned, a great hero, to England.

All this is too naïvely put by our author. Elizabeth was exasperated by Philip's cruel treatment of the Netherlanders. She would have revenge, not by openly assailing the power of Spain, but secretly, through the piracy of Drake, filling her empty treasury with the gold and silver of Spanish galleons! "It is to laugh."

Our author gives us a full-page illustration of the heroic Drake, from Holland's *Heroologia Anglica*; also the title-page, in fac-simile, of an account of the hero, by "Philip Nichols, Preacher," who in the title-page, and at the very head of it, writes: "Sir Francis Drake. Revised. Calling upon this Dull or Effeminate Age, to folowe his Noble Steps for Golde & Silver." They were noble steps for noble objects!

One more quotation from the Protestant Professor Cheney, which will serve as comment here: "There was no war between England and Spain, but the Spaniards were Catholics and the English were Protestants, and enough excuse for hostility was found in that fact. Most of the seamen from the English trading towns were Puritans, and in the bitter religious hatred of those days believed that in fighting against Catholics they were attacking the enemies of God. The Catholics, on the other hand, looked upon the Protestant English as little better than heathen." Speaking of Drake, Professor Cheney says (p. 358): "He returned to England loaded with booty, having captured a Spanish treasure-ship on the way home. This was piracy pure and simple; but the easy conscience and shrewd diplomacy of Elizabeth approved rather than condoned, and she laughed with the rest of England at the exploit, shared the booty, and put off the Spanish ambassador with fair words."

I am wondering how Professor Cheney, in his *Short History of England*, has found space for the large measure of enlightening and fair-minded statement in a matter on which the volume of our "non-sectarian" History is so brief and so biased. The volume is sufficiently obese to have been fairer in treating the "expeditions" and "explorations" of Drake. It has plenty of room for assaults on Spain, on Philip, on Catholicity; for apologies for Elizabeth's condoning of underhand attacks on a nation with which England was at peace, of piracy and of slave-trading from which she profited in booty. Elizabeth, without religious conviction, appears a champion of the suffering Protestantism of the Netherlands; she "could not in humanity forbear to render the stricken people some assistance;" and "consequently," as the History so naively puts it, welcomed the piracy which filled her treasury.

IV.—Our "non-sectarian" History condenses the lurid account given by Parkman of the slaughter of the French by the Spaniards at Fort Caroline. But a volume dealing with "Discovery and Exploration" should spend a little effort in giving as correct an account as possible. Let me quote. On p. 437 I read that Menendez

"was commissioned by the Spanish king to conquer Florida, to which country Philip II did not question but that he held title. It had been invaded by French heretics; therefore, the expedition of Menendez was regarded as a sanctified crusade. The main events of the story may be briefly told—and, indeed, it was not a narrative pleasant to dwell upon. The Spanish commander marched overland, and surprised Fort Caroline while Ribault was absent. Men, women and children were butchered in one indescribable hour of carnage which engulfed the settlement."

In Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, I read (p. 272, Vol. II): "When Menendez came up with the main body, his men were slaughtering the French. . . . The women and children under the age of fifteen, were, by order of the commander (Menendez) spared." Why could not our "non-sectarian" History note such an important fact? Was it not our "Hell-roaring Jake" who in the Philippines, in these our own days, issued an order to spare no boys over ten years, from slaughter? Menendez, at least, made the limit fifteen.

Our historian continues:

"In retaliation, Ribault planned to attack the Spaniards at St. Augustine. But his ships were driven ashore by a hurricane, and the Frenchmen were at Menendez's mercy. By perfidious promises of safe conduct, he drew Ribault and his people to surrender themselves."

—and then, after some deliberation, killed them. Now Winsor's History quotes the accounts of Mendoza and Solis, as well as Menendez himself, showing that no such promise of safe conduct was given, however much it may have been surmised by the French (p. 275).

Our historian says that Menendez placed a legend where the French had been killed: "Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." Even Parkman admits that no eye-witness attests this; and in Winsor's History (p. 272), I read: "The Spanish accounts, written with too strong a conviction of the propriety of their course to seek any subterfuge, make no allusion to any such act; and the earliest French accounts are silent in regard to it. The charge first occurs in a statement written with an evident design to rouse public indignation in France, and not, therefore, to be deemed absolutely accurate. No quarter was given (to the French Fort Caroline), for the French were regarded as pirates; and as the French cruisers gave none, these, who were considered as of the same class, received none." Now, why could not our non-sectarian History note something of all this? Speaking of the Ribault affair, John Gilmary Shea, who contributed to Winsor's History the chapter on Florida, remarks (p. 275): that all but sixteen of Ribault's men (these professing themselves Catholic) were "put to death in cold blood—as ruthlessly as the French ten years before, had despatched their prisoners amid the smoking ruins of Havana, and, like them, in the name of religion." A footnote here says: "Jacques de Sorie, in 1555, at Havana, after pledging his word to spare the lives of the Spaniards who surrendered, put them and his Portuguese prisoners to death; negroes he hung up and shot while still alive."² Priests, especially those of the religious orders, met no mercy at the hands of the French cruisers at this period, the most atrocious case being that of the Portuguese Jesuit Father Ignatius Azavedo, captured by the French on his way to Brazil with thirty-nine missionary companions, all of whom were put to death, in 1570. In all of my reading, I find no case where the French in Spanish waters then gave quarters to Spaniards, except in hope of large ransom. Two of the vessels found at Caroline were Spanish, loaded with sugar and hides, captured near Yaguana by the French, who threw all the crew overboard; and Gourgues, on reaching Florida, had two barks, evidently captured from the Spaniards, as to the fate of whose occupants his eulogists preserve a discreet silence."

² *Relacion de Diego de Mazariegos, MS.*; Letter of Bishop Sarmiento in *Coleccion de documentos inéditos*, v. 555.

Now, Mr. Editor, does not this "non-sectarian" History, so prominently patronized by Catholic names, need some revision? I am willing to believe that the prominent names of Catholic scholars advertised as on the various Boards of its editorial management, are guarantees of some favorable treatment of Catholic interests in some of the succeeding volumes. But what I should very much like to know is, just to what extent, and in what precise way, their semi-editorial functions were exercised. As their names are so prominently advertised in connection with the work, I think I may fairly ask such questions.

INQUIRER.

"MY HOUR IS NOT YET COME."

Editor of THE DOLPHIN:

"Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" (*From St. Luke 2: 42-52. Gospel of First Sunday after Epiphany.*)

"My hour is not yet come." (*From St. John 2: 1-11. Gospel of Second Sunday after Epiphany.*)

In your March issue you state that "the meaning of the [latter] phrase is precisely the opposite of what it seems to be."

The meaning of the first Gospel (of the Finding in the Temple), quoted above, certainly seems to be that our Divine Lord at a word of gentle remonstrance from His Mother deferred "His Father's business"—put it aside for eighteen mysterious years.

To the tender reproach of His Blessed Mother, "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing," Jesus answered, "How is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

This is not petulant, but it is human. Youth, divinely docile, restrained by maturity and authority, divinely beloved. Yet is the irrepressible note of disappointment there; the wistful regret; the "last, long-lingering look" of desire as the eager Boy turned and "went down with them, and came to Nazareth and was subject to them. . . . And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men."

How divinely human is this. We find nothing shocking, nothing inconsistent, nothing incongruous in this Boy of twelve obeying His Mother. Somehow we do not consult Arabic versions to explain away the meaning of this heart-moving human scene. And yet, as concerns His Divinity, Jesus was as truly God at twelve years old as at thirty.

And the meaning of the second Gospel, quoted above, seems as certainly to be this :

Jesus had been baptized. John had borne witness to Him. He had gathered a few disciples about Him, and now He was meditating the manner and place of "manifesting His glory"—of announcing His Person and His office and showing forth by some conspicuous miracle that He was indeed "the Christ," the anointed Messiah.

These were the conditions : electric, pulsating with mighty things to be ; when lo ! (wonderful magnet of the domestic circle that can deflect these high purposes)—"The third day there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited, and His disciples, to the marriage."

It is remarkable how the Evangelist in these three or four short phrases conveys very clearly that the Mother is the important guest ; that Jesus is invited only on her account, because He is her Son and an inmate of her house ; and also, that the disciples are asked, by the conventions of the inclusive and hospitable Oriental etiquette.

"And the wine failing." Certainly it is not an improbable inference that the unexpected augmentation of the number of guests by the coming of the disciples whom Jesus had gathered about Him in the two preceding days, may have been the cause of the wine failing, and an additional warrant for the request of the Mother of Jesus.

"And the wine failing, the mother of Jesus saith to Him : They have no wine. And Jesus saith to her : Woman, what is that to Me and to thee ? My hour is not yet come. His mother saith to the waiters : Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye."

And, at her word, Jesus indeed commanded the servants to fill the waterpots with water ; and they filled them to the brim. And He bade them draw forth and carry to the master of the feast, and lo, even as it was so done,

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."¹

And "the steward of the feast . . . tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was, but the waiters knew who had drawn the water." And "Jesus manifested His glory and His disciples believed in Him."

Thus He who at His Mother's gentle command had put aside His Father's business and subjected the ardor of boyhood to the hard discipline of eighteen years of obscurity and humble labor ; He, who, at

¹ Crashaw, not the Scriptures.

last has prepared all things for the public inauguration of that mission for which He, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, became incarnate; now—here—in an insignificant village, at an obscure marriage feast, is asked—what?—That He shall forego Jerusalem, and the Temple, and the reverend concourse of learned Doctors of the Law (how naturally will His mind revert to the unforgotten scene of the truancy of His boyhood zeal?); forego all the circumstances that should contribute to make the miracle of His manifestation ring throughout Israel; that He shall give up the cherished dream of all the waiting years and work His first miracle aforetime and, as it were, in secret. This Mary asks, this Jesus grants. “This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee.”

Truly a wonderful deference of the Divine Son to the human Mother! Marvellous indeed that the Almighty should give up His will, that the Omniscient should yield His judgment? But can this (last) be rightly said? Not in the plain meaning of the terms used, although Jesus is Almighty and Omniscient and—obeys.

But the eternal decrees of God are unchangeable and may not be at the beck of a creature, even though that creature be the Mother of God. This immutable will of God is not here nor ever may be in question. But what this incident does evidence is an unbounded—an extreme, but not inconsistent—deference of will and judgment here accorded by our Divine Lord to His Blessed Mother. Indeed, it is evidence of something even greater than this. Here again we behold the designs of God awaiting the word of the creature, even as before, in the infinitely greater design of the Incarnation, it awaited the wonderful, “Be it done to me according to Thy word,” of the same incomparable creature,—the ever Blessed Virgin Mary.

In fine, our Divine Lord at His Mother's prayer deferred the beginning of His public work eighteen years and, again at her prayer, anticipated His hour and aforetime, manifested His glory, in Cana of Galilee; all this, of course, “by the foreknowledge and predestinate will of God,” who wills the means and the instruments as well as the end, the details and circumstances as well as the final result.

I cannot see that the natural and literal interpretation of these Gospels here given is anywhere strained or forced. If it does give the true meaning of them, then certainly these Gospels, especially when taken in conjunction, as the Church places them, are the most striking example in the Scriptures of the power of the Blessed Virgin's intercession with her Divine Son.

If, however, the meaning is "precisely the opposite" of this, why does the Church make this seeming, but misleading, meaning more obvious and striking? For she takes these two Gospel narratives of widely separated events in the life of our Lord and from different Evangelists, and places them side by side, on successive Sundays, and thus brings them before her children as if they were complementary incidents of one vivid scene.

Is a literal interpretation unwarranted and reprehensible?

C. H. M.

It may seem disingenuous to say that the instructive interpretation of the literal reading of the above-mentioned text given by our correspondent, is neither "reprehensible" nor "unwarranted," and that, on the contrary, it is quite compatible with our reading of the same text, although that reading gives an interpretation "precisely the opposite of what the literal meaning seems to be." Our interpretation was not meant to be exclusive of a sense that appeals to the deeper understanding of those mysterious revelations which form so striking a characteristic of all the Sacred Writings, and which pervade the life of the Church, as expressed especially in her liturgy. The Christian Fathers have largely dwelt on this wonderful peculiarity of the Biblical text, particularly the Hebrew text, in which *the same written* words admit not merely of different interpretations, but may be *actually read* to mean different things. This is easily understood with regard to the old Hebrew writing in which the vowels were omitted, and one could therefore make a variety of words from the three consonants which compose the average Hebrew root-word.

Thus, to give a general illustration: The Hebrew consonants in verse 12 of Psalm IV might be read, as our Vulgate version translates, "Embrace discipline." The same letters, as interpreted by the translators of the Protestant version, read, "Kiss the Son." St. Jerome reads the letters as meaning "Worship purely." Now, to the thoughtful interpreter of the Messianic prophecy which this psalm was always understood to contain, the Davidic writer enunciated in this phrase the very fact of the dispensation of the New Law (discipline) being a peace offering (kiss) of the Son (of God), whereby a worship of purity, as distinct from the bloody sacrifices of expiation and the scapegoat, would be established.

To most readers this interpretation, which takes in the three meanings, will show the compatibility of differences over which the men who look to philology and barren statements alone have disputed, but which to the simple and informed mind are, so to say, but the varied refractions in colors of one and the same ray of revealed truth. What is true of the Hebrew is in a limited sense true of the Greek phraseology as expressed in writing. We have here a sentence which admits of two readings—one the opposite, *seemingly*, of the other, but that one the one most calculated to be understood by the average reader. For the fact is, that the passage as it is translated in our Bibles has not only been a stumbling-block to Protestant interpreters, but to the early Catholic writers, who—since they could not have access to grammatical helps such as are brought to light by the more thorough study of the ancient versions—were limited to the acceptance of but one view. This is evidence that the literal sense, defended and explained by Mr. Misner, does not commend itself to the ordinary reader. Nor need it,—for it is not any more the only legitimate sense of the phrase than it is the plainest one. Hence modern interpreters, such as the Jesuit Father Knabenbauer, who is a recognized authority in such matters, gives the preference to the view we expressed in our last number. Withal, those who are able to penetrate into the deeper—though literal—sense, especially when it offers an opportunity of recognizing therein the harmonious teaching of the Liturgy, have surely found part of the better part.

Criticisms and Notes.

THE SUFFERING MAN-GOD (L'Homme-Dieu Souffrant), or The Divinity of Jesus Christ resplendent in His Sufferings. By Père Seraphim, Passionist. Translated by Lilian M. Ward. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Father Seraphim, who died in 1879 as Secretary General of his Order, in Rome, became widely known as a writer of ascetical theology through his *Promptuarium Ecclesiasticum super Passione Christi Domini*, chiefly intended for clerics. He made the study of our Lord's Passion the object of his chief literary occupation, and has published a large work, *Reflexions pieuses sur la Passion de Jesus Christ* (three volumes). The late Bishop Ullathorne had great admiration for this humble Passionist who had a deep insight into Mystical Theology, as is evident from all his writings. The volume, as the title indicates, consists of a series of considerations upon the Passion from the Prayer in the Garden of Olives to the Piercing of the Sacred Heart with a Lance. Its style of presentation is half descriptive and historical, half devotional and didactic. The purpose which its author had evidently in mind is that of counteracting that phase of modern unbelief which questions the Divinity of Christ. It cannot therefore fail to do good, especially as the version is made with a certain freedom which takes away the feeling that in a translated work we are stealing other people's thoughts and imitating their feelings.

THE SANCTUARY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL. By the Ven. Ludovicus Blossius, O.S.B. (Louis de Blois), Abbot of Liessies. Translated from the Latin by the late Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. B. Herder. 1905.

The translation represents, apart from the simple and strong piety of Abbot Blossius, who wrote in the days of the Reformation, showing how true reform might be effected from within, the swan song of that noble religious, Father Bertrand Wilberforce, the Dominican. He had learnt, it seems, from his boyhood days at Ushaw College, to read and love the writings of the sturdy Benedictine monk of Liessies, and in subsequent days occupied himself much with translating and interpreting them to his spiritual children. He died as the last sheets of this volume were passing through the press.

Abbot Blossius himself tells us why he wrote his *Conclave Animæ Fidelis, Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul*, of which this book is the first of four parts, entitled *Speculum Spirituale—Spiritual Mirror*—the three others being *Monile Spirituale* or *Spiritual Necklace—Corona Spiritualis* or *Spiritual Crown*—and *Scriniolum Spirituale* or *Spiritual Casket*; the translator deeming it wise to retain the general title, lest the book be mistaken for another of similar title and by the same author—*Mirror for Monks*. A monk continually begged the abbot with loving insistence, as he says, to write a book in which the chief things necessary for leading a holy life are laid down, clearly though shortly. He assures his readers that he writes only for men of good will, and that no others may think of deriving any comfort from his words. So he tells us: how he ought to begin who desires to serve God with his whole soul; what virtues a Christian man should always attend to; how the spiritual man should behave to his neighbor. Next he dwells upon the necessity of self-government, and gives sundry counsels about Discretion. The most striking characteristic of the treatise is the comfort that the writer gives to those who struggle in the path of perfection, lest they yield to discouragement by reason of their known faults and tendencies to wrong.

The style of book make is as handsome as is the doctrine of its pages comforting, and that is no small praise for the publisher.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Act in a Backwater: E. L. Benson. *Appleton*. \$1.50.

A pleasant story of an Eng-

lish cathedral close and its people, with no interest stronger than a happy romance and vagaries of an absurd old braggart and gossip.

Bandolero : Paul Gwynne. *Dodd.*
\$1.50.

The stolen child of a tyrannical soldier is made the means of controlling him for twenty years by those holding the secret of the boy's whereabouts, and when his torture ends the father discovers that his tormentor is his equal in position and reputation. The tale is possible in Spain, and is much better than its author's first book, although somewhat involved and obscure.

Billy Duane : Frances Aymar Matthews. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

A bishop who regards himself as in advance of his time because he is willing to perform the marriage ceremony for divorced persons whose former partners still live, appears in this story ; also fairly drawn ward politicians, a Hebrew pianist of villainous character, an impossibly clever heroine and a series of characters in various stages of marriage, divorce and remarriage. In spite of its humor and the cleverness of some episodes the influence of the book cannot be good.

Black Barque : T. Jenkins Hains. *Page.* \$1.50.

A large number of excellent seamen are persuaded by the offer of extravagant wages to ship for a voyage in a vessel of which they really know nothing and find themselves when once she is afloat on a voyage to Africa in a slaver. A display of brutality on the part of the captain, a mutiny, a rising of the slaves, are among the incidents which leave but only the heroine, the narrator and two of

the crew as survivors. It is an unpleasant but possible story.

Castel del Monte : Nathan Gallizier. *Page.* \$1.50.

The downfall of the Hohenstauffens is the subject, and Manfred, Giovanni di Procida and other real persons are introduced, the climax of the tale being the battle of Benevento. The book is rather a series of detached episodes than a continuous narrative and closely follows an Italian romance on the same subject.

Celestial Surgeon : F. F. Montresor. *Longmans.* \$1.50.

Eight curiously intertwined lives are described by the author, who aims at showing that each of her personages come to his or her best self by means of some external cause, as if each had received an answer to Stevenson's prayer for some celestial surgery to stab his heart to sensitive wakefulness rather than to let it remain indifferent and cold. It is unevenly written but excellent in some scenes, and the worst character is excellently wrought.

Coming of the King : Joseph Hocking. *Little.* \$1.50.

The time is the moment of the Restoration and the plot turns upon certain concealed evidence of the marriage of Charles and Lucy Walters, a question equally interesting to the King and the Duke of York. The story is melodramatic in the parts relating to private persons, but the Stuarts are pictured with reasonable truth.

Fire of Spring: Margaret Horton Potter. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

If King Arthur had inveigled Lancelot into a runabout, driven it across the path of an express train, killing Lancelot and badly injuring himself, and had returned home to assure Guinevere that, all things considered, her behavior had been quite natural, and that he trusted that after a little time they might begin a new and happy life together, he would have behaved like the husband in this story, which hardly needs a descriptive adjective.

Freedom of Life: Annie Payson Call. *Little.* \$1.25 net.

The author explains how bodily ills may be lightened, and tranquillity be secured by the practice of perfect self-control. Her system is the exact reverse of the "Christian Science" process, and she frankly says that its best elements are derived from the New Testament.

Fugitive Blacksmith: Charles D. Stewart. *Century.* \$1.50.

A blacksmith accused of murder, although innocent, escapes from prison and makes his way from settlement to settlement, and village to village of the Middle West, partly by working at his manifold craft, partly by setting his hand to any thing that needs to be done. Part of the story is told in uncommonly good but not perfect Irish brogue.

Golden Hope: Robert E. Fuller. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

The hero's betrothed having been stolen on the eve of her

marriage, he consults the oracle at Delphi, and being instructed to follow the whirlwind, and hearing Alexander called "The Whirlwind," he and his sworn companions join the conqueror and take part in the siege of Tyre. The tale is well told, and makes no attempt to exalt the men or the times by comparison with the present.

Hawthorne Centenary: Edited by Colonel Higginson. *Houghton.* \$1.25.

This volume is a full report of the speeches made and papers and letters read at Wayside, Concord, celebration last July, and contains some matters not found in any of the Hawthorne biographies and excellent eulogies.

Hurricane Island: H. B. Marriott Watson. *Doubleday.* \$1.50.

A petty German Prince, fleeing from Europe to America in a yacht with his sister and an opera singer whom he means to marry, becomes the object of a plot to rob him of the large fortune which he carries. The means used is mutiny during the voyage, and the treasure, the sister, the narrator and the vessel are about all that survive. The tale is innocent in spite of its extravagance.

In the Name of Liberty: Owen Johnson. *Century.* \$1.50.

A tale of the last days of Queen Marie Antoinette, of the riots preceding her imprisonment, her sufferings in the Temple, and her death. The spirit of the book is indicated by the reference

of its title to Madame Roland's ejaculation, and actual incidents quite overshadow fiction in the story.

Isidro: Mary Austin. *Houghton.*
\$1.50.

A young Californian of Spanish blood, destined by his family for the priesthood, starts happily on his journey to begin his studies and enters upon a series of adventures from which he emerges a married man destined to become the head of a great house, having been forced from his original intention by no fault of his own but by the sins of others. A few phrases here and there betray the author's lack of acquaintance with Catholicity, but the manuscript was submitted to a Californian priest for correction before being sent to the publishers.

John Van Buren, Politician:
Harper. \$1.50.

Another but hardly a novel version of the history of the honest young man in ward politics, and the young woman won by his efforts. It is not a biography of the man whose name forms its title.

Lion's Skin: John S. Wise.
Doubleday. \$1.50.

The chief characters are a Virginian boy officer of the Confederate army who returns to his home and his school books at the close of the war, and lives through the period of reconstruction and the ensuing political ills in Virginia, marrying the daughter of a Northern man who has

cast in his lot with the Old Dominion. As fiction, the book is inartistic, but it is history in an agreeable form, and is written from accurate knowledge and in a judicial spirit.

Marriage of William Ashe: Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$1.50.

The pictured costumes of this story belong to the period between 1860 and 1870, and the personages are dim reflections of real persons belonging to various times between 1820 and 1870. Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Blessington, Dean Stanley, and ugly Lord Byron playing journalist at intervals, Lady Palmerston, Lady Melbourne, and Miss Milbank jostle one another in the throng, the first named, much refined and entirely modernized, being the heroine.

Monk's Treasure: George Horton. *Bobbs.* \$1.50.

The hero, although educated, is as elaborately instructed as to the origin of cream of tartar as if it were the newest of the metals, and sent to Greece to secure a monopoly of tartar for the manufacture of an American yeast powder. He is received in a convent of Greek monks, into whose affairs he assiduously pries, and he ends by carrying off the stolen daughter of a noble family held as servant in a Greek household, and by recovering her fortune, concealed by the monks. The tale is ill constructed, and not especially well written, and the monks are strangely ignorant of their religion, and unlike real monks.

Mother Light: Anonymous. *Appleton*. \$1.50.

A beautiful woman, at the moment when she is despairing and penniless, is offered a home and employment by a man whom she knew in childhood, and is taken to a mysterious palatial house where dwells the Mother Light, the head of a sect using the "Christian Science" terminology, and is led to personate the Mother Light, when she dies, and all for the sake of "the cause," and her behavior is made to appear excusable and even laudable. Under the mask of an attack on "Christian Science" the story seems to conceal proselyting intention. It offers eternal youth, and health, and increasing beauty to all believers.

My Lady Clancarty: Mary Im-
lady Taylor. *Little*. \$1.50.

The heroine having been married when a child to an Irish Catholic nobleman, and separated from him, immediately falls in love with her imagination of him and persists in remaining true to him, in spite of the opposition of her parents, who desire, upon William III's accession, that she shall give her hand to a Protestant Englishman. She wins in the end, but not easily.

Opal: Anonymous. *Houghton*. \$1.25.

The chief character, an ugly, but good and clever woman, supposing herself doomed to die under the surgeon's knife, reveals her love to the man to whom she has given it, but when she unexpectedly recovers she vigorously

assists him to woo the girl whom he loves. Later, when the girl elopes with a nebulous villain, the man returns her love, but she refuses to marry a divorced person, and there the story ends.

Out of Bondage: Rowland E. Robinson. *Houghton*. \$1.50.

Seventeen short stories of Vermont rural life, introducing excellent Yankee and French Canadian characters and dialect, and showing how the men of the Border States treated the fleeing slaves in those days.

Pioneer: Geraldine Bonner. *Bobbs*. \$1.50.

This story of California, in its days of quartz mining, mingles prospecting and love-making in equal proportions. It moves rather slowly, but has some humor.

Plum Tree: David Graham Phillips. *Bobbs*. \$1.50.

The "plum tree" is politics, and the hero endeavors to sit under its branches, to remain honest and to obtain his share of the plums. Certain scenes in the National Conventions of the last twenty years and certain real incidents are woven into the story, which is a fair presentation of political practice and its effect upon character.

Port of Storms: Anne McClure Sholl. *Appleton*. \$1.50.

The chief character is a woman of great charm and perfect selfishness, and she ruins the lives of the good but artless heroine, and the weak but clever principal

male character, leaving both to take refuge in doing their duty to their families. The tale is pitilessly unromantic, but almost all its personages are life-like. The potential imperfect and indicative future auxiliaries are wondrously misused throughout the book.

Princess Passes: C. N. and A. M. Williamson. *Holt*. \$1.50.

A jilted man, falling into the hands of a married pair devoted to the motor car, is first soothed by a pleasant journey, during which he learns the elements of driving, and is then presented to a person as unhappy as himself, and does not discover that she is a girl until he has learned to love her as a boy. Between fantastic humor and clever description, the book is extremely amusing, but it asks something too much of the reader's credulity.

Probationer: Herman Whitaker. *Harper*. \$1.50.

Thirteen short stories of white hunters and trappers and half-breeds of British America, with plenty of adventure and more than enough dialect.

Return: Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. *Page*. \$1.50.

A story of Colonial Charleston, a wayward beauty and a very manly man. It is agreeably written, and free from the faults common to the average historical novel.

Smoke Eaters: Harvey J. O'Higgins. *Century*. \$1.50.

Episodes in the life of a fire-engine crew, showing their heroism, their coolness, and the unwritten law under which they live in the engine houses, and the peculiar manifestations of human nature brought about in the regular course of their duty.

Veranilda: George Gissing. *Dutton*. \$1.50.

An unfinished romance of the times of the Gothic Emperors, developing some striking characters, and very strongly describing the confusion while the old civilization lay in ruins and the new was too feeble to stand alone.

Wanderers: H. C. Rowland. *Barnes*. \$1.50.

A fanciful story of yachting, in which the Irish hero entangles himself in half a hundred intrigues and the artist narrator blunders in and out of as many more; it is better written than planned.

Wedding of the Lady of Lovell: Una L. Silberrad. *Doubleday*. \$1.50.

A shrewd rustic called Toby the Dissenter plays matchmaker in each of the short stories in this book, but the other characters are of all sorts and conditions and desire marriage from widely diverse reasons. The tales are humorous and ingeniously constructed.

Literary Chat.

"Father William," as the gentle priest of the Birmingham Oratory who during latter years, in his own manner, recalled the image of the venerated Cardinal Newman with whom he was so closely associated, has been called to rest beside his earthly master and friend in the little graveyard at Rednal. He held the sacred key to the memory of John Henry Newman, but could not be induced to speak or write for the public of one whom he had loved so much. Mr. Wilfrid Ward is understood to be the heir of these secrets, and we may now look for the full biography of Newman which has been so long wished for. It was of Father William Paine Neville that John Henry Newman wrote as among "my dearest brothers of this House—who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive to my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them;—with whom I lived so long, with whom I hope to die." That was written forty years ago. *Requiescant simul in pace Christi!*

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. have just issued through B. Herder in the United States volumes VII and VIII of Janssen's *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages*. The translation made by A. M. Christie is from the sixteenth edition of the original revised and completed by Professor Pastor. The period covered by the two volumes is that of the fourth volume of the German work, and takes in the twenty-five years between 1555 and 1580.

The Holy Father has sent through Cardinal Merry del Val a message of congratulation to Mrs. Emily M. Shapcote, author of "Eucharistic Hours," "Legends of the Blessed Sacrament," "Mary and Mankind," etc., who resides at the Dominican Priory, Torquay, in England. The immediate occasion of the Pontifical Letter is Mrs. Shapcote's contribution to the Marian Literature through her volume, *Mary the Perfect Woman*, from THE DOLPHIN PRESS.

We have received from the Birmingham (England) publishers the third edition of John Pym Yeatman's royal volume, *The Gentle Shakespeare—A Vindication*. The edition is much enlarged, and dedicated to Appleton Morgan, President of the Shakespeare Society of New York, and actually printed by the New York Shakespeare Press. Those who are interested in the religious profession of the great poet will find here material proving Carlyle's words: "Catholicism gave us Shakespeare."

Writes a correspondent in the *Boston Transcript* (March 13th): "The rehearsal of innocent errors is an ungracious task, but possibly those Catholic readers of the

Transcript who were dismayed by 'Osservatore's' picture of the Church in America as drawn in Saturday's paper, may find some consolation in another picture, the work by the Rev. William Joseph Finn, C.S.P., of St. Thomas College, Catholic University of America. It is true that Father Finn labors under the disadvantage of being in the United States an eye-witness of the matters whereof he writes, and cannot therefore pretend to the accurate omniscience of a layman in Rome, dependent upon the reports of the Roman newspapers in regard to Vatican news from the United States, but still, his statements may be regarded as worthy of attention, especially as they appear simultaneously in *THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW* and *THE DOLPHIN*, the two magazines issued at St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., for the clergy and for the laity respectively. The former is read by at least one priest in every Catholic parish in the English-speaking world; the latter, although still in its youth, has a large and growing circle of readers, and contributors of the two can hardly be supposed to be ignorant of the necessity of accuracy in their statements. Further, an editorial note, addressed 'To our readers,' says, 'There are certain preliminary considerations which had to be set forth in detail in order to dissipate those vague generalities about the impossibility of carrying out the disciplinary prescriptions of the Holy See, which now and then appear in the newspapers, and are calculated to give an entirely false view of what is meant by the reform in Church music, inaugurated by the *Motu proprio* of Pope Pius X.' "

We have had occasion to speak in these pages of the beautiful First Friday devotions in use among some of our Indian tribes of the present day, notably the Cœur d'Alenes in the north of Idaho. Father Ganss, who was our informant, writes in the current number of the *Vincent de Paul Quarterly* an interesting review of his recent experiences among these Indians, in which he narrates the following: "High Mass began with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. A surprising feature to me, as a musician, was that *the entire congregation sang the Mass in Latin* without an organ accompaniment. The Mass was Gregorian. The melody was carried in astonishingly good tune; the enunciation, slow and rhythmic, allowed one to catch every word. The antiphonal method (men replying to women) had a savor of antique sacredness that rendered it most impressive and prayerful. All the responses were sung in tune by the entire congregation, and the devotion throughout was rapt and absorbing."

And we cannot do such things!

Touching Mr. Wilfrid Ward's opinion of Cardinal Newman's *Doctrine of Development* a learned French apologist writes to us: "Some months ago I read in your much esteemed periodical a review of some work of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in which he explains what he thinks to be the true doctrine, or consequences of the true doctrine, of Cardinal Newman concerning the 'Development.' That explanation looked perplexing and—at least in my opinion—very dangerous and unsatisfactory. Since then I have come across a note (p. 287, Vol. I, *Essays Critical and Historical*) of Newman himself (edition 1871), which I beg leave to copy here: 'The hypothesis about the *depositum fidei* in which I gradually acquiesced was that of doctrinal development, or the solution of doctrine out of various original and fixed *dogmatic truths*, which were held inviolate from first to last, and the more firmly established and illustrated by

the very process of enlargement; whereas here I have given utterance to a theory, not mine, of a certain *metamorphosis* and recasting of doctrines into new shapes—'in nova mutatas corpora formas'—those old and new shapes being foreign to each other, and connected only as symbolizing or realizing certain immutable but nebulous principles."

Readers of Father Spillmann's novels, a number of which have been translated into English, will learn with regret that the gifted Jesuit writer's literary activity has ceased by his death (February 26) at Bellevue (Luxemburg). Apart from his numerous stories, romances, and novels, which are pervaded by an atmosphere of noble and elevating interest, we owe to him solid contributions to studies in geography and history. One of his best known books is a History of the English Martyrs during the time of Henry VIII and Elizabeth down to the year 1583 (B. Herder).

The *Fleur de Lis*, the St. Louis University journal, gives a singularly true, though brief, characterization of *Brother and Sister* (B. Herder), which appeared serially in the (as the writer chooses to call it) "exclusive" DOLPHIN. "There is purpose in this book. That purpose is to show the true meaning of education." Of the leading character, the writer justly says that it "becomes broader and stronger, more beautiful and more heroic, as the pages are turned." The faults of the book are, he thinks, its local coloring; but it is not possible to make the peculiar excellence of the Vendée temperament felt except in such a secluded setting. This rarity is the habit of excellence in any field, and that which lends to the actions portrayed that charm which draws to a desire of imitation never elicited by the commonplace.

The Cross directs attention to an item in the London "Book Notes" which states that the programme of music announced for a recent celebration in the Cathedral at Durban indicates that the regulations of the *Motu proprio* on Church Music have not yet been promulgated in South Africa. We believe that Durban is the terminus of the railway into the interior at Natal; that is of course very far away. But as THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW and THE DOLPHIN have some subscribers in Natal, the Durbanites may soon change their ways and do even better than some of our more cultured adherents to easy traditions who live farther north.

A Paulist Father, the Rev. William L. Sullivan, is infusing intellectual life into the popular sermon—popular in the sense in which Lacordaire by his preaching attracted the youth of France, who were capable of thinking, and who to convert thought into enthusiasm and systematic action needed the spur of a reflecting eloquence which appealed to them. We trust that the Lenten course preached in New York and outlined in "The Call to the Kingdom; The Law of the Kingdom; Who Shall Enter the Kingdom; The Highway to the Kingdom; The Rewards of the Kingdom," may find its way into the permanent form of a well-printed book.

Arrangements have been completed with the Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London, and Bombay, to publish Father Sheehan's *Glenanaar* imme-

diately upon its completion as a serial in *THE DOLPHIN*. Negotiations are in progress with the same firm for the ultimate publication of *Lex Amandi*.

The *Liber Gradualis* of the Vatican Commission for the reform of the liturgical chant will be the first of the series to appear, probably by the beginning of the year 1906. The next two volumes, the *Antiphonary* and the *Vesperal*, will not be ready before 1907.

In the meantime the Catholic authorities are to see that the training of boys and congregational singing be gradually introduced. The method by which this can be accomplished, even in small churches in the country, has already been indicated in these pages.

It is a serious wrong for editors of Catholic journals to aid in the systematic depreciation, from irresponsible sources, which undertakes to weaken the force of the Pope's legislation, by printing false reports and "sayings" of "prominent ecclesiastics in Rome,"—that the Holy Father did not mean what he said, or that the old state of things is going to be tolerated, because it is found to be impossible to carry out the *Motu proprio*, except in cathedral churches and in seminaries.

Such statements are on their face false, and originate either from the disgruntled representatives of the modern organ choir, or from ecclesiastics who are lacking the requisite appreciation and energy to assist in the reform. The so-called "interviews" with Roman prelates or with Jesuit Fathers are either inventions of the reporters, or, if true, prove that all prelates and Jesuits are not as wise and discreet as they ought to be, if they were true to their cloth.

It may indeed be in many places and circumstances practically impossible to introduce the *Plain Chant* in all its perfect form, but the very way in which the Pontifical Commission sets about the work of procuring the means, and the ample time limit and suggestive alternatives which the *Motu proprio* allows for its ultimate and complete observance, show that the reform is to be effected gradually. In order to do so, however, it is to be taken in hand at once. We can train the boys, if only to sing hymns in unison; we can thus get the congregation to take part in the popular singing at Benediction, and by and by the taste and the means by which everyone in the church takes part in the liturgy will be developed. So was it in the Church for centuries; so is it still in many places.

That women are applauded for singing in church, if they observe the decorum of time and place and manner, is evident from a letter of congratulation which the Holy Father recently addressed to the Lady Abbess of Stanbrook in England. The nuns in her convent have for years maintained the chanting of the Gregorian music according to their Benedictine rule, and people from all parts of England have gone to listen to the edifying services rendered in the abbey chapel.

Books Received.

THEOLOGY AND ASCETICS.

THE EXPLANATORY CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Chiefly intended for the use of children in Catholic schools. With an Appendix. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. Pp. 170. Price, \$0.08; without Appendix, \$0.06.

THE RIGHT LIFE, and How to Live It. By Henry A. Stimson. With Introduction by William H. Maxwell, City Superintendent of Schools, New York. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1905. Pp. xviii—256. Price, \$1.20 *net*.

SINE MACULA. P. Francisco Sequeira. 2ª edicao. Portalegre: Typ. Minerva Central. 1904. Pp. 132.

PENSÉES CHOISIES DU VÉNÉRABLE CURÉ D'ARS. Suivies des Petites Fleurs d'Ars. Nouvelle édition. Paris: P. Téqui. 1905. Pp. vii—161. Prix, 1 franc.

VIE DU VÉNÉRABLE JUSTIN DE JACOBIS de la Congrégation de la Mission (Dite des Lazaristes), Premier Vicar Apostolique de l'Abyssinie. Par M. Demimuid, Protonotaire Apostolique, Chanoine honoraire de Paris, Docteur ès Lettres, Directeur Général de l'œuvre de la Sainte-Enfance. Paris: Ancienne Ch. Douniol (P. Téqui). 1905. Pp. viii—416. Prix, 7 francs 50 centimes.

LA VIE DE MONSIEUR BORDERIES, évêque de Versailles. Par M. Dupanloup (Œuvre posthume). Paris: Ancienne Maison Ch. Douniol (P. Téqui). 1905. Pp. 450. Prix, 4 francs.

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

LA SAINTE BIBLE POLYLOTTE. Contenant le texte Hébreu original, le texte Grec des Septante, le texte Latin de la Vulgate, et la traduction Française de M. l'Abbé Glaire. Avec les différences de l'Hébreu, des Septante et de la Vulgate; des introductions, des notes, des cartes et des illustrations. Par F. Vigouroux, Prêtre de Saint-Sulpice. Ancien Testament. Tome V. L'Ecclésiastique.—Isaïe.—Jérémie. Les Lamentations.—Baruch. Paris: A. Roger et F. Chernoviz; Montreal: Librairie Granger. 1904. Pp. 892.

GROSSES EPISTEL- UND EVANGELIENBUCH. Nach der vom Apostol. Stuhle approbierten Bibelübersetzung. Von Augustin Arndt, S.J. Mit einem Anhang von Gebeten und Litaneien. Mit den neuesten Festen vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Mit oberhirtlicher Genehmigung. Regensburg, Rom, New York und Cincinnati: Druck und Verlag von Friedrich Pustet. 1905. Pp. 391. Price, \$0.90 *net*

LITURGY.

PSALLITE SAPIENTER. Psallieret weise! Erklärung der Psalmen im Geiste des betrachtenden Gebets und der Liturgie. Dem Klerus und Volk gewidmet. Von Dr. Maurus Wolter, O.S.B. Dritte Auflage. Erster Band. Psalm 1—35. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung. Zweigniederlassungen in Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo. 1904. Pp. 614. Price, \$2.65 *net*.

RESPONSORIA. Ad I Nocturnum Matutini in Triduo Hebdomadis Majoris. IV vocum aequalium. Composita a Jacobo Strubel. Op. 47. Responsorien zur I Nokturn. In den drei letzten Tagen der Charwoche für vier Männerstimmen. Ratisbonae, Romae et Neo Eboraci: Sumptibus et Typis Friderici Pustet. 1899. Pp. 20.

IMPROPERIUM. Offertory for Palm Sunday. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. Price, \$0.05.

PREIS-MESSE "SALVE REGINA." Für Sopran u. Alt (obligat.), Tenor u. Bass (ad lib.). Und Begleitung der Orgel. Von G. E. Stehle, Domkapellmeister. 14te unveränderte Auflage. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnati: Sumptibus Friderici Pustet. 1905. Pp. 23.

MISSA CORONATA "SALVE REGINA." Quatuor vocibus aequalibus comitante Organo. Cincinnati. Composuit J. G. E. Stehle. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo Eboraco et Cincinnati: Sumptibus Friderici Pustet. MDCCCCIII. Pp. 26.

MISSA QUARTA. In honorem Sanctissimi Sacramenti. A choro 2 vocum virilium cantanda. Concinnente organo. Auctore, Josepho Kreitmaier, S.J., Music. et odei in Colleg. Aloysiano Sittardensi rectore. Op. 8. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnati: Sumptibus Friderici Pustet. MDCCCCV. Pp. 23.

MISSA IN HONOREM S. FRANCISCI XAVERII. Ad quatuor voces aequales comitante organo. Auctore, F. X. Witt. Opus 8a. Editio Septima. Ratisbonae, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnati: Sumptibus Friderici Pustet. MDCCCXCVIII. Pp. 28.

PASSIO DOMINI NOSTRI JESU CHRISTI SECUNDUM MATTHAEUM. Chöre zu der Passion nach Matthaeus am Palmsonntag für drei Männerstimmen. Von J. Quadflieg. Op. 21a. Regensburg, Rom, New York und Cincinnati: Druck und Verlag von Friedrich Pustet. 1903. Pp. 10.

PASSIO DOMINI NOSTRI JESU CHRISTI SECUNDUM JOANNEM. Chöre zu der Passion nach Johannes am Charfreitag für drei Männerstimmen. Von J. Quadflieg. Op. 22a. Regensburg, Rom, New York und Cincinnati: Druck und Verlag von Friedrich Pustet. 1903. Pp. 6.

IMPROPERIA. De feria VI in Parasceve quatuor vocibus aequalibus concinnenda. Auctore, P. Griesbacher. Op. 36. Ratisbonae, Romae et Neo-Eboraci: Sumptibus Friderici Pustet. MDCCCXCIX. Pp. 11.

EDUCATION.

SOME ASPECTS OF INDIAN EDUCATION. By Chas. F. Lummis. New York: International Catholic Truth Society. 1902. Pp. 29.

TEXT-BOOKS OF RELIGION FOR PAROCHIAL AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. FIFTH Grade. By the Rev. P. C. Yorke. San Francisco: The Text-book Publishing Company. 1904. Pp. 464. Price, \$1.00 (post free).

VIEWS OF DANTE. By E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., Doctor of Divinity and Philosophy, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Ill. With an introduction by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill. Chicago: The Henneberry Co. 1904. Pp. 207. Price, \$1.25 net. For sale by Benziger Brothers.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. Being the Foundations of Education in the Related Natural and Mental Sciences. By Herman Harrell Horne, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy in Dartmouth College. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1905. Pp. xvii—295. Price, \$1.75.

HISTORY IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. Pedagogical Truth Library. No. 10. Printed by permission from *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. 1905. Pp. 36.

SOCIALISM: Its Economic Aspect. I—The Socialistic Platform; II—The Theory Explained; III—The Theory Applied. By the Rev. William Poland, S.J., St. Louis, University. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 31. Price, each, \$0.05; per hundred, \$4.00.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE AT THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Johannes Janssen. Vols. VII—VIII. General conditions of the German people from the so-called religious pacification of Augsburg in 1555 to the proclamation of the formula of Concord in 1580. Translated by A. M. Christie. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. Vol. VII, 416; Vol. VIII, 456. Price, both vols., \$6.25 *net*.

A HISTORY OF IRISH MUSIC. By Wm. H. Grattan Flood, Organist of Eniscorthy Cathedral; Vice-President of the Irish Folk-Song Society; Member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, etc. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd. 1905. Pp. 353.

LE PÉRIL NATIONAL. Au temps de la Pucelle. Récits et tableaux. Par Marius Sepet. Paris: Ancienne Maison Ch. Douniol (P. Téqui). 1905. Pp. vii—408. Prix, 3 francs 50 centimes.

VICTIMES DES CAMISARDS. Récit, Discussion, Notices, Documents, 1902—1904, deuxième centenaire de la guerre des Camisards, par J.-B. Couderc. Paris: Ancienne Maison Ch. Douniol (P. Téqui). 1904. Pp. vii—311. Prix, 3 francs.

THE STORY OF THE CONGO FREE STATE. Social, Political and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa. By Henry Wellington Wack, F.R.G.S., Member of the New York Bar. With 125 illustrations and two maps. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons (The Knickerbocker Press). 1905. Pp. xv—634. Price, \$3.50 *net*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RED INN OF SAINT LYPHAR. By Anna T. Sadler, author of *The True Story of Master Girard*, etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 179. Price, \$1.25.

A SPOILED PRIEST AND OTHER STORIES. By the Very Rev. P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D., author of *My New Curate*, etc. With nine illustrations by M. Healy. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 213.

PASTELS. Henri D'Arles. New York: Daniel V. Wien, Libraire-Editeur. 1905. Pp. 198.

CATHOLIC PRAYER-BOOK. Third Edition. San Francisco: Catholic Truth Society. 1904. Pp. 96.

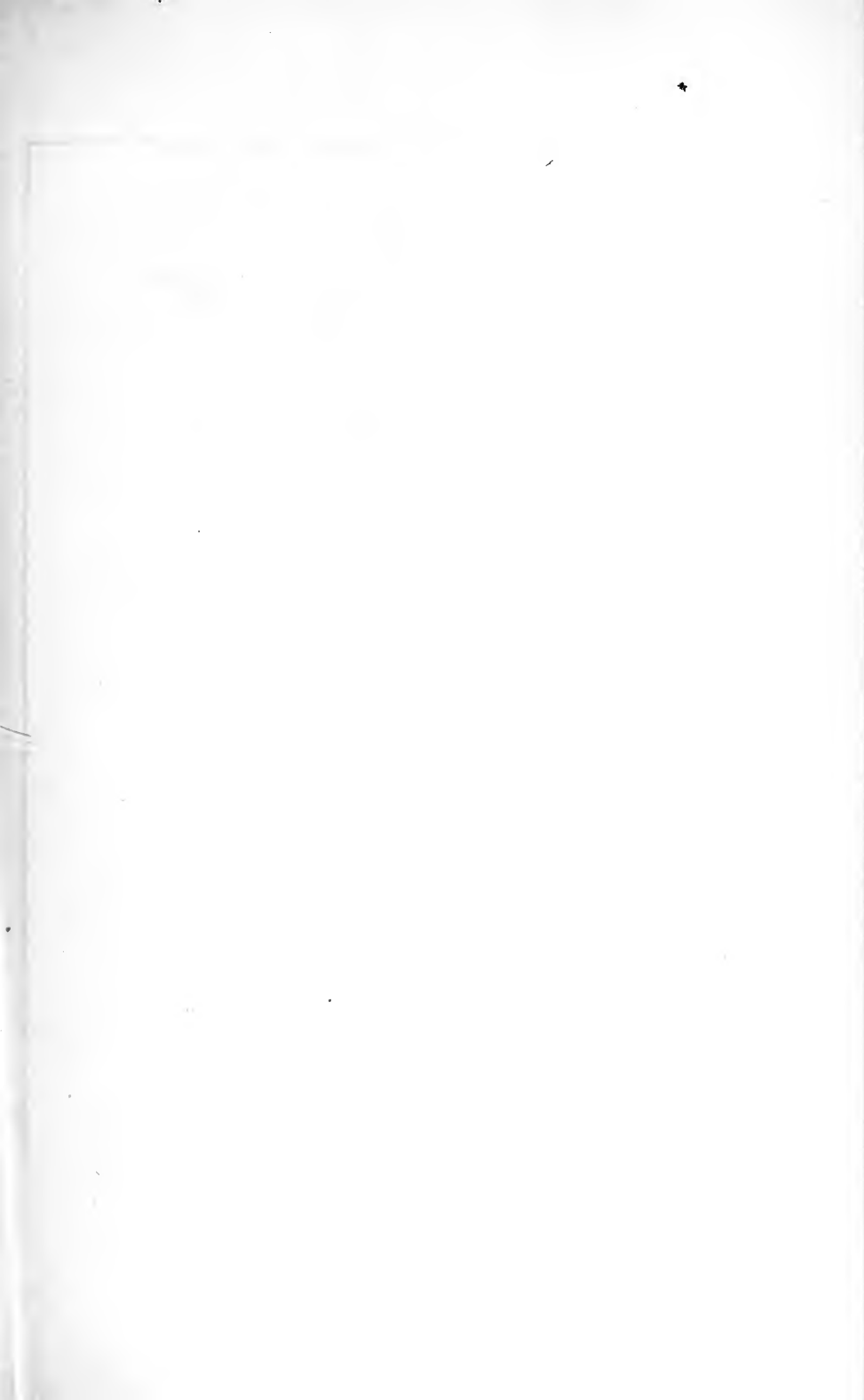
THE RIDINGDALE BOYS. By David Bearne, S.J. Illustrated by T. Baines. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. 1904. Pp. 356. Price, \$1.85 *net*.

POEMS BY GERALD GRIFFIN. Centenary Edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 1905. Pp. 144. Price, 4*d*.

IRISH READINGS. Edited by A. M. Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, and D. B. Sullivan. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 1904. Pp. 319—319. Price, 1*s*.

RAPHAEL. Von Konrad von Bolanden. Zweite Auflage. Regensburg, Rom, New York und Cincinnati: Fried. Pustet. 1905. Pp. 470.

DIRECTORY FOR 1905 of the Cathedral Parish of the Sacred Heart, Duluth, Minn.





HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

THE DOLPHIN.

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PIUS X.¹

IT WAS a fair and sunny hillside, clothed with tender verdure, and bathed in that clear, translucent air through which the hum of bee and croak of locust, the tingle of sheep bell and the laughter of children floated upward from the classic lake. A little group of fishermen and of shepherds leaning on their staves, were gazing, with deep, dark, Oriental glance, upon One who stood before them as Teacher and Master,—Leader unto the great Unknown. And He was speaking, addressing one among them—that knot of rude, uncultured men, as we of to-day should have deemed them—in words which have echoed down many a century, even unto our own time: “I say unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

¹ *Pie X.* Par Julien de Narfon. Le Conclave de 1903. Pie X intime. Le Nouveau Pontificat. Paris: Libraire Ch. Delagrave. Pp. 357.

Life of His Holiness Pope Pius X. Together with a Sketch of the Life of his Venerable Predecessor, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Also a History of the Conclave, giving a Full Account of the Rites and Ceremonies Connected with the Election of a Successor to the See of St. Peter. With a Preface by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, the First American Cardinal to take Part in the Election of a Pope. Profusely and richly illustrated. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See. 1904. Pp. 400.

Life of Pope Pius X. By Monsignor Anton De Waal, Rector of Campo Santo, Rome. Translated and adapted from the Second German Edition with permission of the author and publisher, by Joseph William Berg, St. Francis, Wis. With 125 illustrations. Milwaukee, Wis.: The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1904. Pp. xv—175.

S.S. Pie X. Vie Populaire anecdotique. Enrico Martinelli. Traduite de l'Italian. Paris: Ancienne Maison Ch. Douniol, P. Téqui. 1904. Pp. viii—64.

Nineteen centuries of time, wars and rumors of wars, generation succeeding generation; and then—another voice, uplifted from the very centre of once pagan Rome, the Rome which had crucified Peter, crying aloud: "I bring you glad tidings; for we have, as Pope, the most illustrious lord, Giuseppe Sarto, who takes the name of Pius X."

And above the Tomb of Peter, another Follower of Christ is crowned.

By the almost terrible ubiquitousness and omniscience of the modern press, we have learned long ago all those intimate details of the hidden life of Conclave which in former years were mere matters of hearsay, or historic gossip; and the figure of that simple, kindly, generous Italian bishop who had so humbly entered the walled-in precincts with his "return-ticket" in his pocket, stands out clear and vivid before our mind's eye to-day.

We see him as in a picture, preëminently the unworldly, unpolitical, unplotting ecclesiastic, listening, with a sort of gentle amusement, to the unfamiliar shibboleths of the Roman Curia, the bewilderingly complex arguments of his brother cardinals, echoing thoughts of politics, and of vetos, and of foreign interests, with votes for Rampolla, the French candidate, or for Gotti, who is suspected of being the German one, or for Vannutelli, the candidate of Rampolla's opponents; and when the name of "Sarto" comes five times out of the voting urn within that wondrous Sistine Chapel over which Michael Angelo has cast his noblest genius, the Venetian prelate smiles indulgently at his neighbor, the French Cardinal Lecot, and murmurs, "They are amusing themselves over my name" (*volunt joculari super nomen meum*), apparently thinking the five voting papers are an accidental allusion to the five letters of his name.

On the second day, a Polish Cardinal conveys to the Sacred College Austria's veto upon the candidature of the former Secretary of State; the one man who had seemed so surely destined to be Leo XIII's successor that he had already chosen his official name, that of Leo XIV; and although the justly indignant voters did but protest against this intrusion—unwarrantable, though not unprecedented in history—upon their sacred rights, the numbers of his supporters at once began to diminish.

On the third day, Cardinal Sarto's name stood at the head of the list; and this time, realizing the situation, he burst forth, to the same confrère, in horrified protest, "My election would be the ruin of the Church!" and, addressing the Sacred College as they sat enthroned around the voting urn, he besought them to "withhold from his lips the chalice of the Pontificate." He could not, he would not, accept the Papal Tiara.

The Cardinal to whom he first addressed himself, received these protestations with the more complacency that he was himself a partisan of Rampolla's candidature. "You cannot," he suggested in reply, "be Pope, if you do not speak French!" A somewhat singular, though perhaps a very natural, remark. "Deo gratias!" breathed the humble Patriarch of Venice, taking heart of grace; and so the voting went on.

We are told by the writer from whom we are largely quoting (M. de Narfon, one of the editors of *Le Gaulois*), whose book has been most favorably reviewed by the Catholic press, and who was in Rome, and in touch with some of the highest authorities at the time of the Conclave, thus commanding exceptional facilities for a knowledge of "le dessous des cartes," that on August 3d, the third day of conclave, Cardinal Satolli repaired after lunch to the cell of Cardinal Gibbons.

"We can do nothing with Sarto," he exclaimed. "I have been speaking to him, and I see that we cannot break down his resistance."

"The Patriarch of Venice is absolutely the most suitable candidate," replied the American dignitary, "the more so that his election, if we do not give it up, is certain. Go back to Cardinal Sarto. What he fears is the burden of responsibility. Well, point out to him that he will incur a yet heavier responsibility if he refuses to accept a great duty which Providence wishes to lay upon him. Make a last attempt."

The Cardinal acted as he was advised to do, and made a long and eloquent appeal to his brother dignitary; while Cardinal Langenieux, on the part of the French Cardinals, urged the same course, in an interview very shortly before what afterwards proved to be the final scrutiny. And, on the morning of August 4th, the acting Scrutator, Cardinal Richard, read aloud, from fifty voting papers, the name of Giuseppe Sarto!

Then, as we all know, the Cardinal Camerlengo, Oreglia, approached the pale and trembling ecclesiastic, and addressed him in the time-honored formula:—

“Acceptas-ne electionem de te canonice factam in summum pontificem?”

“I have asked of God to take this chalice from me,” was the reply; “but may His Holy Will be done!”

It was not the correct formula of assent, and Oreglia repeated, somewhat impatiently:—

“Acceptas-ne?”

“Accepto!”

“What name will you take?”

“I will take the name of Pius X, in memory of all the holy Popes who have borne that name, and who have defended the Church with strength and with gentleness.”

And as he spoke, the canopies surmounting each princely throne were lowered simultaneously, save that above the head of the newly-elect, and the reign of Pope Pius X had begun!

To the waiting conclavists—our readers are doubtless aware that these officials are a kind of private secretary attached to each cardinal—the news spread quickly, conveyed by the call for “Cardinal Sarto’s conclavist and valet,” to clothe him in the white Pontifical robes in which he should presently receive the “first homage” of the cardinals. The crowd without, some 25,000 persons, gleaned the same tidings through one or two quick-witted officials within the enclosure, who, leaning out of one of the Vatican windows, made signs of *sewing*, or, as others say, of scissors cutting. “Sarto! Sarto!” cried the impulsive Italian crowd, to whom the word *sarto* meant tailor; and so they knew the tidings even before Cardinal Macchi, Cardinal Deacon in chief, appeared upon the balcony above the gate of St. Peter’s.

One more anecdote from our *Gaulois* informant, truly modern in its irreverent daring. After the clothing, the first homage, and the public benediction given by the new Pontiff, from the inner loggia of St. Peter’s, Pius X, with the kindly thoughtfulness so characteristic of him, betook himself, alone and *sans cérémonie*, to the bedside of his suffering confrère, Cardinal Herrero, to bestow upon him a special blessing, and then returned to his cell, where he hoped to snatch a few moments of solitude.

But he was presently petitioned to give audience to the conclavists, that privileged body who all but share the fortunes and the secrets of their masters, the cardinals. These conclavists, we may mention in passing, are usually priests, but, according to a recent rule, may never be bishops, a fact which caused some disappointment to a certain individual at the Conclave in question, Cardinal Couillie, Archbishop of Lyons, having brought with him, as his conclavist, a titular bishop, Mgr. Dadolle, who was rejected on account of his episcopal rank.

The conclavists, on being presented to the new Pontiff, advanced to do him homage, and "it would indeed have been strange if there had not been a photographer among them," observes M. Narfon. At all events, with the enthusiasm so frequently in evidence among the fraternity of the camera, one among them, a certain Abbé Béchetoile, had scarcely bestowed the ceremonial kiss upon the august hand, when he coolly raised and adjusted a kodak. One of the officials rushed to push him aside, and was in his turn discreetly displaced by the Pope's secretary, while the Pontiff himself, with a smile, vouchsafed a gesture of kindly acquiescence.

The attitude of the editor of the *Gaulois* was, as may readily be imagined, that of partisan of the "French candidate," Cardinal Rampolla; and how strong ran Gallic feeling upon this point may readily be imagined, when one learns that in the universal illuminations which took place throughout the city on that night, one church alone remained dark and silent,—that of St. Louis des Français. His testimony is therefore but the more valuable when he tells us how, immediately after the Conclave, he sought to gather up opinions from various sources regarding the new Head of the Church.

His first visit was to Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, the gracious and amiable prelate who since that time has become a familiar figure to many of us, having been chosen as Apostolic Ablegate to Ireland on the occasion of the consecration of the new Cathedral of Armagh; where, as well as in England, he won golden opinions from rich and poor alike, during his almost royal progress through "that distressful country." In connection with the candidature of his brother, his name had come prominently forward as possible

future Secretary of State, although he issued a formal protest against any such proposal, and, as a matter of fact, is said to have been the first of all the cardinals to suggest the name of Sarto.

"With all my heart I, and my brother also, are ready to join in a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving," spoke this prelate, cordially. "The election of Pius X bears evident marks of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; and I am firmly convinced that in no other pontifical election have the electors acted more completely apart from all human considerations."

"The Pope impresses me in the same way that he does every one else," spoke another dignitary; "he is thoroughly good, and charmingly simple. . . . He resembles Pius IX to an extraordinary extent, and his administration will be a most paternal one."

The ecclesiastical Vice Chancellor, Cardinal Agliardi, "one of the principal electors of Pius X," explaining his reasons for his very energetic partisanship of the successful candidate (if such we may venture to call him), gave expression to the universal feeling when he told how—"No one, on entering the Conclave, gave a thought to the Patriarch of Venice as possible successor to Leo XIII." But it was soon apparent that the trend of political affairs required, as Pontiff, "a Pope who belonged to no party, to no nation, and who should be, so to speak, exclusively a bishop. Cardinal Sarto, whose distinguished virtues we all knew, seemed most perfectly to realize this idea. His election was visibly the work of God."

Cardinal Mathieu, a Frenchman, resident in Rome, interviewed in his turn by the energetic and persistent journalist, repeated the assurances of his brethren in the scarlet, that "this Conclave has done great honor to the Sacred College. . . . All human preoccupations have been entirely put aside at the election of Cardinal Sarto. And I believe that no Conclave ever had such *bad candidates*, in the sense that not one amongst them either desired or sought to be elected."

But enough of such testimonies; they are absolutely unvarying; and unvarying also are the assurances which fall from one and all, of the silent dignity of Cardinal Rampolla; and of the humility, the fear, the utter self-abnegation with which Cardinal Sarto accepted the responsibility of successor to Leo XIII.

If there was one point more than another on which the secular and religious world alike were agreed, it was undoubtedly that not only they desired, but they had obtained, on that memorable fourth of August, "a non-political Pope." With this impression in view, it may be of interest to recall the words of a certain Allocution which, on November 9th, after his election to the Pontifical Throne, Pius X addressed to his assembled Cardinals :

"By virtue of our duty to defend the truth and Christian law, we must necessarily elucidate and define the notions of important things, whether these notions be furnished by nature, or Divinely transmitted, which we now behold obscurely, and even effaced altogether in more than one place. We must confirm the principles of discipline, of power, of justice, and of equity, which are cast aside in our days, and bring back under rule and into the right paths of honesty, whether in private or public life, all men together, and each one of them in particular, not only those who obey, but those also who command, because they are all the sons of the same God. Assuredly, we understand that some persons will be scandalized at what we say—namely, that it is necessary that we should occupy ourselves with politics. But whosoever judges equitably the course of affairs sees well that the Pontiff, in virtue of the office with which he is invested, can in no way separate political affairs from those which concern faith and morals. He is, in fact, the chief and the supreme guide of that perfect society which is the Church—a society composed of men and established among men. He ought therefore certainly to wish to preserve good relations with all princes and governments of States, if he wishes that in all the countries of the world the security and liberty of Catholics should be protected."

As M. de Narfon justly observes: "Leo XIII himself, the political Pope *par excellence*, never proclaimed more forcibly and more explicitly the political rights of the Papacy."

Not, however, that Pius X is willing to confront the world with any definite political programme, or in the remotest degree to pose as a diplomatist, as, *pace* M. Narfon, the following "interview" with another of the French journalists, M. Boyer d'Agen, will show.²

² "La politique de Pie X." Par Boyer d'Agen, in *La Femme Contemporaine* for September, 1904.

After noting the present aspect of the Vatican interior, where the Pontifical liveries still bear the arms of Leo XIII—for our good Pius X dreams rather of his great idea, one uniform catechism for the whole Catholic Church, than of armorial bearings for himself or his family—and where the many gaily costumed menials of former days have given place to a solitary black-coated secular majordomo or *decano dei buzzolanti*, who ushers you in silence through a series of stately ante-rooms, you arrive within the magnificent presence-chamber, where—

“white, from head to foot, the immaculate Pontiff stands erect, yielding his hand with its single amethyst ring to your lips as simply as, *per contra*, he refuses his foot to your devout salute. Obedient to his constraining touch, you are made to sit down beside him, where you can contemplate the sovereign at your ease.

“‘And your politics, Holy Father?’

“‘You wish to know the politics of the Pope with regard to the events now passing in France? They are very simple, but will you hear them, and adopt them? The politics of the Pope are still the politics of Peter. And the book which holds their infallible formula, from the first century which beheld the beginning of the Papacy until the last, is the Gospel. And not, as in past history, a sword in one hand, and the Gospel in the other. No! but the simple and only Gospel, the two hands full of it, and the heart overflowing for those unhappy multitudes who must be loved, with deepest and most pitiful *bowels of mercy*. What is a sword worth, in place of such a love? It did but serve Peter against Malthus for a moment’s indignation; the sculptors of the future have made him expiate it enough.

“‘Is the sword of war worth as much as the plough of peace? Is the hatred which destroys, preferable to the love which engenders? Have you forgotten that Cæsar at Pharsalia, or Napoleon at Austerlitz, never gave forth a more eloquent gesture than that of the sower in the parable? *Behold, a sower went forth to sow*, saith the Gospel. That is the Pope. The Pope of to-day, like those of yesterday, and of to-morrow, has but one mission in this world, that of holding forth the hand which sows and which gives life, not that which fights and kills.

“‘The Pope, ordinarily a son of the humble of this world, is above all things the sovereign of the poor. His inheritance, which Christ

left to him on Calvary with the thorniest of crosses and the most blood-stained of royal robes, is that of vast human suffering which a suffering God teaches us to make divine. His kingdom is made up of the millions of suffering souls which it falls to his lot to console, like those which his first Master fed in the desert and preached to upon the mounains. *Miseram super turbas?* That is the only *politics* which suits the Pope, through all the miseries of the world with which he would fain cover himself, in order to obtain grace from God whose immense bounty and inexhaustible mercy he represents here below.

“ ‘What matters it to the successful ones of this world, whether the Pope has any political opinions or not? Will they agree with their own? Do riches go hand in hand with poverty, hatred with love, war with peace? What day will they sacrifice, on the altar of class-reconciliation, those unjust fortunes which divide them, and the intolerable tyrannies which only draw them together the better to measure their stature to-day and attack them to-morrow? Come, leave one half of the world to starve the other, and, since the Gospel is no more read, ask no more of the Pope his *political opinions* which no one, poor or rich, famishing or replete, happy or unhappy, will listen to, in this bewildered world, ripe for some inexorable catastrophe!’

“ ‘But there remain in France, as elsewhere, Holy Father, certain wise ones who ask but to unite their politics of peacemaking with your own politics of peace!’

“ ‘Yes, yes, the just men within Gomorrah, who, had they been but ten only, would have appeased the justice of God. Well, what are you waiting for? That the last monarchist shall have annihilated the last imperialist. If the Republic needs your persons and your sacrifices, in order to become better and to yield a universally acceptable régime, what do you wait for, before offering your entire service and duty to your country?’

“ ‘Does your Holiness look at things from so optimistic a point of view as to consider that the present state of things may, by a more effective union among French conservatives, lead to a better understanding everywhere, or at least an adjournment of the threatened revolution?’

“ ‘What revolution, if you please? Unless, indeed the most pacific of all.’

“ ‘But, the legal revolution, already going on. The executions *in the name of the law!* What other one can be compared to it?

Might one not almost regret the original one which simply and frankly cut off people's heads?'

" 'No, for once cut off, they speak no more. Whereas you, you have yours still!'

" 'And of what use is it, Holy Father?'

" 'To unite, to come to an understanding.'

" 'Against the government?'

" 'When a government is unreasonable, the simplest thing is,—I do not say to change it, for all governments are good that have good subjects and good chiefs, but,—the simplest thing, as I say, is to reason with it. But always gently, and without party-feeling.'

" 'But when a government is essentially bad?'

" 'Then that government is no longer free, it is under the yoke of some passion which binds it; like anti-clericalism, as in the case of your own. Well, show it, without passion, and in a manner befitting free intelligences, its error.'

" 'In the meanwhile it is the French clergy which will "pay the piper," in the denunciation of the Concordat.'

" '*Ma che Concordato?* *Ma che Concordato?* No! God does not will it, and consequently that rupture will not take place.'

" 'Holy Father, will you permit me to address myself now to *the great white parish priest*, and to ask of the former curé of Tombola one final word to encourage our poor French curés?'

" 'Let them be docile. Let them yield all that their consciences permit them to yield. Let them be reticent, and act with gentleness.'

" 'Such were the *politics* of Christ, such are our own, the only ones which suffice to surmount the difficulties of this sad world. And then, are we not the elect of the eternal promises, for whom earthly trials are but for a time, after which we shall realize forever our immutable, our indefectible, our immortal hopes?'

T. L. L. TEELING.

Ealing, London.

(To be continued.)

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER XIX.—A FLIGHT AND A RETURN.

THREE years had rolled by ; and, although the tragedy in the homestead at Glenanaar was still fresh in the memories of the people, and was often a topic of discussion around the winter's hearths, it was cast into a background of utter insignificance when the great national tragedy commenced, and, after many a hope and fear, it was seen that, without doubt, famine with all its ghastly train of evils was far and wide upon the land. Looking back upon that appalling period in our history, the great wonder is, not that so many perished in the famine, but that so many lived, and lived in comfort in the years previous to that dread visitation. When old men point out to-day places where whole villages then existed, each with its little army of tradesmen—fullers, spinners, masons, stone-cutters, carpenters, and the rest—we, whose economic conditions are yet not up to the normal standard of living, ask ourselves in amazement how did the people then live. The land is as rich to-day as ever ; the population has dwindled down to a fourth of what it was then. If to-day the struggle for existence is still keen, what must it not have been then ? And yet the remnants of the ancient peasantry assure us—and they themselves are the best proof of the assertion—that the men of those bygone days, nurtured exclusively on potatoes and milk, were a far more powerful race than their descendants, could endure greater hardship, and accomplish greater work. But when the potato was the sole sustenance of the people, we can imagine what a horror, slowly creeping on their minds, finally seized them with utter panic, when in the autumn of 'forty-seven, and again in the autumn of 'forty-eight, that strange odor filled the atmosphere, and told of the deadly blight. Even to-day that word has an ominous significance. Men seem to grow pale at the thought of it. The farmer or laborer sniffs the air on one of those sweet autumnal evenings, and goes into his cottage a depressed man. A newspaper report from the far west of the county, that the "blight" has appeared, makes men still shudder. What must it

have been in those far days, when no other food was to be had; when the granaries of the great prairies were yet unlocked, and a whole people might perish before the hands of the charitable could reach them!

And they did perish; perished by hundreds, by thousands, by tens of thousands, by hundreds of thousands; perished in the houses, in the fields, by the roadside, in the ditches; perished from hunger, from cold, but most of all from the famine-fever. It is an appalling picture, that which springs up to memory. Gaunt spectres move here and there, looking at one another out of hollow eyes of despair and gloom. Ghosts walk the land. Great giant figures, reduced to skeletons by hunger, shake in their clothes, which hang loose around their attenuated frames. Mothers try to still their children's cries of hunger, by bringing their cold, blue lips to milkless breasts. Here and there by the wayside a corpse stares at the passers-by, as it lies against the hedge where it had sought shelter. The pallor of its face is darkened by lines of green around the mouth, the dry juice of grass and nettles. All day long the carts are moving to the graveyards with their ghastly, staring, uncoffined loads. In the towns it is even worse. The shops are shuttered. Great fires blaze at the corners of streets to purify the air. From time to time the doctors send up into the polluted air paper kites with a piece of meat attached. The meat comes down putrid. At the government depots, here and there, starving creatures dip their hands into the boiling maize, or Indian meal (hence and forevermore in Ireland, the synonym of starvation and poverty), and swallow with avidity the burning food. A priest is called from his bed at every watch of the night. As he opens his hall-door, two or three corpses fall into his arms. Poor creatures! here was their last refuge! Here and there along the way, while the soft rain comes down to wash more corruption into the festering streets, a priest kneels in the mud over a prostrate figure. He is administering the last rites, whilst a courageous bystander holds an umbrella above his head to guard the Sacred Species. No graves, but pits, as after the carnage of a great battle, are dug in the cemeteries; and the burial service is read over twenty corpses at a time. Those who have managed to escape the dread visitation

are flying panic-stricken to the seaports. They heed not the coffin-ship, nor the sea-peril before them. Anywhere, anywhere, out of this pestiferous, famine-stricken Gehenna! The ships are full. Those who are compelled to remain behind on the quays send up a wail of lamentation. The dread spirits of Fever and Famine haunt them. There is no exorcism so powerful as to dispel them. There is nothing but flight, flight! The panic has lasted even to to-day.

One dark, iron grey, bitter evening in the month of March, 1848, Redmond Casey was looking through the smoke-begrimed pane of glass which lighted the smithy. Work was dull; and he had time to dream. And his dream was the dream of the last three years, the figure that had so often darkened that mountain road before him in sunlight and moonlight, and the face that had made the sunshine and the moonlight brighter. He had been a very lonely man these three years. His fancy, which had painted all kinds of lovely things, with Nodlag the central radiance, had been rudely dashed to pieces by the hand of Fate; and the tragedy at Glenanaar, which had almost ceased to interest the people around, was as vivid as ever to him on account of his great personal loss. Work, of course, that blessed panacea, more or less had dissipated the memory of his sorrow; but now and again this would come up with startling clearness to remind him of the swift and sudden calamity that had made barren so many years of his life.

As he looked out over the cold, bleak landscape, he saw the closely shawled figure of a woman coming up the road with slow, painful steps; and then, after a moment's pause, turning into the little breen that led from the smithy to the road. Here evidently her strength failed, for, putting out one hand, as if she were blind, she groped for the ditch and then fell against it heavily. Redmond rushed into the cottage, and cried to his mother:—

“Run out, mother! There's another of thim poor crachures in the ditch!”

“The Lord betune us and all harrum,” cried the mother. “Will it ever ind?”

She took up a porringer of milk (into which she poured a little hot water), and a piece of home-made loaf, and went out.

Making her way with some dread and caution, she came within a few feet of where the fainting woman was lying; and afraid of the fever to approach nearer, she placed the food on a large stone, such as is always found near a smithy, and shouted:—

“Here, poor ’uman, here is milk and bread for you! Thry and rouse up, alanna, and God ’ill give you the strinth.”

She turned and passed into the house, afraid to remain longer in such a dangerous vicinity; and the unfortunate woman, making one last effort for dear life, raised herself by a great effort, tried to walk forward a few steps, and fell. Then, after a few moments, she raised herself on hands and feet, and thus crept and crawled along the ground toward the now thrice-tempting food. She had to pause a few times, and Redmond, watching through the smithy pane, tried to catch a sight of her face. But she held her head so low that he could not see it. At last, after many painful efforts, she came within reach of the stone; and was just putting out her hand to seize the porringer of milk, when a huge, gaunt sheep-dog leaped over the neighboring ditch, upset the milk, caught up the bread in his lank, gaunt jaws, and sped up the boreen toward the road. The woman raised herself from her stooping posture, and flinging up her arms with a gesture of despair, fell senseless to the earth.

Just at the moment, however, that she lifted face and hands to heaven in the agony of a final supplication, the young smith caught a glimpse of eyes that were unchanged amidst the general and terrible transformation of famine, and of one stray lock of auburn hair that had freed itself from the hooded shawl; and with one wild leap, he tore through the smithy door, along the boreen, and in a moment had the fainting girl in his arms. He raised her wrecked and emaciated form as if it were a child’s, and bringing it into the house, he laid it on his mother’s bed, and shouted in a suppressed whisper:—

“Mother, quick, quick! A little milk at wanst. An’ a dhrop of sperrits in it!”

The mother, amazed at his temerity, was too panic-stricken to remonstrate. She only moaned and lamented over the fire:—

“Oh, Lord, Lord! he has lost his five sinses, an’ brought the faver and aguey into the house! Oh, Red, Red, what’s come over you at all, at all?”

"Mother," he cried in a hoarse whisper, bending down his face to hers, "if Nodlag dies, I'll never forgive you, living or dead!"

"Nodlag! Yerra, glory be to God! your sinses are wandhering, boy. Nodlag! what Nodlag?"

But Redmond saw no time was to be lost in asking or answering questions. He put a small tin vessel of milk hastily on the fire; and went over to the cupboard to get a bottle of whiskey. As he did, he took a swift, secret look at the poor girl. To all appearance she was dead. Her shawl had been flung aside, and her features were now quite visible. But, oh! what a dread change! Beneath the cheek-bones her face had sunk in in dreadful hollows, and her neck was thin and withered. There was a blue line across her lips. Her forehead, though her temples were sunken, and the thick masses of auburn hair that crowned it, alone retained their graciousness. The young smith poured some spirits into the black, hollow palm of his hand, and rubbed the blue lips lightly with his fingers. This he repeated several times, only interrupting the process to go over, and dip his grimy finger into the vessel containing the milk to test its warmth. After some time he had the satisfaction of seeing a slight color come back to the marble face. He then took up the vessel of milk, and said to the weeping and distracted mother:—

"Mother, for the love of God, keep quiet. This is no time for keening. Here, lift Nodlag's head, and lemme see if I can get a drop of milk into her mouth!"

The mother, with some fear, yet with many an endearing Irish expression, raised the head of the poor girl, whilst Redmond tried to force a little milk between her lips. For some time the attempt was ineffectual, and life seemed to be flickering under the broad wings of death, as a candle flame flickers blue and thin in a strong wind. But at last she swallowed a teaspoon of the milk, then another, and another, until at length her eyes opened and fell first upon the face of the young smith. She continued to gaze at him earnestly for a few seconds, then she whispered, "Red!" and lay back wearily, yet refreshed on the pillow. Although it was like the opening of the gates of Paradise to Red Casey, he went out, and wept like a child.

All that night mother and son watched the poor famine-

stricken girl, until, coming near the dawn, she fell into a deep sleep, so calm and with such regular breathing that Mrs. Casey, now completely over her fright, ordered Redmond to bed.

"Lave her to me now!" the good mother said. "Lave her to me! Sure whin God sint me back her I wanted to be my daughter three years ago, sure she ought to find her mother still."

And Redmond kissed his mother, and said:—

"Mother, you were always good, and I have never been as good as I ought to you."

A few days rolled by, and the magnificent constitution of this mountain girl, reared in hardship that strengthened and purified, asserted itself, and she was able to go about again, and do little bits of household work. As her strength came back, there came with it a new and more spiritual beauty, as if sorrow and hunger had worn away all grosser tissues, and left her a kind of transparent and almost unearthly loveliness that made Redmond afraid to look at her. There grew up between them, too, a kind of shyness that made Redmond afraid to be alone with her for a moment; and Nodlag, on her part, seemed to court the society of the mother rather than the companionship of the son. And one day, a few weeks after her providential rescue, Nodlag took down her black shawl, whilst Redmond was away from home on business, and after kissing the old woman, who never noticed how expressive it was, she passed out of the humble cottage, and faced the world again.

Red Casey was thunderstruck when he returned home. This was the second time his hopes had been blasted. In his anger, he attributed Nodlag's flight to everything but the real cause. He blamed his mother; he blamed Nodlag; he blamed himself for having allowed so close and splendid an opportunity to pass. Then he became suddenly practical. He asked his mother which way Nodlag went. He was determined to follow the girl, and bring her back, or lose her for ever. The old woman could not say whither Nodlag went. She thought she only went down to the well. Red, at once, tore off his leather-apron, burnt here and there by the smithy fire, and putting on a rough cap over his sooty, red hair, he sallied forth. He went up the hill quickly, and

leaping a gully, he ascended an abrupt height, where he could trace the roads for miles. He could see no trace of the girlish form of Nodlag. Sad at heart, he retraced his steps, and moved down along the western road, his head sunk on his breast, and no hope in his mind. He had passed half-way across the bridge where old Edmond Connors had challenged Nodlag's mother, on that snowy evening when Nodlag was but an infant, and the mother in her wretchedness was debating with herself whether the child would not be happier there in the death of the torrent than in the dreadful life that stretched sullenly before her. Something dark caught his eye, and in a moment he saw the girl sitting on the bridge-wall. She looked pale and frightened, as if she had been guilty of some crime; and this disarmed the anger of the young smith. He came over and sat down on the parapet near her. She was trembling all over.

"I couldn't stay, Reddy," she said. "Indeed, I couldn't. 'Twouldn't be right."

"Did me or me mother trate you badly?" he said stiffly.

"N—no," she said, weeping. "God knows I am ever so thankful. I'd be in my cowld grave to-day but for you, Redmond Casey, and your good mother; and how could I forget that?"

"Thin somebody has been putting some quare things into yer head," he said. "As if the bit you ate, and small enough it is, God knows, could make a differ to me mother or me."

"It isn't that ayther," she sobbed. "Sure I knew ye never begredged me. But I couldn't stop; an' I'd be far away now, only the weakness kem on me agin."

"Thin, in God's name, can't you come back to where you're a hundred times walkum?" said Red, utterly failing to comprehend the girl's delicacy of feeling. "An' av you think you're a burden, sure we'll make you work for the bit you ate."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she wept. "I can't go back at all, at all, Redmond Casey. I'll go along, and may be some wan of the farmers round about will employ me. There are few hands now, God help us!"

"Well, whatever you plase," said Redmond, rising up, and looking down on the white face of the girl. "But before we part, Nodlag, I'd like to clare up wan thing."

Nodlag looked up.

"Did Donal Connors give you me message the day his father was murdered?"

"He did," said Nodlag, the color mounting to her face.

"An' what did you say?" said the young smith watching the play of her features as if life and death hung upon her word. She was silent.

"Did you say 'Yes'?" he demanded.

"You know, I did, Redmond Casey; but why do you torment me now?"

"'Tis you're tormenting me," he replied. "If the same question were put to you now, would it be the same answer?"

"How could it be when things are so different now?" she replied.

"How are they different?" he demanded.

"I didn't know all thin," she replied, "till that dreadful night. I know all now. How can I be the wife of any honest man?"

"That depinds on the man himself," said Redmond, gaily, as he felt he was gaining ground.

"It manes sorrow, and shame to him to have me his wife; it manes every finger pointed agin him; it manes that 'twill be thrun in his face at fair, at Mass, and at market; it manes that nobody will come nixt or nigh him; it manes—" here she stopped suddenly short in her self-accusation.

"An' if wid all the manes and the manings," said Redmond, "he wants you still to be his wife, an' if he will put his smutty fist in the face of the wurruld,"—here Redmond put a literally smutty fist in the face of an imaginary world—"an' if he takes you, as the priest says, 'for betther, for worse,' will you still say, 'No'?"

She looked up into his sooty, honest face, and there was something in that look, for now he took upon him the right of command, and said simply, "Come!"

A few minutes later, she entered the house as its mistress.

"I found Nodlag, mother," said Redmond, "and the divil is in it, if I lave her go agin."

Before the week, Nodlag changed her old name for ever, though we have taken the liberty to retain it, and became Mrs. Redmond Casey.

CHAPTER XX.—HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

This, then, was the history of Nodlag, told me, from time to time, there in the twilight of his sick-room, by her son, who still retained, after all his travels and the many and varied experiences that tend to harden the human heart, the tenderest and most chivalrous love for his mother. Her strange history—that of a pariah among her own tribe—seemed to separate her in his imagination from all other beings with whom he had been brought in contact; and the singular birth-taint which he had derived from her, and which, as he imagined, would cling around him to the end of his life, identified him in so mysterious a manner with her that he had come to regard himself and her as beings apart, with the destiny of a common misfortune, not of their own making, but inherited. But here, as his own personal experiences commence, I shall give the narrative in the first person and, as far as may be, in his own words. He had read a good deal, picked up a knowledge of some languages, and had cultivated the art of speaking, as most of his countrymen in America strive to do. But the narrative was a sad one. It was Ishmael telling the story of Hagar and himself in the wilderness.

“My earliest recollection of my mother was of a tall, thin woman, very gentle and affectionate, but very reserved in manner. I particularly remember her very bright, blue eyes, and her hair, which she always wore in tiny waves of auburn low down on her temples, and caught up by a fillet behind her ears. She never went from home, but to Mass on Sunday. She seemed to find all the pleasure of life in her domestic duties, in the love of her husband, and the care of her children. When reason began to dawn for me, I was the only child remaining. My two sisters had gone out to service, for owing to emigration and the famine servants were not to be had except at enormous wages. My only brother, too, was apprenticed to a carpenter in the County Limerick. I was the only one left at home; and I got a good deal of petting, which I repaid a hundredfold by such love as son never had before for mother.”

Here he stopped, not for the last time, for his emotion subdued him. The shame and sorrow that had hung around his mother's memory had made her dear, very dear to him.

"I only remember," he resumed, "her face and figure, and one small habit she had—of listening at strange times, as if wrapt in a dream, listening as if to the sound of far-off bells, or to a voice calling, calling out of the night. You know, Father, that we who have travelled and seen the world get rid of a good many of these old superstitions; but, somehow, since I came back to Ireland, the glamor of the old times seizes me, and I am really afraid I'd turn back if I saw one magpie on the road. But my mother had that strange habit. She would lean down and listen with her hand to her ear; and sometimes my father would make great fun of it, and say: 'Nodlag! Nodlag! who's calling now?'

"But I had little time to notice things; for as soon as ever I got through Voster and Carpenter's Spelling-Book, I was taken from school and put at the anvil. I had a taste for it, for I remember when very small how I made a valiant effort to pick up a hammer from the floor; and when, after many days' trial, I succeeded, I remember my father shouting 'Hurrah!' and my mother kissed me. Then when I became able to lift and swing the sledge, my father said I had book-learning enough, and now I should do something for my bread.

"Ah! how well I remember that forge and its surroundings,—the great black walls, hung here and there with horseshoes and all kinds of rusty iron-work; the deep night of its recesses that was only lightened by the ruddy blaze from the great fire; the huge bellows which sent sparks dancing all over the coal-strewn floor; the horses coming in, some terrified, some submitting quietly to the operation of shoeing; my father, lifting up the hoof into his leathern apron; the smell of the burnt cartilage; the tap, tap of the hammer; the shrinking of the poor beasts; but most of all, the metallic music that echoed all day long from the anvil, and which beat time in my mind to many an old rune or song about Ireland and her sorrows.

"For that was the first lesson I learned—long before I knew my prayers or my Catechism—that Ireland had suffered, and had been wronged in an appalling manner; and that it was the bounden, solemn duty of every young Irishman to fight for that sad motherland, until her wrongs were avenged, and her rights

achieved. Ah me ! how it all comes back, in the light of experience and memory ; and how now I understand a hundred little things which even then were a puzzle to me ! For the very rebel songs that I hummed as I beat out the long iron rods on the anvils,—‘The Risin’ of the Moon,’ ‘The Wearing of the Green ;’ even the simpler love melodies, such as ‘Come, piper, play the Shaskan Reel,’—I noticed were never heard in my father’s cottage. Neither did he ever take part in the furious debates that were held in the forge by the boys who used drop in for a chat or on business. He was a silent man ; nevertheless, I couldn’t understand why he never railed against England, nor broke out into enthusiasm about Ireland. He listened, worked, and said nothing.

“I, on the contrary, was a furious rebel. I out-distanced the most fanatical Fenian there by my diatribes against England. I astonished every one by my quotations from Mitchel, Davis, Emmet. I chaunted the most furious sword-songs I could discover. I electrified every one (at least so I thought) by my declamation of Meagher’s Sword-Speech. I lay awake at night, plotting and dreaming how I could fling shells and balls into whole British regiments and annihilate them ; I saw myself the hero of a hundred fights. Somehow, my enthusiasm was taken coolly. It fell flat on the souls of these young fellows, whom I knew to be sworn Fenians. They would listen to my most furious oratory, look at one another, and smile. I didn’t understand it then ; I understand it well now. They did not believe in me. How could they, with all they knew ?

“I had grown a great tall lad of sixteen years when the famous rising of ’sixty-seven took place. For weeks before, we young fellows had been out on the hills, not so much engaged in active service ourselves, as scouts or pickets to give warning to the Fenian detachments in valley or wood, of the approach of the police or the red-coats. Many a moonlit night did we watch, shivering in the icy winds that pierced us, through and through ; and no thought of danger in our minds, only a fierce jealousy of the sworn soldiers in the great Irish Republic ; and a far-off ambition, which set our pulses bounding, that we might attract the notice of some one of the Irish-American officers of whom at that time the country was full.

"I well remember the night poor Crowley was shot in Kilclooney wood. I remember his funeral, down through mountain, town and village, amidst a mourning population, to his grave by the sea. It was an awful evening, and we were gone clean mad with hate and anger. It was then I committed one of the worst sins of my life."

"The Yank" turned round, as if to deprecate my wrath.

"I cursed hot and heavy," he continued, "the priest who refused, for some reason, to have the chapel-bell tolled that evening as we passed, a deep serried mass of men, through the streets of Fermoy."

It brought up at once to memory a picture that had been fading and slumbering away; and, as the whole scene flashed back, I could not help starting with surprise and, perhaps, a little enthusiasm.

"We were mad, mad," he said, regretfully, "and we did curse the Government and that priest."

"He wasn't altogether to blame, my dear fellow," I said, laying my hand on his arm.

"What? how?" said the Yank. "Do you think he was justified in refusing such a little mark of respect to the dead patriot?"

"Perhaps not. I was as mad as yourself about it——"

"What, you? Surely, you weren't there?" he cried in amazement.

"I was," I replied. "I remember that black March evening well. We, a lot of raw, young students were massed on the College Terrace; and I remember how we watched with beating hearts that great, silent, moving multitude of men. But, when the yellow coffin containing the mangled remains of poor Crowley came in sight, swaying to and fro on the bearers' shoulders, we lost ourselves out and out. We saw the body, or thought we saw it, rent, and torn, and bleeding from English bullets; and some of us were crying, and some of us cursing, and more wanted to scale the college walls in spite of priest and bishop. But I knew afterwards, when we had come to the use of reason, that there were at least extenuating circumstances in the administrator's case."

"Perhaps so," he said, incredulously. Then, after a pause:

"But I was about to say as a set-off that I ever after enshrined in my heart of hearts the memory of that young curate, who, more or less at the risk of his own life, knelt by the fallen Fenian, and had his anointing hands stained—no, by the living God," he screamed, sitting up suddenly rigid, whilst sparks seemed to leap from his eyes—"not stained, but consecrated with the blood shed for Ireland."

The paroxysm was so sudden, I was struck dumb, and could only watch him—his livid face, and the blindness of battle in his eyes. Presently the tension relaxed, and his soul came back to his body. But it was an eloquent revelation of what-might-have-been. In that mood, and under that spell, these men of 'sixty-seven would have stormed the gates of hell.

For a few minutes he remained silent. Then, turning around and clenching his right-hand until it was quite bloodless from the pressure, he said, sharply :

"Father?"

"Yes?" I replied.

"Bind your people to you with chains of iron and links of steel. The day the priests are torn from the people is woe, woe to Ireland!"

He paused again, and his great hand relaxed its tension, and the pupils of his eyes contracted, and I saw he had come back to reality once more.

"Pardon me," he said, passing his hand across his forehead, "where was I? I was talking about something. Oh, yes! I was about to say that wherever we were on vidette-duty, on hill, or mountain, or valley, I was never left alone. Other lads were sent out, one by one, and kept their solitary watch, a mile or so apart. I had always a comrade, who stuck to me like a leech. Fortunately, I had such a dislike for 'peelers' and soldiers that I never spoke to one in those days. If I had been seen alone in conference with them, my life would have been forfeit. And here is the curious feature of my story. Not a breath of suspicion ever attached to my father. He was implicitly trusted by the chiefs of the organization. He knew all their secrets. I thought this was because he was so silent and cautious. Possibly. But I know now that suspicion attached only to my mother and me, so tre-

mendous is the importance the Irish attach to 'blood.' His marriage made no difference to Red Casey, so far as the public opinion of his honor and integrity were concerned. My parentage made all the difference in the world to me. I had tainted blood; and nothing will ever get the Irish imagination over that."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said. "We've outgrown all that a long time ago. These things are now forgotten or exploded."

"I wish I could believe it, Father," he replied. "Do you remember my nervous anxiety that neither my name nor history should be known?"

"Perfectly, but I thought, and still think 'it absurd. Events now succeed each other so rapidly, and the newspapers supply such daily relays of most interesting intelligence, that we have ceased to linger on the past."

"I don't know," he said, dubiously. "The old saying is there, ready to be quoted against me any moment—'What's bred in the blood, will break out in the bone.' Isn't that it?"

There was little use in trying to dissipate such foolish fears. I let him proceed.

"The strangest thing of all was that my father shared the superstition or suspicion. Although deeply attached to my mother, she shared none of his secrets. He left his housekeeping altogether in her hands, but political or other secrets he rigidly withheld. And though I think—nay, I am sure—he loved me, for being like him in appearance, and for my great strength and agility, somehow he never trusted me. When I broke out into my rhodomontades about Ireland's misgovernment and England's perfidy, he was always silent. He never encouraged me. And I knew even then that he had arms concealed in the haggart—a coffin-load of rifle-barrels, well greased, with cartridges to match—but I knew no more where they were than you do."

"I think he was quite right not to trust the discretion of a mere lad," I said.

"It wasn't that," he replied. "He trusted me in all kinds of business matters, but he was silent as the grave there. But the strangest thing of all was, that neither by word nor sign was ever the slightest hint given me that my birth was tainted. You'd imagine that somehow it should transpire. Never. When I heard

my father call my mother 'Nodlag,' I thought it a pet name. That was all. And you know we were brought up so rigidly, and in such strict seclusion from the company of our elders, that there was no chance of my ever discovering the secret. But I often wonder that not one of my schoolmates, in a temper or through mischief, ever hinted at it. Probably they were afraid of me, on account of my great strength and courage; or probably it was some delicacy, such as you often find among our people, that kept them from taunting me with such a terrible and ineradicable birth-taint.

"But it was almost a joke, though a gruesome one, that I should be always so fierce against the detested tribe of informers. Just then the State trials of the prisoners who had taken part in the rising of 'sixty-seven were proceeding in Cork; and my cordial detestation of the Crown prosecutors, especially of 'Scorpion Sullivan,' was nothing to the hatred I had for the wretched approvers who had turned Queen's evidence against their comrades. How I stormed and raged I remember now with a smile. But my companions only listened and said nothing. I called them white-livered poltroons for not flaring up, like myself. They never resented it. They only smiled. I consoled myself by the reflection that I was the only genuine patriot in Ireland."

"A pretty common delusion," I interjected, "and not limited to ardent and impassioned youth, but the attribute of every age and condition. Well, if it is not exactly modest, at least it is not ignoble. Go on!"

"No," said he, with a meaning smile, "even Sam thinks he is the only one left of the race of Emmet and Wolfe Tone."

"Sam has at least one attribute of another kind," I replied. "I caught him listening at the key-hole the last evening I was here."

The Yank was very angry; but what's the use? Sam will be Sam to the end of time. He had made sundry ineffectual attempts to get in to our little conferences. He had several times knocked at the door, with the query:

"Did you ring, sir?"

A few times he suggested:

"Do you want any hot wather, sir?" which I resented.

And a few times he charitably and solicitously reminded the Yank that "this was the toime for his midicine."

But I nearly stumbled over him the last evening I was going out. He was on his knees on the door-mat, his ear glued to the key-hole; but he jumped up in an instant, and began demonstrating with the medicine-bottle and glass, which he had taken the precaution to bring with him.

I looked at him severely; but he was unperturbed; and merely wiped the wine-glass with the napkin. I was genuinely angry.

"Sam?" said I.

"Yes, yer Riverence," he said.

"Sam," said I, "you are a good young man, and a pious young man, and fairly sober, except when you take that 'liminade,' which is bad for you."

"The doctor said, yer Reverence," he replied, but I shut him up.

"I know, I know all that," I said; "you have a 'wake stomach,' etc., etc.; but what I'm coming to is this: The Catechism says, 'We ought always pray,' and I perceive you are trying to carry out the recommendation. But, in future, when the pious fit comes on you, I would recommend you to seek any other place in the hotel except this door-mat ——"

"Pon me sowkens I was only shtoopin' down, ——"

"That'll do," I said. "But remember, one word from me to the American gentleman, ——"

"You wouldn't harrum a poor bye like that, yer Reverence," he pleaded. "God knows ——"

"Sh," I said. "I want no more asseverations. But less prayers, Sam, and a quiet tongue will do you no harm."

For I heard he had circulated the report around the parish, that the "Yank" was making a "ginal confession"; and that he must have been the "divil's own bhoy," because he had already been at it three weeks; and would probably continue for three weeks longer.

But I must come back to the narrative, which had become very fascinating to me.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE INEVITABLE.

But there were two friendships, that, without casting any light on the history of the past for me, brightened considerably my young years. The one was with the living, the other with the dead. Donal Connors was the intimate and particular friend of our little family. Unlike other strollers who came into the smithy for a chat or on business, he rarely spent much time at the forge; but he often visited the cottage, where he was always thrice welcome. I could see, even without any information on the subject, that there was some secret tie from the past binding him to our family; for he always assumed an attitude of familiarity which every one else avoided. He came in and out of the kitchen like a member of the family; and I noticed that on all grave occasions he was the only person ever consulted by my father or mother. I had heard, in a dim way, as of a far-off legend, of the tragedy that had taken place at Glenanaar, twenty years before. But my mother's connection with it was carefully concealed from me; and I was too proud or shy to inquire. But neither my father, my mother, nor I, ever visited that lonely cottage up there in the deep saddle of the hills. Of course, I knew Donal's wife by appearance, and it was not attractive. But she never spoke to us, nor we to her. Now, Donal was the only person who showed his deep friendship for me by warning me against my too demonstrative patriotism. Sometimes, in a half laughing way, he would meet all my passionate speeches about Ireland and England by a joke or a smothered rebuke:—

"If you don't keep yourself quiet, young man, believe me, you'll get a hempen cravat some of these days; or make the acquaintance of Botany Bay."

To which I would reply with flashing eyes:—

"Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumined by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who've arisen
On Liberty's ruins to Fame."

"I never trusted a man yet who could quote poetry," Donal would reply. "You can't dhrive a pike wid yere tongue."

"Then what about the speech of Emmet or the speech of

Meagher?" I would answer. "Isn't it these burning words that have kindled the fire of patriotism in the breasts of young Irishmen?"

"Yes! But thin, Emmet and Meagher did something themselves before they thought they had a right to tache others to folly them."

And as I had done nothing beyond sharpening a pike end, I had to be silent.

He must have spoken to my mother, too, to restrain me. For she in her own gentle way gave me sundry warnings to be cautious in my language, and to remember that loud talkers are always more or less suspect.

"Suspect?" I cried. "Who could suspect me? Isn't me life before the world; and who can point to a blot or stain on any one of us?"

Then the hot blood would mount up to her pale face; but, of course, I never understood the reason. So blind are the young, so fortunately blind. It is an ill hand that pulls the veil from their eyes.

The other friendship was with the dead. Every Sunday, on returning from Mass, we had to pass by the old graveyard at Templeroan. How well I remember it, as, holding my mother's hand, we passed from the road through the iron gate, and got in under the shadows of the trees. Many a time I called up the picture from memory, when I was far away—the old ruined Abbey, covered with ivy, the moss-covered gravestones, leaning hither and thither, the great brown lichens on the walls—all things so ancient and time-worn and venerable. You might remember a single grave, Father, right in the centre of the aisle of the old Abbey? The stone is now falling aside, and the inscription is hardly legible; but in my childhood and boyhood it was a fresh modern slab, inscribed: "*Sacred to the memory of Edmond Connors,*" with date of death and age. Well, this was the shrine where every Sunday, as long as I remember, my mother and I worshipped and prayed. Here I had to repeat the Litany for the Dead, word by word, after my mother; and then I had to kiss the grass that feathered the grave, and the name on the tombstone. Then we went home together. I never asked questions until I grew to manhood, when

I learned that this old man had given his life for my mother ; and I sought to know no more, until the whole revelation came.

Meanwhile, I was rushing on, every day gaining strength and agility. I never knew the taste of fresh meat, or "butcher's mate," as it was called. On Sundays we had a bit of bacon ; and at Christmas and Easter, a fowl. But our daily diet was milk, home-made bread, and potatoes, and on these I developed the thews of Anak.

After a little time the excitement about the Fenian rising had died away, and with it a good deal of our boyish enthusiasm. Then came the Gaelic Athletics ; and here I easily took the lead, until I became Captain of our team in football and hurling ; and I was known over half the county."

"So you did," I exclaimed. "When ballads are written about a man his fame is universal and secure."

"Yes! if it's worth anything," he replied. "I'm not sure that it would not have been better for me to have lain low then, as I desire to do now."

"I don't think that's a manly sentiment," I replied. "Every one must give the world the best that's in him, without fear or hope of reward."

"I never could understand that," he replied. "I can never see why a man should not keep to himself, or for himself, whatever of great or good he possesses."

"Because," I replied, "the reward of genius is labor, and none other has it a right to seek after."

He was silent, brooding over this strange proposition. At length he said :—

"I don't understand it. All I know is that I flung myself into the thick of the fight ; and there I met the revelation of the past, and the one great disappointment of my life."

He paused, recalling the historic incidents of his life, and summoning up the ghostly details from the past. Then he went on :—

"Of course you cannot understand it," he said, "but like all other young fellows I fell head over ears in love. I cannot remember now how or where we met ; but I think it was coming home from a great hurling match, where I was the laurelled conqueror. These things attract the notice of girls ; and I suppose it was then I first met her whose face has been haunting me for a

quarter of a century, and whom I have travelled three thousand miles by land and three thousand miles by water to see once more, and be for ever more blessed or disappointed. But, wherever we met for the first time, we met again and again afterwards, and our trysting-place was a great wide whitethorn tree that grows down there by the road where the plantation of firs cuts off the bare heather from the land that has been reclaimed. I have gone out a few times to see it since I returned home. It seems to have been blasted by lightning or cut away, for it is not half the size of the tree I knew so well.

Our little affair was frowned upon, of course. That is inevitable. I was but a blacksmith, and she was the daughter of a purse-proud, independent father, who expected to see his child married, as he used to say, to "her own aquals." But she, poor girl, was true as steel. When I heard of her father's objection, I offered to release her; but she refused to be released. Then I faced him. I met him coming home from Mass one Sunday morning. We had never spoken before. If I had had experience, I would not have spoken to him then.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I understand you have an objection to my meeting Nora?"

He looked me all over.

"Who the divil are you?" he said.

"I am Terence Casey," I said, "the son of Redmond Casey the smith of Glenanaar, and as good a man as you any day."

He was speechless with rage.

When he recovered himself, he said with some show of deliberation.

"I don't know you, boy; but this I know—if any child of mine has hand, act, or part with any of your breed, she has my curse for ever and ever."

"'Tis true I'm only a tradesman," I said, "but I can give her as good a life as a broken-down farmer any day."

This went home, for though he had the name of being rich, some people said he was stretching himself too much, and had to borrow money.

"A dacent tradesman," he replied, "is as good as anny other man. 'Tisn't to your trade I object, but to yerself. I'd as soon my daughter would marry the divil as wan of your breed."

"That's your last word?" I asked, full of wonder at the objection to my family.

"The last word," he replied, "but not my last deed, as you'll have *raison* to remember if you go any further in that matter."

I met Nora that evening.

"'Tis to my family your father objects," I said, "not to myself. What fault he has to find with me family, I don't know. We held our heads as high as any of our neighbors. At last, I never heard a word against us till now; did you?"

She hung down her head, and said nothing.

"If you share your father's opinions, Nora," I said, "let us part. If you think you lower or demean yourself by marrying me, in God's name, let there be an end to the matter. We'll part good friends."

She held out her hand. Ah! 'tis well I remember it. There never yet was a truer woman made by God.

"Ted," she said, "I've promised to be yours. Until you throw me off, no power on earth shall separate us."

And I registered the same promise in my mind, but with the addition of a great oath. Ah, Father, don't wonder that I've crossed the ocean to see her once more. That night and another night I could never forget. Alas! I didn't know then how swift would be the revelation, and how terrible the separation that we deemed impossible.

Of course, I never spoke a word of this at home. Young men are shy about these things; and then, I really didn't know how it would be taken. My own idea was to leave my father's home, if I were married, and open a forge down there near Wallstown or the vicinity, where I was sure, as I thought, of plenty of customers, without interfering with my father's business. I dare say, my father and mother heard of it; but they never alluded to it. My father had an Irish temper, and so had I; and I think he deemed it wiser not to open up matters of crossness before their time. And he was quite right. But sometimes my mother would watch me in a strange, curious way, and then turn away with a sigh.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

(To be continued.)

JULES VERNE AND THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS SITUATION.

I HAD not been long in France last summer when, to use the Gallic phrase, "I descended" at Amiens in order to see the famous cathedral there, and with a vague notion that I might have the precious privilege of a talk with Jules Verne, the distinguished literary man, who lived in that city to the end of his career. God called him a month ago. Short as had been my sojourn on French soil, I was sure that I had been impressed in my reading of French newspapers with one thing especially. Most of the French dailies have quasi-literary departments with *causeries* concerning nearly everything knowable and a few other things besides. These columns, though the expression of only personal views, are often, and particularly for foreigners, the most interesting department of even important French journals. I had been struck with the fact that, while many of the papers were bitterly anti-religious in their sympathies, many of the literary men seemed to be in much less scoffing mood with regard to the Church than they had been when I was in France before. It was as if their spirit of chivalry had been aroused by the unfortunate religious crisis and the sufferings of the Church, and that as a consequence they had come into a much more kindly disposition in her regard.

The day after my arrival at Amiens, I was to find, in my conversation with Jules Verne, that he too cherished the idea that the present crisis for the French Church is not only sure to be the source of good by bringing back many of those who have become indifferent to her claims, but has already accomplished not a little by forcing men of letters especially to take sides between rankest infidelity and faithful adhesion to the Church, because of the political situation. Later I was to find that François Coppée had expressed this idea very forcibly in one of the essays in his little book, *La Bonne Souffrance*, the motto of which is so happily chosen both for his own personal purpose and the present French religious situation: "Infirmetas haec non est ad mortem sed pro gloria Dei."¹

At the conclusion of his essay, Coppée says: "Is it not a

¹ This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.

remarkable fact, and can it be considered merely a fortuitous accident, that a number of lay writers, altogether independent of one another and without interests in common, utterly disinterested in their motives, since they can only expect as the immediate consequence of their act scoffing and insults, should yet be ready to confess publicly their return to religious beliefs? And is it not a manifest proof that, amid all the ruins accumulated in the sentimental, philosophical, political, and social bankruptcy of the disastrous end of the (nineteenth) century, faith should still remain erect like those imposing cathedrals which, firmly established upon their foundations for so many centuries, attest the irrefragable strength of Christianity and the permanence of the Church?"

Even before I had read Coppée's essay, his own name, together with that of Huysmans and of Ferdinand Brunetière, had occurred as among those of the distinguished French literary men of later years who have returned to the Church in these times of persecution. The last named especially, the distinguished editor of the well-known French magazine *Revue de deux Mondes*, has not hesitated to throw himself into the breach and to battle nobly for the Church which he had abandoned during former years, but to which he now comes back in the time of her stress and trial. Already, then, the persecution is beginning to have the usual result. The losses inflicted upon the Church are at most only material, while the compensation that comes in the increased devotion of her children and the gathering in of the wanderers who have been long outside her fold, is more than enough to make up for the sufferings which her faithful children may have to bear, but are not unwilling to bear.

This idea constituted one of the most encouraging subjects of conversation with the dear old Nestor of French letters, Jules Verne, who bewailed so much the unfortunate crisis of religious affairs in France. It has often been said that French literary men usually depart from the religious principles of their early training, and do not return until death is staring them in the face. This, it must be borne in mind, is true only for a limited number of them, though their conversions, of course, at the end of life are apt to be the subject of no little sensation because of the contrast which the final act suggests with the liberties of thought and print they have

allowed themselves in earlier years. There are not a few distinguished French literary men, however, who remain faithful during long lives to their early religious training, and one of the best examples of these is the universally known novelist with whom I had the pleasure of spending a pleasant hour last August in his charming home at Amiens.

It may be for many rather a surprise to find that Jules Verne is, and always has been, a fervent and faithful Roman Catholic. Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic in his books is the fact that nowhere in them is there any mention of religion. Only in the most general terms does he refer, in the many adventures through which his characters go, to the goodness of God and to the all-directing power of Divine Providence. His books, of course, were not meant to teach religion, but rather to interest in science and to instruct by amusing. This purpose has been accomplished very well, probably all the better because of the absence of any reference to form of religion. Jules Verne himself, however, is by no means the indifferentist one might suppose him to be judging only from his works. But we had not been long in conversation with him, indeed only long enough for him to find that we too were Catholics, before he expressed his sincere sorrow at the present state of affairs in his native country, and told of his fears that the present movement may be, as in the period before the French Revolution, only the prelude to some serious social outbreak in the next generation, which was likely to suffer from the absence of definite religious training.

M. Verne wanted to know at once what was the state of affairs in America with regard to freedom of teaching and the possibility of having religious schools. I told him of our present conditions and of the complete liberty to establish denominational schools, though of course I added that those who sent their children to these schools besides paying the tuition necessary were forced also to pay their share of the taxes for the support of the common schools. He realized how precious a privilege it was to be able to have our own schools. It was not a little difficult, however, to make him understand that the American spirit of fair play, of which he had heard and thought so much, would impose this double tax for school purposes, for such it practically amounts to,

on those who chose to have their children educated under religious auspices. He seemed very glad to learn that I thought it possible that a development of more just feeling was coming in this matter, and that as denominational hospitals now receive State aid, so denominational schools would be eventually helped by State money.

He recurred again and again to the thought that, though the United States and France were sister republics in which freedom was supposed to flourish with corresponding luxuriance, there was no longer any question of liberty of teaching in France. Religious teaching abolished, it seemed to him only a short time until practically all moral education would be at an end. He repeated several times that the great buildings of France had emblazoned on them the words *Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité*—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—whilst yet there was no real liberty in the French republic; that, indeed, the republican government of France was in certain ways as bitter a tyranny as any under which his loved country had ever been ground down, and that as for fraternity and equality, they were words, words, words, and nothing more.

For M. Verne the Freemasonic associations represent the source of most of the present troubles in France. He was convinced that the lodges are destined to work great harm to his country, unless their influence for evil is recognized and their further progress, which is practically a religious crusade, be prevented. He considered that they are utterly irreligious in spirit and that indeed the Freemasons are endeavoring by substituting certain quasi-religious observances and rites to draw men entirely away from any other form of divine worship of the Deity. Their leaders are endeavoring to usurp the influence held by the authorities of the Church, and to use the success they may acquire to uproot all dogmatic religious teachings.

To an American accustomed to consider the Freemasons as little more than a benevolent organization, this might seem a somewhat radical view. Indeed, one is tempted to think that there must be some mistake with regard to the position that the Freemasons hold in the matter. I should perhaps have been more disposed than most people to hold such a view, because a very prominent

brother physician in Dublin, a leading member of the Freemasons, had insisted on taking me to the rooms of the highest rites of Masons in that city, and had talked very freely of the amount of good that the order was accomplishing in many ways. There was no show of secrecy in his manner, and members of the particular lodge of whom he spoke to me were among the most prominent and at the same time the most conservative noblemen living in Dublin; indeed the head master of that lodge was a member of the Royal family.

But very little experience on the Continent serves to disabuse one of the notion that the Freemasons are nothing more than a benevolent organization. This is especially true of the Latin countries. Certain political revelations of the last few months make this clear even to demonstration. The spying system by which not only all prominent politicians, but their wives and families, and even their female relatives to distant degrees, were under surveillance as regards their attitude toward religion, represents a secret service worse than that under any government however tyrannical, and shows the depth to which Masonry can go, while at the same time entirely justifying M. Verne's assertions as to the order's responsibility for the present politico-religious situation.

It was for the freethinkers, however, that M. Verne reserved his sternest indignation. He said that while pretending to be freethinkers themselves, they seemed not to realize that this should also include the privilege of free thought for others. A person is perfectly free according to them to condemn all religious practices, but he is not free to commend such practices or to take part in them. If he does either of these things, he is to be looked upon as one unworthy of the privilege of free thought and therefore to be distrusted and discountenanced in every way. There must be no freedom of teaching as regards religion, because that is not the form of free thought of the freethinkers. The title "free" to which they lay claim is a mere satire on true liberty and is meant to express only that they are free to enjoy their way of thinking, but refuse to listen to, much less try to understand, those who differ from them in any way.

A rather curious confirmation of M. Verne's ideas with regard

to freethinkers came to us a little later in our continental wanderings when we were down in Italy. Events served to show that evidently the ideas he had expressed on this matter were in many people's minds in France. M. Berthelot, perpetual Secretary of the French Academy of Scientists, was invited to attend the Congress of Freethinkers held in Rome, September 21st, and promised to be present. Later on he must have realized that the Congress would be what it proved to be,—little better than an assemblage of disputatious sore-heads from many countries, with many axes to grind, and anarchistic and socialistic principles to air. Accordingly, instead of making his appearance for the address of welcome at the general session of the Congress on the first day, as had been announced, he sent a letter of regret which was a curious echo of what I had heard from M. Verne at Amiens. He said that it must not be forgotten by those who pretended to be freethinkers that other people had the right to think freely as well as themselves. Unfortunately there is the tendency, he added, "for many who pretend to be freethinkers to limit the freedom of thought of those who differ from them. People may be as firmly convinced of their religious principles as others are of the principles of free thought. They must be granted the privilege of choosing for themselves what their thoughts shall be." The general impression to be gathered from the newspapers of Rome, next day, was that M. Berthelot's letter did not provoke quite as much applause as had been originally anticipated from the reading of a communication sent by so distinguished a scientist.

We had been pleasantly discussing these things for some time, when Mme. Jules Verne came into the room. Her entrance was evidently prompted by a rather natural curiosity to see a visitor from America who had come to call on her husband, but manifestly much more in order to be assured that her Jules was not being imposed on by some over-inquisitive foreigner who was only a curiosity hunter. It was very evident that her solicitude for her husband must constitute one of the most important occupations of her life. Their thoughts on the religious situation were evidently a family affair, and she shared with him the intense feeling of indignation with regard to recent unfortunate developments. The views of Madame Verne have something of an interest all

their own, because she spoke evidently the mind of the French women of her generation. She dwelt with especial emphasis on the cruelty with which the Religious Orders had been treated. Here are gentle women, she said, many of them the daughters of the best families of France, who have chosen as their vocation to teach the children of the nation in a way that would make them happier and better. After having spent many years at their vocation, after having taken vows to continue their lives at it, after having found their happiness in the community life that they had chosen and in the teaching which they saw to be so fruitful of good, they were suddenly turned out as though they had no rights at all to their own happiness, or to the occupations that they had chosen in life. These women did not ask a material reward for their services. They claimed only the privilege of working in the way they thought best, and there was no one even of their enemies who dared impugn their motives or the noble character of their lives. All this counts for nothing, however, under a government that proclaims liberty. They are not allowed to live together in the way that they have chosen, but are compelled to leave their country and find a refuge among strangers.

Mme. Verne said that there was nothing sadder in all the history of the persecution inaugurated against the Church than this exile of France's daughters, who wanted to stay and work for their country, and to train up the future mothers of France, but who would not be allowed to do it in the way they chose. It was not that they were accused of working harm. On the contrary, even their enemies acknowledged the good that the religious were doing. It was not that the people of the country objected to them in any way. On the contrary, they were ready to shed their blood for the nuns. But the government authorities, blinded by a fanatic hatred of everything religious, were planning for their own purposes to have teaching without religion, and so the beautiful religious life of France must come to an end.

Sadder than all, she went on to say, this is not only true with regard to the teaching orders, but in many places also for the orders of women who are devoted to the care of the sick, the old, and the poor. These too must go. This, notwithstanding the fact that it would be very hard for many years to supply their

places, and it would cost enormous sums of money to a people already overtaxed, who should have to supply their places by mercenaries less capable and less devoted to duty.

It was very evident that Mme. Verne felt strongly on the subject, and her indignation furnished her with burning words, to mark the shame and disgrace which the politicians had brought on her fair land. One could pardon her for blaming the men of France for failing in their obligations to form a united front against the political measures forced into effect by the few radical and determined leaders who were supported by the secret societies. At this point Monsieur Verne interposed to calm the indignation of his spouse.

Mme. Verne, with what is perhaps characteristic Continental curiosity, took occasion from the breaking off of our theme to catechise their visitor. She wanted to know: was he married? Unfortunately he was not. Madame Verne seemed very disappointed and wanted to know why. When told that the American women were not easy to get as wives, and that American girls were not very anxious to marry, she became a little dubious, and said that she had seen many of them and liked them very much; that is, she added, "I liked them for their fine, strong, healthy looks, and their fondness for outdoor exercise, though not always for their taste in dress." She ventured also to hint that their independence of spirit and matter-of-fact ways in public were not quite to her liking. She almost scoffed at the idea which suggested itself of their not caring to attract men. She formulated this sentiment in attractive French epigram which gained considerably in point by her manner and intonation, and I can only reproduce by the remotest suggestion of a translation: "They look entirely too attractive not to really wish to attract."

Jules Verne himself agreed that the young American women one saw in France were not only beautiful and lively, but truly intellectual and charmingly appreciative of what was best in art and letters. Indeed both seemed to think that the one feature of our American life that redeemed it from much of its sordidness was the opportunity afforded to women for higher education, though Mme. Verne could not help but turn a little aside to deprecate mildly the undue freedom of manners and of intercourse with the world for which such culture offered at times a pretext.

M. Verne proved indeed on close acquaintance to be all that one's fancy might paint the successful writer of children's stories that he has always been. It must, I thought, as I looked at him, be a precious consolation to feel that one has interested, amused, and instructed many millions of children. M. Verne is growing gracefully old with such consolatory reflections to make old age quite happy. Until this last year or two he has been able to continue his work, but his sight has failed somewhat and has impaired his habitual industry. His failure of vision was due to a cataractous condition which he had hoped to have removed by medical treatment.

I found an opportunity of turning the conversation upon the estimate he set upon his own work, and found that he himself cherished no illusions with regard to any serious scientific value that might be attributed to his books. He said: "You know after all, it is only the play of science that I have succeeded in introducing into my books. I realize very well," he added, "that it is not because of their scientific interest that they have been popular, but because they were clever stories of which the end could not always be foreseen. Besides, they were perfectly harmless. They said nothing about religion. They let moral questions as a rule absolutely alone, and topics that might wound delicate consciences were not even hinted at in them; so that parents were perfectly willing to have their boys and girls read them. That is the secret of their popularity rather than the assumption that they conveyed any valuable information, though I have always flattered myself that they probably did considerable good by awakening a curiosity as to scientific progress in the minds of young folks and so prepared them for serious study when its proper turn came."

The old gentleman was of course entirely too modest in his unselfish depreciation of the merit of his stories, though the fault is not one usual with men of his advanced age who had really accomplished good work. His books have a much more serious scientific significance than he would seem to give them. There are not a few of our modern applications of science to industry and manufacture, to transportation and the other conveniences of civilization that were anticipated in Jules Verne's works. To take

one noteworthy example: any one who recalls all that Captain Nemo had succeeded in accomplishing, will realize that Jules Verne was anticipating the very last results of the scientific application of electricity. After all, even the submarine boat, which Captain Nemo insists on having serve for his tomb, and which in *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* had been the main element of the story, is an anticipation more perfect than anything that has yet been accomplished in the construction of submarine vessels. The problem is worked out with a completeness that makes it seem so simple as to be obvious and that renders the story one of the most simply convincing of all that Verne has written.

The reader will not think it amiss if I here add some biographical notes which I gathered after my visit.

Jules Verne was born at Nantes, February 8, 1828. He went to school in his native town and later graduated at the University there. When scarcely twenty, he proceeded to Paris and studied law. Like so many other Frenchmen who sought the metropolis for a similar purpose, young Prosper Mérimée, the Daudets, Sainte Beuve, and others, he soon found that literature was much more attractive than the dry bones of legal studies. Accordingly he began to write. Before he was twenty-one years old, he had collaborated on two comic operas, *Le Colin Maillard* and *Les Compagnons de la Marjolaine*. When he was just twenty-two, a comedy in verse, *Les Pailles Rompées* ("The Broken Straws"), was brought out at the theatre of the Gymnase in Paris and scored more than a *succes d'estime*. After this he seems to have contributed to various journals and magazines, and a few years later another of his comedies, *Onze Jours de Siège*, appeared.

His success in literature, however, up to this time had only been that of hundreds of others when, in 1863, he published in the *Magazine of Education and Recreation*, which was under the control of Hetzel, the publisher, his first Verne story, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. As every school boy now knows, this presumed to be the record of a trip of five weeks in a balloon through the hitherto unexplored parts of Africa, and was supposed to be composed from notes taken by Dr. Ferguson, one of the explorers on the trip. The story met with immediate and almost

enthusiastic success. It was translated into other languages within a year or two, and attracted widespread attention. There was evidently a demand for this class of story, and Jules Verne was just the one to respond to the demand. Stories of the same kind flowed from his pen year after year, many of them appearing in Hetzel's *Magazine of Education and Recreation*, a few, however, being published independently. As time went on, he became accustomed to publish them simultaneously in seven or more languages.

Most of us still remember what an event it was in our boyhood days to see the announcement that a new story by Jules Verne was about to appear. How the interest in this magician of fiction waxed among boys, but also among girls, as first the *Mysterious Island* in 1874, *The Voyage of the Chancellor* in 1875, *The Other Parts of the Mysterious Island* in 1876, and *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar*, in 1878, followed one another in unbroken succession. For the younger portion of the reading public at least, a new book by Jules Verne was an international event. It was comparatively easy to know what Christmas present to get for the growing boy then, and Santa Claus could bring him nothing likely to be more acceptable than Jules Verne's latest story.

They were much more than merely acutely interesting stories for children. In their delightful simplicity and straightforwardness of style there was a distinct literary quality that won recognition even from the professed literary critics and raised them far above the level of the passing romance of the day.

Many of Jules Verne's books have been crowned by the Académie Française, and few works have better deserved the honor. In 1872 the secretary of the Academy said in his annual report: "The old-time wonders of fairyland are replaced in M. Jules Verne's stories by a new source of the marvellous drawn from the inspiration found in the progress of modern science. The interest so skilfully worked up and sustained is turned to the profit of the reader by the precious instruction gained. Readers invariably take away with them, besides the pleasure of having acquired new knowledge, the desire to learn more about the wonders of science with which they have been brought so inti-

mately in contact. A true scientific curiosity is aroused." The *Grande Dictionnaire* says, that "while his stories were written for the young, they have the real merit of pleasing all ages."

There are not a few of those interested in biology at the present time and in other forms of science, who would be only too glad if the supposedly scientific books that were written for children maintained anything like the closeness to truth which is usual in Jules Verne's stories. Modern nature studies have not infrequently been thrown into the form of novels for the young, but writers have unfortunately often had a purpose quite apart from the mere giving of information. Books take the form of animals that writers have known, endowed with impossible qualities of intellect so closely approaching the human that it becomes almost impossible for the child-mind to appreciate that there is an essential distinction between the intelligence of animals and man. Or nature studies take the form of tracts written in support of Darwinism or some other theory of evolution. We have had the pretty stories of the butterflies, wonderfully protected by their colors, and of fishes and other animals coming under the same category, which have had to be corrected afterwards and which, now that the passing of Darwinism has become one of the stock subjects in all biological magazines, are seen to have been a good deal more fiction than anything that Verne wrote, but with unfortunate tendencies in the matter of unsettling conservative thought with regard to great truths, such as his works were never guilty of.

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NOTES ON THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRAE."

THE following articles by the Rev. Mr. Warren and the Rev. Dr. Henry conclude the series of papers on the *Dies Irae*. The Hymn has thus been adequately treated in respect both of its proper rendition into English and of its more general literary history. Should any of our readers, however, desire to supplement the treatment with quotation or reference, we should be grateful for the courtesy; and we take this occasion to acknowledge the kindness of those who have called our attention to

several translations into English which had escaped the notice of previous bibliographers of the Hymn.—THE EDITOR.

STANZAS XI—XVIII.

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

II. Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Like other lines in the Hymn, this first line is doubtless taken from the Vulgate, in Ps. 94 : 1, "Deus ultionum"; retained as the title of the Psalm in the English Prayer-book version. This has been from the first translated as in the familiar beginning, "O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth," and we may take such to be the primary meaning here.

But most translators have taken the passing on of the interpretation to the subject now in hand, according to Isaiah's verse, 35 : 4, "Your God will come with vengeance," as thus—

"Thou just Judge of vengeance due,
Pardon of my sins renew,
Ere the reckoning day ensue."

—DYMCK.

Other versions, of course, there are which so far as this first line is concerned are not unsatisfactory, but throughout they satisfy not : as where a writer begins with such a line as *Mighty Judge of retribution*, and going on successfully it may be with *Grant the gift of absolution*, is forced to close with *Ere the day of restitution, or execution, or dissolution, or even prosecution*—a lame and impotent conclusion. I know that an apology is due for lapsing into such a style of fault-finding ; but it is hard to resist the temptation ; and a man who deliberately chooses the difficult double rhymes when he might choose the easier single ones, has not so much right to claim forbearance, unless it be his firm conviction that he has no right to abandon the exact metre of the original ; and even then it may be answered that the necessity is but imaginary, and the thought therefore nothing more than a delusion.

The third line supplies another of the many instances of Thomas of Celano's use of Scriptural language. *Ratio* is the word used by the Vulgate in the parables both of the Unmerciful Servant (Matt. 18)

and of the Talents (Matt. 25). The allusion is of course directly to the latter of the two parables, where the original phrase is "*venit dominus . . . et posuit rationem.*" The corresponding English word every one will remember, "the lord of those servants cometh and reckoneth with them," and it has happened here what has not always happened in such cases, that the word *reckoning* has been very often adopted in the versions. Curiously enough too the Revised New Testament has adopted the identical participial form, altering the translation from *reckoneth* to *making a reckoning*.

Line i.—Judge, all but universal; avenger, dispenser; just, 21; righteous, 19; dread, great, severe, mighty, supreme, impartial, inexorable; vengeance, 8; retribution, 6; decision, 3; recompense, 2; decree, 1; penalty, 1.

Line ii.—Remission, 14; absolution, 9; pardon, 7; forgiveness, 2.

Line iii.—(Day of) reckoning, 19; accounting, 5; execution, 4; inquisition, 3; assizes or assize, 3; retribution, 2; restitution, 2; dissolution, 2; prosecution, 1; decision, division, revision, exaction, revealing, declaring, review, punishment, agony.

12. Ingemisco, tanquam reus :
Culpâ rubet vultus meus :
Supplici parce, Deus.

"Reus" in the first line is not merely one against whom a charge may be brought, but one against whom a charge actually is brought; for the soul looks upon herself as already accused, if not, so to say without irreverence, "committed for trial"; this is shewn by the line *quem patronum rogaturus*. But there are very few translators (of those who are categorical; many as usual are vague and indistinct) who have thus marked out the word; one is Mr. D. T. Morgan—

"As one condemned I sigh apace;
All scarlet is my guilty face;
Lord, to a suppliant grant Thy grace."

With regard to the second line, we must remember that the soul is *still in the body* while she speaks; forgetfulness of this led "O," in the *Christian Remembrancer*, 1825, greatly struck with the seeming absurdity of attributing blushes to a disembodied spirit, to offer the following singular apology—

“Abashed and guilty would I kneel,
 In blushes deep my shame conceal,
Could ghosts thus utter what they feel.”

The two ways of turning the last line are to retain the impersonality of the original *supplicanti*, or to define it by adding *me*, or in some like manner; there are good versions of both kinds, and it is a matter on which opinions may very well be allowed to differ; still, however, perhaps the former plan is preferable—it is better on the whole to be literal while you can. As to such an ending as “thy suppliant groaning,” or “moaning,” this must be avoided at all risks; and more certainly still, if one of these words has been used in the first line, the other must not be rhymed with it in the third. I am indeed not very sure that they are now sufficiently dignified to be used at all.

Line i.—Groan, 32; sigh, 5; grieve, 2; mourn, 2; wail, sob. Guilty or guilt, 20; guilty creature, 2; guilty thing, 1; culprit, 7; condemned, 4; convicted, 2; arraigned, wretched, malefactor.

Line ii.—Shame, 22; guilt, 11; sin, 3. Blush (verb or noun), 25; flush, 3; burn, 5; dye, 5; sting, 1. Crimson, 7; scarlet, 2; red, 1. Face, 18; cheek, 10; *each* cheek, 1; brow, 4; feature, 2; visage 1.

Line iii.—Spare, 39; hear, 5; pity, 3; (grant or give) grace, 6; mercy, 5. Suppliant, 37; who supplicate, 1; supplicating cry, 1; beseecher, 1. God, 24; Lord, 16; Jesu, Saviour, Holy One.

13. Qui Mariam absolvisti,
 Et latronem exaudisti;
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

We come in this verse to another various reading worthy of notice. There can be no doubt that *Qui Mariam* as here given is the correct reading; but the same Paris Missal mentioned under verse 1 reads *Peccatricem*, and as there, so here too, alters the reading without any authority. It used to be held almost, so to say, as an article of faith, that the woman whose anointing of our Lord's feet is recorded in Luke 7 was no other than Mary Magdalene; opinion on this point began to change almost immediately after the Reformation (leading to the omission of St. Mary Magdalene's Day, 22d July, from the Second

Book of King Edward) . . . As this latter opinion grew, it would seem that editors (which few men would now do) considered themselves at liberty to alter the text of the Hymn accordingly ; but there can surely be no objection to keeping the original reading as showing the old opinion, . . . any more than there can be in verse 1 to keeping *Teste David cum Sibylla*, even if the introduction of the Sibyl to a Christian hymn be thought questionable ; and thus those translators, not very many, who have taken *Peccatricem* to turn, must be considered mistaken ; their tabulation will as usual be given hereafter. Mr. Russell's doubt on this point has caused the very general line, "Peace Thy love to faith declared" ; Dr. Coles is inconsistent with himself, for in his original he gives *Mariam*, and yet in two versions he translates *Peccatricem*.

In Doctor Coles' thirteenth version, a professed paraphrase, there is a rendering of some beauty—

"When Mary Thy forgiveness sought,
Wept, but articulated nought,
Thou didst forgive ; didst hear the brief
Petition of the dying thief."

And one more version of his, which must be noticed as the only one to introduce the occasion on which Mary, as supposed, was absolved, is this—

"Thou didst smile *on Mary's unction*,
Tearful love and deep compunction,
On the dying thief's confession."

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise" ; so said our Saviour to the dying thief, and Paradise is not the same as Heaven ; but there are writers who have disregarded this and given such a line as *Thou who ledst the thief to heaven*, or *Thou didst call the thief to heaven* ; though such a one as *To the thief Thou openedst heaven*, or *didst promise heaven* may be passed as only expressing the implied promise of heaven necessarily to succeed paradise, not, like the others, its actual enjoyment by the thief. The error is an important one, for it involves—or it would involve if it were likely the translators thought what they were writing—nothing less than a denial of the Intermediate State ; to which doctrine the slight attention paid by Protestantism has been and is one of the greatest blemishes of that religious system. Thomas of Celano has hinted at no doctrine in his original,

and therefore we are not bound to do so in our translations; but if we do, let us at least do like the awkward lines of Mr. Hoskyns-Abrahall, and hint at a correct one—

“Thou to Mary from pollution
Didst pronounce full absolution,
Nor wast to the felon dying
E'en Thy paradise denying.”

The third line is a distinct avowal that hope has been given, and it is therefore wrong to turn it into a petition for the giving of hope, as is done by two versions of very opposite character; a Roman Catholic one—

“Thou who Mary of the garden
And the dying thief didst pardon,
Grant e'en me hope's heavenly guerdon.”

—C. KENT.

and a Presbyterian one—

“Thou didst save the woman pleading,
And the thief beside Thee bleeding;
Grant me hope like pity needing;”

—DR. MACGILL.

and to this must be added that the hope still exists, the whole tenor of the verse rests in it; therefore Mr. Cayley in the *Church Times*, (*Thou*) *Once to me a hope appearedst*, is also wrong as hinting that the hope is gone. While a mistake of a different kind is in this—

“Thou to Mary gavest remission,
And didst hear the thief's petition;
Hope shall also cheer my vision.”

—DR. WALLACE.

Mrs. Vansittart is altogether singular in introducing the legendary name of the thief from the Gospel of Nicodemus (*Ante-Nicene Library*, xvi, 187)—

“A pitying ear in mercy lend
As erst to Dismas Thou didst bend
And hope to Magdalen extend.”

Lord Roscommon has also what I believe to be a unique version—

"Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Hast given me hope, *now give relief.*"

Line i.—Mary, 50; Magdalene, 10; Mary Magdalene, 1; Magdalēnē, (four syllables¹), 1; Mary of the garden (John 19: 41), 1; adulteress, 1; harlot (an American variation of Dr. Irons), 1; sinner, 3; her that sinned, frail one, lost one, sinner grieving, woman pleading, woman crying.

Line ii.—Thief, 61; robber, 13; malefactor, 1; heaven, 9; paradise, 1.

Line iii.—(Hope) hast given, etc., 36; give, etc. (a prayer), 6.

14. Preces meae non sunt dignae;
Sed Tu, bonus, fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

There is here another various reading: the Hammerlein Codex has in the second line *bonas*, which Daniel prefers ("Placet Haemmerlini lectio"), but I find that hardly any translators have taken it except William Drummond of Hawthornden—

"My prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of Thy grace them make,
And save me from hell's burning lake."

The translation of the first line is usually fairly literal, though, of course, some writers have added another word to *prayers*, as Dr. Macgill—

"*Vows* and prayers can save me never,
Grace alone can me deliver
From the fire that burns for ever."

or an American calling himself *Somniator*—

¹ This syllabification, by the way, is quite wrong. The feminine nature of the word gives it a false appearance of correctness; but, in fact, the *e* is not the long *e* of the Greek, but the mere silent terminal of the English, nor to be sounded any more than in the stock cases of *Urbane*, and the *Libertines*, and the *Nicolaitanes*. If it is to be considered Greek, the form *Maria* also should be used; to make half the name English and half Greek is an incongruity. However, good writers have fallen into such an error as this; cf. Byron—

"Thus Nature played with the stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the seas."

The Island, iv, 7.

"All worthless are my prayers and tears,
But be Thou greater than my fears,
Lest flame consume my endless years ;"

or substituted one for it, as Father Aylward cry—

"Worthless though my feeble cry,
Help me, gracious Lord, or I
Burn in flames that never die,"

or some others *petition*, being particularly useful in its capacity of a rhyme for *perdition*. Dr. Robertson's line is, *Worthless all my tears and turning*; which last word thus used alone without anything to define or explain it, is hardly intelligible—but *this* had to rhyme with *burning*! Others have expanded the idea, as Archdeacon Rowan—

"Unworthy Thee my purest prayer,
Yet, gracious Lord, Thy servant spare,
Doomed else eternal fire to share."

The second line is well turned by Dr. Coles thus—

"My prayers are worthless, well I know,
But, good, do Thou Thy goodness shew,
And save me from impending woe,"

which verse, if *unending* were read for *impending*, might be among the best renderings. One or two others also have like expressions, as Mrs. Charles—

"All unworthy is my prayer,
Gracious One, be gracious there,
From the quenchless fire O spare."—

but on the whole the lines representing this second one are often somewhat indefinite.

In the third line I am inclined to think that the use of the word *burn* should be avoided, I mean as employed of the passive agent; it seems to have something about it of an undignified sound rather difficult to explain, and it will be remembered that the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* have altered it in Father Caswall's well-known translation of St. Francis Xavier—

"My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally."

And perhaps one of the best ways of turning the verse, both so as to avoid this word and for other reasons, is something thus—

"My prayers are all unworthy Thee,
Yet of Thy goodness favor me,
Lest endless fire my portion be,"

—H. J. MACDONALD.

or thus—

"Though my prayers deserve no hire,
Yet, good Lord, grant my desire,
I may 'scape eternal fire."

—JAMES DYMCK.

The ten-syllable triplet of the *Sacred Heart*, 1880, is thus, alluding to Mary Magdalene's prayer—

"Not that my prayers with Thee like power may claim,
But that Thy love and pity are the same
To save us from the everlasting flame."

The Lamp of 1856 has a verse containing a curious line—

"Through Thee my thoughts to heaven aspire ;
Thy mercy can withstand Thine ire,
And save me from avenging fire."

Mr. Simms's line is also rather singular, *I pray, yet prayer is not my plea*. The Earl of Crawford introduces the word *Gehenna*—

"Worthless are my prayers, I know,
Yet in mercy spare me, so
Shall I 'scape Gehenna's woe,"

and one other singularity which may be noted is that of a Roman Catholic writer who plainly refers the *ignis*, *perennis* though it be, to purgatory—

"Worthless though my prayers, benignly
Save me by Thy grace, divinely
Stretched midst *purging* fires supinely."

—CHARLES KENT.

Line i.—Prayer or prayers, 67 ; petition, 3 ; cry, 2 ; supplication, pleading. Worthless, 28 ; unworthy, 12 ; vain, 2 ; poor, 2 ; weak, unavailing, imperfect, valueless.

Line ii.—Good, 5; gracious, 4; benign, 2; mild, dear.

Line iii.—Fire or fires, 23; flame or flames, 22; hell, 5; woe, 4; perdition, 3; pain, Gehenna. Endless, 18; eternal, 17; unending, 6; for ever, 6; undying, 3; quenchless, 3; deathless, 2; everlasting, 2; lasting, 1. Burning, 11.

15. Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

To take the words as they stand before us, one would think that in the face of the text "He shall set the sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left," there would be no hesitation in translating the verse literally. Yet for some strange reason not a few writers seem loath to use the word *goats* even where they use that *sheep*. They might have had the authority of Ben Jonson's "Elegy on Lady Digby"—

"Indeed she is not dead, but laid to sleep
In earth till the last trump awake the sheep
And goats together, whither they must come
To hear their Judge and His eternal doom."

Two writers, on the other hand, have used *goats* without *sheep*, and two for *sheep* have substituted *lambs*; much as Wiclif of old, perhaps it may be said, substituted *kids* for *goats*. Another turning not uncommon is to make the necessary distinction by contrasting the words *flock* and *herd*, usually of course with some epithet, though there is one case where they are used alone, thus—

"Midst the flock O make my station,
From the herd in separation;
At Thy right be my vocation."

—DR. KRAUTH, *Philadelphia*.

One writer has the following line, as if sheep never had horns (this, however, is a little hypercritical, for there is no doubt that most men's first idea of a sheep is of a hornless beast)—

"Shepherd, midst thy flock enfold me,
Nor with *horned* herd behold me,
Having on Thy right enrolled me."

This is by Mr. Charles Kent. One or two other singularities are these—

"'Mongst the sheep grant me a stand,
Drive me from the goats' cursed band,
 Placing me on Thy right-hand."

—PATRICK CAREY.

"'Mid Thy sheep be my place given,
 Far the goats *from me be driven*,
 At Thy right-hand fixed in heaven."

—W. R. WILLIAMS.

where the expression, strangely enough, is the exact reverse of Carey's.

Archbishop Trench well shows the simple style which here, as always, should be preferred—

"'Mid Thy sheep my place command
 From the goats far off to stand ;
 Set me, Lord, at Thy right-hand."

Line i.—Sheep and goats, 50 ; sheep (alone), 7 ; *Thy* sheep, 37 ; lambs, 2 ; right-hand flock, 1 ; the flock, 1 ; Thy flock, 1 ; Thy friends, 1 ; chosen (subst.), 1 ; chosen (adj.), 3 ; blessed (adj.), 2 ; blessed (subst.), 1 ; favored, holy, elected.

Line ii.—Goats (alone), 3 ; he-goats, 1 ; goat-like race, 1 ; "goatish" band, 2 ; unwashed and sordid, 1 ; unhallowed band, unholy band, brutish band, convicted band, ungodly band, condemned band, sinful band ; apostate race, wicked race ; accursed line ; guilty nation ; cursed (subst.), vile, dark, foul, lost, evil.

Line iii.—Right-hand, 45 ; right-side, 2 ; right (alone), 15 ; Thy side.

16. *Confutatis maledictis,*
Flammis acribus addictis ;
Voca me, cum benedictis.

In the versions of Sylvester and Drummond, and in others beside, the word *confutatis* is left untranslated. This is a piece of carelessness which the translators probably allowed themselves from failing to perceive its full force ; this I imagine to be not simply that the cursed are put aside, but that they are put down by words—in short, "confuted ;" that is to say, that the divine answer, "Inasmuch as ye did it not, etc.," was in Thomas of Celano's mind. It would not be easy

to express this fully in English, unless by the use of this very word *confuted*; few if any translators have adopted it in literal versions, except in one somewhat unmeaning line which I have seen, *When hard speeches are confuted*. Nor indeed is it necessary to do so; but at least the word, having a fuller meaning than many writers seem to have found upon the surface, must not be totally omitted.

A good translation is this, though hardly simple enough by reason of the duplication of epithets on the flame—

“When the accurst are put to shame,
Banished to fierce devouring flame,
Then with Thy blessed call my name.”

—R. M'CORKLE.

Line i.—Accursed or cursed, 33; wicked, 8; lost, 7; damned, 3; condemned, 3; doomed, 2; reprobate, 2; foes, 2; vile, guilty, sinners, scorners.

Line ii.—Flame or flames, 40; fire, fiery, 9; hell, 5; burning, 3; torment, tormenting, 5; devouring, 6; fierce, 6; penal, 2; direful, scorching, piercing, bitter, keen; eternal, everlasting, never-ending, never-dying, quenchless.

Line iii.—Blessed or blest, 34; saints, 9; child, children, 2; elect, chosen, ransomed, saved, redeemed.

17. Oro, supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

This last verse of the Hymn seems on the whole to have tried translators as much as any; not that there is any difficulty in the actual rendering of the words, for the two first lines at any rate are extremely clear, and there is hardly a possibility of mistake; but it seems not to have been found easy to put the simple and pathetic Latin into equally pathetic and simple English. There are indeed few versions to be found at the same time literal, simple, and correct—for there has been a very common failure, which will be mentioned directly, to see the full meaning of the last line. One of the best is Isaac Williams—

“Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend,
Care Thou, Lord, for my last end;”

the mistake is in the confusion of metaphor in the second line—you cannot turn a thing into *ashes* by *rending* it; what the original does is to *compare* the heart to ashes, but not to state how it may be imagined to have *become* such.

With regard to that word *cinis* itself, *ashes*, as it is the most common, so it is the best English; Mr. Mackellar adds the epithet *gray*; *clay* is not applicable, and *cinders*, though used by two or three, and even by Father Caswall, has a ludicrous sound, and besides is incorrect; *cinis* is not a cinder or cinders. Nor is it beneath our dignity to remember that though coal was of course not unknown when Thomas of Celano wrote, yet in all probability *wood-ashes* were in his mind, to which as far as I know the word *cinders* is never applied. Again, how far more dignified a simile to compare the contrite heart, the worn-down heart, to the fine powder of wood-ashes, than as Father Caswall seems to do, to the rough, hard cinder of coal! *Acclinis* I take to be not strictly speaking *prostrate*, as some have turned it; *bending*, *bowing*, *kneeling*, all of which are common enough, are nearer to the true meaning.

The mistake just mentioned which many translators have made in the last line is in limiting the meaning of *finis* to that which we commonly call death—that is, the separation of soul and body. Though this is no doubt included, *finis* is *the end* in the widest sense, *i.e.*, the doom of the soul at the Day of Judgment, which forms the whole subject of the Hymn.

Line i.—Suppliant, 20; prostrate, etc., 15; low or lowly, 15; bend, etc., 16; bow, etc., 6; kneel, etc., 4; downcast, prone.

Line ii.—Contrite, etc., 22; crushed, 11; bruised, 3; broken, 3; scorched, dry; ashes, 22; dust, 15; cinders, 3; clay, 2; embers, 1.

Line iii.—End, etc., 23; death, etc., 16.

18. Lacrimosa dies illa,
Quâ resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus:
Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis Requiem.

It has already been shown that this so-called eighteenth verse is probably not part of the original Hymn, and thus some translators

And (a lighter comment) the professional ideas of Mr. Épes Sargent, the American barrister-poet, have been at the last too much for him, causing him to write²—

"When, that day of tears impending,
From his ashes man ascending
At Thy bar shall be attendant,
Spare him, God, *spare the defendant.*"

The best translation that I have found is both Roman Catholic and American, from the *Catholic Manual*, N. Y., 1870, where the metre is changed to a ten-syllable line, thus—

"O bounteous Jesus, Lord for ever blest,
Give faithful souls departed endless rest."

Mr. Simms' version on the other hand is a six-syllable triplet—

"Lord Jesus, to Thy knee
In life and death we flee;
Vouchsafe us rest in Thee,"

and it is the solitary instance of a return to triplets after the use of couplets in agreement with the original in the first part of the verse.

Mr. Hay in his paraphrase has kept the original Latin in the last line, thus—

"O that day of lamentation,
When in sudden consternation
All the doomed shall hide their face;
Spare them, spare them, God of grace;
Lord, we bend to Thee for them,
Dona eis requiem !"

The word *requiem* alone is also used by the *Catholic Choralist*, 1842, and Mr. Thomas, 1867. For printing *Dona eos requie* to preserve the rhyme—as it were "Gift them with rest"—I can, though I have once seen it done, find no authority.

² In the same way Dr. Coles the physician has written—

"When I enter death's dark portal,
Feebly beats the *pulse aortal.*"

COMMENT ON THE "DIES IRAE."

STANZAS XI—XVIII.

XI.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus :
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

XI.

Just Judge of vengeance,
Grant the gift of pardon
Ere the day of accounting.

XII.

I groan like one condemned ;
My face reddens with guilt ;
The suppliant spare, O God.

XIII.

Who didst absolve Mary,
Who didst hearken to the thief,
To me also Thou gavest hope.

Mr. Warren interprets the line *Juste Judex ultionis* : " Just Judge of the punishment, that is, I suppose, of the proportioning of it to a man's deeds." The word *ultio* occurs in the Vulgate : " Deus ultionum Dominus, Deus ultionem libere egit. Exaltare qui judicas terram " (" The Lord is the God to whom revenge belongeth ; the God of revenge hath acted freely. Lift up Thyself, thou That judgest the earth ").¹ There is no need of refining with extreme precision ; for the sense of the verse seems to be that of Deuteronomy (32 : 35), " Mea est ultio, et ego retribuam in tempore " (" Revenge is Mine, and I will repay in due time ").

That *reus* should be rendered *condemned* rather than *accused* appears to be demanded by the verse following :—

Culpa rubet vultus meus,

in which the " defendant " (or " accused ") admits the charge and is virtually " condemned " already. Besides, a mere " accusation " should not cause apprehensive groanings such as the poet pictures.

The line

Qui Mariam absolvisti

has been changed into

Peccatricem absolvisti,

perhaps for the reason that St. Luke does not name the *peccatrix* who anointed the feet of our Lord.

¹ Ps. 93 : 1, 21.

Lord Roscommon's version of this stanza:—

Thou who wert moved by Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Hast given me hope, now give relief!

includes the technical word "absolving" used so frequently and in this unique sense by Catholics. In the second stanza, Roscommon renders the third verse —

Shall have few *venial* faults to find.

Mr. Orby Shipley contended in the *Dublin Review* (January, 1883, and October, 1884) that the version ascribed to Roscommon was not improbably Dryden's in reality. He thinks that at least an "indirect argument" might be based on the words "venial" and "absolving" occurring, as we have just seen, in this version. "A further indirect argument might be raised for a non-Protestant origin of the version, from its Catholic phraseology, which will be apparent on reading, amongst other triplets, the second and thirteenth, in which the author speaks of the 'venial' faults of mankind, and of the 'absolving of the thief.' With the exception of two Protestant translators, who use the term 'shriven,' perhaps none other non-Catholic has employed the later technical phraseology. No one, probably, besides the author, has used the former in his rendering of *Dies Irae*. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that the concluding stanza of the version ascribed to Roscommon has not a Catholic tone about its rendering. 'Let guilty man compassion find' are its last words. These, of course, are no equivalent, either to the original *Dona eis requiem*, or to the other early translations—*e.g.*, 'Give rest to all departed souls' (1657), or, 'Eternal rest to them afford' (1687). In fact, the final couplet has been omitted." The other arguments by which Mr. Shipley contends for the Dryden authorship need not detain us here. They are acutely reasoned out and clearly set forth. Roscommon died in 1684; and one of the arguments made by Mr. Shipley must be revised, when he declares that the version first appeared in a volume whose preface was written in 1717, but whose title-page bears the date 1721; for the version appeared in *Miscellanea Sacra* in 1696. The discussion is very interesting and the contention is very likely a just one. In the

Preface of his *Annus Sanctus* (1884) Mr. Shipley repeats his view that the version of *Dies Irae* was in all probability wrongly attributed to Lord Roscommon.

XIV.

Preces meae non sunt dignae ;
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

XV.

Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

XVI.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

XVII.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

XIV.

Unworthy are my prayers :
But do Thou benignly grant that
I burn not in everlasting fire.

XV.

Amid Thy sheep appoint me a place,
And separate me from the goats,
Placing me at Thy right-hand.

XVI.

The accursed having been silenced
And given over to the bitter flames,
Call me with the blessed.

XVII.

Kneeling and prostrated I pray,
With heart broken as it were ashes,
Guard Thou my end.

The fifteenth stanza borrows its thought and phrase from our Lord's description (Matt. 25 : 32-34): "And all nations shall be gathered together before him, and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left. Then shall the king say to them that shall be on his right-hand: "Come ye blessed of my Father. . . ." etc.

Versions that render *contritum* by *contrite* do not bring out sufficiently the strong figure in the word itself. *Contritus* means, of course, broken into small pieces; but the poet adds to the figure the idea of "reducing to ashes," or impalpable particles—"utterly crushed."

Apropos of this last stanza, it may be permissible to repeat the incident related by Johnson of the last moments of Roscommon, even though Johnson's information came to him at third or fourth hand: "At the moment in which he expired, he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of *Dies Irae* :—

' My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.' "

Crashaw's exquisite version was doubtless the inspiration for Roscommon :—

" O hear a suppliant heart all crushed
And crumbled into contrite dust !
My hope, my fear—my Judge, my Friend !
Take charge of me and of my end ! "

With this seventeenth stanza ends the triplet construction of the poem, if not, indeed, the poem itself as originally written. This is therefore an appropriate place for considering the general features of the *Dies Irae*,—its carefully progressive argument, its Scriptural allusiveness, its vivid descriptiveness in the first six stanzas, and its lyric intensity in the remaining stanzas. With respect to the argument of the Hymn, we can scarcely do better than transfer to this page the words of Orby Shipley.²

" The popularity and appreciation of *Dies Irae*, and the reasons of both with simple and learned alike, can only, however, be intelligently estimated when, leaving the accidental form in which this divine hymn and poem is cast, we carefully examine its substance. Of course the mere perusal of it, or even a casual attention to its recitation, impresses the reader or listener with an undefined but real sense of greatness and power. He feels himself in the presence of a noble and masterly production. But, when the sequence is mentally picked to pieces, when each element is weighed, when the union and interdependence, and oftentimes the logical following of each succeeding portion, is tested—then the consummate art of the craftsman is disclosed. The very simplicity of its form becomes a mask for the intricate elaborateness of its conception and development. Its story, the incidents, the reflections, their rhythm, flow from source onward to conclusion with unruffled and unbroken continuity. But this result has been attained only by the exercise of extremest skill. In the prose for the dead there is no check, no parenthesis, no wandering from the point, no retrogression or looking backward. It begins with the end of life, it ends with the beginning of eternity. Between these limits, the legend, so to say, is self-evolved, self-contained. The great mediæval poem of the day of doom is less a series of independent pictures or detached studies than one long panorama, as it were,

² *Dublin Review*, 1883, p. 379.

of some mighty quick-flowing river and its scenery Its imagery and scenes, its facts and events, its words and thoughts, its prayers and ejaculations, its mental records, conscience-searching questions and intellectual memories, as naturally and unaffectedly succeed each other, without a forced cohesion or inharmonious break, as the banks, and towns, and hills, and forests, and islands, and other natural features of a river scene, in a series from the lens of a magic lantern of dissolving views."

In the brief space of the first six stanzas, the prophetic picturing of the Last Judgment is given. A few bold lines on a narrow canvas (for eighteen lines must be considered as the briefest possible limits within which to paint such a picture) bring the scene of the consummation of the world before us quite as vividly as the masterpieces of painting on this subject, with their multitudinous figures crowded together even within amplest limits of space. The first stanza announces the theme (in the first line), the catastrophe (in the second), and the prophetic witness thereto, both of the Hebrew and of the pagan world (in the third line). It is a summary, majestic and marvellous, of prophecy and fulfilment, crystallized within three short lines—just twenty-four syllables—of rhymed Latin verse. It is a text, clear and compact, for what follows. The second stanza then shows us mankind "withering away for fear and expectation," as the Great Judge appears *Cuncta stricte discussurus*,—to sift everything "like as corn is sifted in a sieve" (Amos 9: 9). This coming of the Judge, to weigh everything with nicest balance, naturally suggests the summoning of mankind before that Great Assize—Death and Hell must give up their dead, and the Sea must give up the dead that are in it—and the next stanza echoes for us, in its marvellous wedding of sound to sense, the "trump of God" resounding through all the sepulchres of earth and summoning all mankind before the Throne ("And I saw a great white throne . . . and the dead both great and small, standing in sight of the throne."—Apoc. 20: 11, 12). The next stanza appropriately pictures the stupefaction of Death and Nature at seeing the innumerable dead whose final chapter had seemed, in the long tale of centuries which had passed over them without disturbing their ancient rest, to have been completely written, rising from countless graves and hurry-

ing to judgment. There at length they are all assembled, "both great and small"; and the next stanza shows us the Judge seated in terrific majesty, presiding over all the generations of men, prepared to search into their most hidden thoughts and to leave unavenged not even a single "idle word that men shall speak." And therefore, in the next stanza, appears the record of all our thoughts, words, deeds—the *liber scriptus*—the "book of life" of the Apocalypse, holding everything on which judgment is to be passed. The first part of the poem is finished—the *mise en scène* has been arranged—and the agony of one individual soul begins. What, indeed, shall it find to say at that dreadful judgment? When, as St. Peter says, "scarce the just shall be saved," what advocate shall it entreat to take up its cause and plead for it? This seventh stanza forms the bridge between the epic and the lyric in the Hymn; it connects, with the scene painted in the first six stanzas, the present cry of the soul that He who shall then appear as a rigorously just Judge shall now prove Himself a tender and forgiving Saviour. The eighth stanza accordingly presents us with this twofold character of Christ—the "*Rex tremendae majestatis*" in the Last Judgment, the "*Fons pietatis*" of the present life; and it does not present us with this two fold character in any confused way, but with almost scholastic precision refers in the first line to the awful majesty of that King (thus connecting Him with the Judgment which has just been pictured) and in the third line to the tender pity of the Saviour (which is to be the basis of the appeal that follows). The argument of the Hymn is thus evolved with exquisite carefulness, the transitions being made with logical facility as well as with rhetorical felicity. The following six stanzas develop the thought of Christ's mercy; and here again we can perceive the symmetrical and logical development of the argument. They comprise, namely, two divisions of three stanzas each, the first division dealing with the first basis on which an appeal may rest,—the labors and sufferings of Christ; the second division dealing with the second basis,—the repentance of the sinner; each division consisting, moreover, of two stanzas followed by a stanza containing an appropriate prayer. Thus, the first division begins with *Recordare, Jesu pie*, and refers to the love shown by Christ in becoming Man (*Quod*

sum causa tuæ viae); the next stanza sums up the whole loving life of Christ in the literal and figurative weariness of Christ at the Well of Jacob (*Quaerens me sedisti lassus*), and the last scene of that life on the Cross (*Redemisti crucem passus*). Each of these stanzas concludes with a prayer; the third line of the first being *Ne me perdas illa die*, and of the second, *Tantus labor non sit cassus*; while they are followed by a stanza (symmetrically, like the third lines in the stanzas, a third stanza in the division) of appropriate prayer. Similarly, the second division (of three stanzas, as before), beginning with *Ingemisco tanquam reus*, and dealing with that repentance which is the second basis of an appeal for mercy, comprises three stanzas, of which the first one contains an acknowledgment of guilt, and the second points to the mercy shown by Christ to the penitent hearts of the sinful woman and the dying thief. Each of these stanzas contains, in its third line, a prayer; while the third stanza of the division is, as noted in the case of the similar third stanza of the first division, devoted wholly to prayer. Fortified now by remembrance of Christ's love (as shown in His incarnation, life and death) and His mercy (as shown to Mary and to the dying thief), the singer once more turns his gaze, in prospect, to that picture of the Last Judgment which had overwhelmed him with terror. Now, however, he looks forward with hope:

Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra.

The transition is again natural and logical; and in making it, he gives himself opportunity to sketch the last scenes of that Great Day of Wrath. The Scriptural division of the sheep from the goats is placed before us; and in the following stanza we hear the voice of Christ calling the "blessed of His Father" to heaven, and uttering an everlasting woe on the accursed. The following (and final) stanza writes, as the last word of the pathetic final line, the appropriate word *finis*.

Who can venture to say that a hymn which, within such brief limits, can present such a wealth of Scriptural allusiveness moulded into such perfect form; can state so succinctly and develop so logically its theme; can bring together, without con-

fusion of thought or blurring of impressions, such felicitous word-painting of the tremendous scene it handles and such pathetic pleadings of the heart that contemplates that scene ; can condense so adequately whole tragedies and perfect prayers in the space of a single line, and can do this with the precision of a scholastic philosopher stating or proving his thesis, and at the same time with the felicitous ease of an accomplished rhetorician moving with confident gracefulness within the "narrow plot of ground" of his self-imposed poetic and stanzaic and rhymic limitations ; who, indeed, can venture to say that such a hymn is not an incomparable masterpiece both of poetry and of hymnody ?

XVIII.

Lacrimosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus :
Huic ergo parce, Deus.
Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

XVIII.

Doleful is that day
Whereon shall rise from the glowing ashes
Guilty man to be judged :
Him therefore spare, O God.
Merciful Jesus, Lord,
Grant them rest. Amen.

Daniel remarks that for a time he thought that these verses had been added to the original poem in order to make it suitable for a sequence in the Mass for the dead, but that his more matured judgment considered the poem to have been written by its author as a sequence for the dead.

The Mantuan marble text did not include these three couplets, but ended with : *Voca me cum benedictis*, followed by the stanza :

Ut consors beatitatis
Vivam cum justificatis
In aevum aeternitatis.

That amid the blessed band
I may share their glory grand
In the endless Fatherland.

To these twenty-one stanzas (*i. e.*, the four introductory ones, the sixteen of the Roman missal, and this appended one) of the Mantuan marble, the editor of the Königsberg *Gesangbuch* added a further final one :

Ubi malorum levamen
In te, Jesu, mi solamen,
Per saeculorum saecula. Amen.

There, no more by evils pressed,
Jesus, on Thy loving breast
I shall find an endless rest.

The *Lacrimosa* couplets are replaced in a Brandenburg missal by :

Ne gehennae ignis laedat
Tuum plasma ; sed te edat,
Digne semper in te credat.

Let Thy handiwork be free
Of Gehenna ; and in Thee
Find sweet food and liberty.

And in a Vienna MS. by :

Ne me perdas, sed regnare,
Fac cum tuis, Jesu care,
Et in coelis gloriare.

Lose me not ; but let me reign,
Jesus, with Thy blessed train
Who in heaven foraye remain.

What end the authors of these supplementary, or rather suppositious, stanzas sought, is not easily divined. The *Lacrimosa* couplets are not, it is true, in the stanzaic forms of the preceding strophes of the hymn ; and only two of the couplets rhyme, while the last couplet has lines of only seven syllables. On the other hand, they in no wise mar the beauty of the hymn, even should we agree with some hymnologists in supposing them a mere addition made for liturgical reasons. The gradual lessening of the triple rhyming, as found in the first two couplets, together with the lessening of the metrical line in the last couplet, forms rather a quiet and pleasing cadence, or falling away from the preceding terrors.

At the *Lacrimosa* the Hæmmerlein expansion begins, Dr. Coles' translation of which may be added here for the sake of completeness :

Lachrymosa die illa,
Cum resurget ex favilla,
Tanquam ignis ex scintilla,

Judicandus homo reus ;
Huic ergo parce, Deus ;
Esto semper adjutor meus.

Quando coeli sunt movendi,
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi,
Nullum tempus poenitendi.

Sed salvatis laeta dies,
Et damnatis nulla quies,
Sed daemonum effigies.

O tu Deus majestatis,
Alme candor Trinitatis,
Nunc conjunge cum beatis.

Vitam meam fac felicem
Propter tuam genitricem
Jesse florem et radicem.

Praesta nobis tunc levamen,
Dulce nostrum fac certamen,
Ut clamemus omnes, Amen !

On that day of woe and weeping,
When, like fire from spark upleaping,
Starts from ashes where he's sleeping,

Man account to Thee to render,
Spare the miserable offender !
Be my helper and defender !

When the heavens away are flying,
Days of trembling then and crying,
For repentance time denying ;

To the saved a day of gladness,
To the damned a day of sadness,
Demon forms and shapes of madness.

God of infinite perfection,
Trinity's serene reflection,
Give me part with the election !

Happiness upon me shower,
For Thy Mother's sake, with power,
Who is Jesse's root and flower.

From Thy fulness comfort pour us,
Fight Thou with us, or fight for us,
So we'll shout, Amen, in chorus.

It will be noticed that the Hæmmerlein text makes *huic* refer to the "first person" or the singer of the hymn; for "Esto semper adiutor meus" follows immediately. Translators refer *huic* generally to the preceding *homo reus*, Wallace referring it, however, to the corpse to be interred.

The Mantuan Marble prefixed, as we have seen, four stanzas, Dr. Irons' rendering of which is as follows:

Cogita, anima fidelis,
Ad quid respondere velis
Christe venturo de coelis;

Cum deposcet rationem
Ob boni commissionem,
Ob mali commissionem.

Dies illa, dies irae,
Quam conemur praevenire,
Obviamque Deo ire;

Seria contritione,
Gratiae apprehensione,
Vitae emendatione.

Think, O Christian soul and sigh—
Unto what thou must reply,
When Christ cometh from the sky!

When He asketh one by one,
For each good deed left undone,
And for every evil done.

Ah that day, for judgment sent!
May we now that day prevent—
Meet our God, and now repent!

With contrition deep and sad,
With all grace that may be had,
And amend our life, if bad.

As has been pointed out already, both of these additions to the Missal text must be considered as alien to the original text of the poem.³ They need not detain us further, and have been included here merely for the sake of completeness.

Whether the six lines beginning "*Lacrimosa dies illa*" are older than the Missal text or were added to the Hymn for the purpose of adapting it to its liturgical function as a sequence, is a question that has been disputed on both sides. Mone, as has been shown in these papers, judges them older than the century generally considered as that of the composition of the Hymn. Mr. Warren, however, thinks the proof inconclusive. They depart, of course, somewhat violently from the stanzaic structure of the rest of the sequence, and form rhymed couplets instead of triplets, although the first two couplets retain the rhythm of the preceding verses. The last two lines depart both from the rhythm and the rhyme of the Hymn, unless we may consider the *m* of *requiem* negligible. March favors the construction—

³ See THE DOLPHIN, November, 1904, p. 520.

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eos requie,

as it consults for the rhymic quality of the sequence and is "a frequent construction with *dono*, of which an example should be in the grammars."⁴ He refers for illustration to the Ven. Bede's hymn *De Natali Innocentium*, in which these lines occur:—

Donat supernis sedibus
Quos rex peremit impius.

The concluding couplet of the *Dies Irae* contains distinctly a prayer for the happy repose of the souls of the dead, and has been therefore looked at askance by many Protestant translators, who have evaded its direct rendering in various twisting fashions. Like so many other Latin hymns, the *Dies Irae* has proved too attractive for our separated brethren, and they were forced to pay it the tribute of translation, although their religious views constrain them to a makeshift as its concluding couplet. "It is not wonderful," says Trench, "that a poem such as this should have continually allured and continually defied translators;" and he refers to the letter sent by Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn, suggesting that Evelyn make a translation of it: "I was thinking to have begged of you a translation of that well-known hymn, *Dies Irae*, *dies illa*, which, if it were a little changed, would make an excellent divine song."⁵ "If it were a little changed"—that has been the text held in mind by our separated brethren. But Mr. Orby Shipley, who as a convert to Catholicity as well as a distinguished hymnologist could look at such a treatment of the Hymn from the double standpoint of his previous and his subsequent religious convictions, has not a kind word for the revisers of the Hymn. "Perhaps the main point of hostile criticism which in any case demands a protest at our hands, and which may first be stated, though it comes last in order of time, is one which most unfavorably impresses a Catholic reader of many Protestant translations. It is this, the manner, unjustifiable in morals and false in criticism, in which the concluding couplet of *Dies Irae* is either tampered

⁴ *Latin Hymns*, p. 261.

⁵ Quoted in Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry from Life of Jeremy Taylor*, Eden's Ed.

with, or mistranslated. This course is often adopted by authors who do not boldly and more honestly omit from their rendering the couplet altogether. Under the circumstances, simple omission would be commendable by comparison with the more usual method of making Thomas of Celano speak in English like a Protestant, rather than, as he really speaks, in universal accents, the faith of a Catholic. At least twelve or thirteen of these thirty-two translations (including fragments) either omit the *Dona eis requiem*, or, to use the received term amongst Anglican editors of Catholic devotions and biography, not to speak of theology, 'adapt' it—which phrase, being interpreted, means to make a deliberate mistranslation. There are, however, noble exceptions to this category. . . . But, even then, a fresh difficulty in ethics arises, which may be named, but which it is no business of the writer to attempt to solve. How can one, being a Protestant, who is loyal to his own communion, become an accomplice to the singing, in a hymn before God, of words the meaning and tenor of which have been systematically and avowedly expunged in prose from the public worship of his persuasion—such words involving Catholic prayer for the dead and the implied doctrine of purgatory? It is also noteworthy that some translators, from whom (even at the cost of moral consistency) we should expect at least a Catholic-worded remembrance of the faithful departed, have disappointed us: whilst others, from whom we should expect less, have given us more."⁶ Dr. Coles, who prints the Latin text,⁷ omits the concluding couplet, and of course gives no English rendering of it. Thus, too, the seven versions in Judge Nott's volume omit the couplet, with the exception of Dr. Irons', which makes the couplet a prayer uttered by the living for their own eternal rest :—

Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem ! Amen.

Hymns Ancient and Modern comes out boldly with a revision of Dr. Irons' couplet :

Lord, all-pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest. Amen.

⁶ *Dublin Review*, April, 1883, p. 371.

⁷ *Dies Irae in Thirteen Original Versions*.

This change, which is really the version of Isaac Williams (appearing first in 1834 as a translation of the Paris Missal text, *Crucis expandens vexilla*), had already been adopted by other Protestant hymnals. In this connection it may be noted as a curious fact that our own authentic prayer-book, the *Baltimore Manual of Prayers*, which uses the version of Dr. Irons, retains the mistranslation of the last couplet, while *Hymns Ancient and Modern* revised it, properly, by taking Williams' translation. It is a perfect rendering of the Catholic thought of the original, and a Catholic can not but feel gratified that in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, whose annual sales run up, it is said, into the million mark, the true translation should be so widely spread. So, too, the Rev. Mr. Copeland's version renders the thought correctly:

Prince of pity, Jesu blest,
Lord and Saviour, give them rest.

More direct still, if possible, is the rendering by "O" in the *Christian Remembrancer* (1825):

Saviour, listen while we plead,
We, the living, for the dead.

The thought of the original is also retained, in the very words of the Hymn, in the translation of William Hay, in the *Bengal Annual* (1831):

Lord, we bend to Thee for them,
Dona eis requiem!

All of these correct versions illustrate the hunger of humanity for a prayerful remembrance of the dead, and are a direct tribute to Catholic doctrine by Protestant writers. And so the Rev. J. Anketell moralizes in the *American Church Review* (1873, p. 206), when describing an incident that happened during his missionary stay in Dresden. By the explosion of fire damp in a mine some six miles from that city, three hundred unfortunates perished. One of the many charitable undertakings for the relief of their families was a sacred concert in a Lutheran church in Dresden, at which Mozart's *Requiem* was sung with full orchestral accompaniment: "It would be vain to attempt," wrote Mr. Anketell, "to describe in words the effect of the *Dies Irae* on that occasion.

Many were moved to tears, and when the splendid basso commenced his solo :

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,

and the clarion notes of a trumpet accompanied his voice, one could well imagine that the final doom was about to be pronounced ! Toward the close of the hymn,

Voca me cum benedictis !

a golden ray of light from the declining sun came shooting through the stained windows and fretted aisles. . . . Passing strange was it to hear, in that Protestant church, the sound of a requiem for the dead. But hardened indeed, in its prejudices, must have been the heart which could not have joined in the prayer :

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

The Rev. Mr. Anketell was a Protestant minister ; and the prayer in which, as he thought, only a heart hardened by its prejudices could have refused to join, is a prayer for the happy repose of the souls of the dead. He can not have been insensible to the doctrinal point involved, for he takes his quotation, not from the Hymn itself, but from another part of the liturgy of the Requiem Mass. The thought in both is identical ; but his quotation serves to emphasize strongly the liturgical character of the Hymn and the uncompromising Catholicity of its concluding couplet. Death is not the Divider, but the Reuniter ; and Protestants will continue to utter for the dead a couplet of the great Hymn that illustrates a devotion wholly Catholic as it is wholly beautiful, and as human as it is divine.

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Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Uranium, Mother of Metals.—It was the custom till quite recently to laugh at the philosophers and physical scientists of the centuries before the nineteenth for thinking that such a thing as a transmutation of metals was possible. It was practically a universal belief that almost any metal might by natural processes after a sufficient length of time be converted into any other. Even so distinguished and so recent a scientific genius as Newton was a firm believer in the possibility of transmutation. To a friend about to visit certain copper mines on the Continent, Newton suggested less than two hundred years ago that the friend might find it especially to his advantage to study the process of transmutation *in situ* in some of the copper mines. The English mathematician advanced as a proof of the fact that such change must take place, some specimens in the museum at Cambridge in which gold was present in connection with copper, and in which therefore it seemed that the transforming process had, to a limited degree at least, taken place.

Even at the present time, there are not a few who would laugh at this idea of Newton's, but they are not the ones who know most of the present position of chemical science. If there is one doctrine that has been revolutionized completely within the last few years, it is the supposed individuality of the so-called chemical elements and the assumed impossibility of their ever being transformed into one another. Most of the newer opinion in the matter has come as the result of studies of the radio-active metals and especially of uranium, radium, and helium. As has been recently remarked, Uranus, after whom uranium received its name, was in the old mythology the father of all the gods. Recent results of investigation with regard to uranium would seem to show that the designation given this substance was much more appropriate than perhaps the discoverer ever dreamt. There

seems no doubt now that uranium has been observed as the generator of other metals.

The atom of uranium is the heaviest known, its atomic weight of 240 indicating that in comparison with the atom of hydrogen it is 240 times as heavy. As a matter of fact, it would seem to be too large and cumbersome an elemental material to hang together with any efficiency, and as a consequence, wherever it has been observed, it is in process of transformation into radium and helium. One specimen of uranium that has been kept very carefully under observation for several years past has been found to be changing into radium at the rate of one twenty-trillionth (not a very appreciable fraction, it must be confessed) of its weight per annum. It used to be thought that the advance of chemistry would lead to the discovery first of all that the larger atoms were composed of some simpler form of material. It is a surprise therefore to have advance come in the opposite direction with the announcement of the observation that a heavier atom is breaking up and that this is the first proof of the possibility of transmutation.

Sir William Crookes suggested some time ago that there probably was a substratum of material substance identical in all the elements and possessed of properties so vaguely effective as to be practically unrecognizable by any of our present methods of chemical or physical investigation. For this theoretic substance he proposed the name *protyle*,—that is, first stuff. Both the name and the properties he ascribes to the new substance are curiously reminiscent of the prime matter of the old scholastics. It has been suggested recently that this prime matter may really be nothing more than negative electrons,—that is, particles of matter negatively charged with electricity, extremely minute but dynamically very active. These electrons have been demonstrated to be about one-thousandth of the size of the atom of hydrogen. In uranium, therefore, there would be two hundred and forty thousand of these dynamic elements struggling to assert their efficiency. It is not surprising then that there should be a gradual breaking-up of the larger atom into something smaller.

Almost more interesting, however, than the breaking-up of the larger atoms into smaller ones is the gradual accumulation

of evidence that there is also a process of synthesis at work in the physical world. Sir William Ramsey, one of the most distinguished of living physicists, to whom many of the recent discoveries are due, has succeeded in showing that radio-activity may produce changes by which large atoms are built up as well as large atoms pulled down. For instance, radium, when allowed to act on glass for a certain length of time, has been known to produce some wonderful change, not only in the molecules of the glass, but even in its atoms, and where beforehand it was sure that no substance was present of an atomic weight greater than 40, substances result, or at least one has been noted which has an atomic weight above 200. In a word, all of our modern chemical theory is at the present moment as actively in flux as was chemical theory at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when supposedly modern chemistry was attaining its sure and solid foundations after the centuries of thought-wandering by the transmutationists. Curiously enough, the reaction is toward the old, and does not pursue the thoughts that were rife in the nineteenth century.

The Wonders of the Ion.—The word *ion*, which is attracting so much popular attention at the present time, is not by any means new, having been first used by Faraday about three-quarters of a century ago; although it must not be forgotten that it is now used in a new sense. When water is decomposed by means of electricity, the products of decomposition—oxygen and hydrogen—each goes to the end of one of the wires which carries the current of electricity into the water. These products then, because they were “goers” across the body of liquid, were called by Faraday *ions*, “things that go,” from the Greek verb *to go*,—the prefixes *an* and *kat* being used to indicate that they went to the anode or the cathode respectively.

It was the Danish physicist, Arrhenius, last year's winner of one of the Nobel prizes, who first attempted an explanation for the peculiar action of the decomposition products where electricity was decomposing a fluid. He suggested that the substance dissolved in a solution did not necessarily exist in the same way as in the dry state, but that their atoms were dissociated. They were held, however, in a state of equilibrium owing to the fact

that they were charged with different forms of electricity. Thus when electricity is made to pass through a fluid, it discharges and recharges these electrified bodies. And it is the charges of electricity on the particles of matter that are the real ions or travelers. This is true not only in liquids, but also in gases.

The study of these ions is occupying the attention of many chemists and physicists at the present time, and some of the mathematical explanations proposed serve to show very well how complex a thing is even the minutest portion of matter. The word atom, which means, from the Greek verb "to cut" and a privative, that the particle thus described can be no further divided or cut up, was introduced with the idea of providing a descriptive term for the smallest conceivable portion of matter. The atomic theory, however, conferred certain qualities upon the atom. Recent investigations have shown that the ion itself, which may be carried on the atom, has certain material qualities; and one good authority, at least, thinks that he has demonstrated that the negative ion, which is the most active of the two, is probably no larger than the two-thousandth part of an atom of hydrogen, which has been considered up to the present time as the smallest portion of matter, and for that reason was taken as the standard of comparison for the estimation of atomic weights. Although the ion is so small, the energy with which it is endowed is by no means a trivial thing. The charge carried, for instance, by the atoms of hydrogen that are set free during the electrical decomposition of water, has been determined, and for even a small quantity of water the energy represented is something immense. A writer in the *Revue Scientifique* not long since calculated that one gram of hydrogen in the nascent state carries 96,500 coulombs of electricity, "Some idea of how enormous this charge is," the writer continues, "can be obtained when I say that if we could get two spheres each filled with one milligram of the chemical ions of hydrogen, and place them one centimetre apart, they would repel each other with the prodigious force of one hundred trillions of tons."

The negative ion is sometimes lately spoken of as a corpuscle. It is supposed that each atom of matter is composed of a great number of corpuscles analogous to the negative ion of which we

have spoken. There is a very large number of these corpuscles in some atoms, since there are 2,000 in the smallest atom known, the hydrogen atom. Consequently there is, as it were, within the atom a planetary system on a reduced scale, and these minute planets revolve and gravitate around each other according to the laws of electric attraction. When an electric cause of perturbation comes in the form of an X-ray, it shivers off one of the corpuscles. Why this would invariably be charged with negative electricity is still a mystery.

This may seem mere theory without any foundation. There is no doubt that much of it is hypothesis, but it is the sort of hypothesis that frequently leads to important discovery. As it is, even at the present time, the new views of the corpuscular composition of atoms enable physicists to give more satisfactory explanations of the phenomena of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and even of gravity, than have been possible before. It is curious to think how certain were supposed to be the results of scientific speculation about the middle of the nineteenth century, and yet how most of the accepted theories of a half-century ago are now giving way to further speculations that promise to be of help in the progress of physical and chemical knowledge.

Trees in Wireless Telegraphy.—Some officers of the American Signal Service made quite by chance the observation that trees are especially good conductors of electrical currents. It has long been known that they were good conductors for large charges of electricity, like lightning,—hence the danger of standing under them during storms; but this recent observation was made with regard to small currents of electricity such as are used for telephone purposes. It was found, however, that besides being good conductors, they may be good receivers of electrical charges in the air, and be of excellent service also for the distribution of even small currents of electricity in such a way as to produce the waves that are used in wireless telegraphy. As a consequence of experiments made in this regard, trees are now commonly used as signal stations in field work where there is no permanent wireless apparatus installation.

It has been found that by means of trees messages may be sent over a considerable radius. Owing, however, to a diffusion of

the electrical currents and the fact that trees are not good receivers, the limit of exact communication seems to be about three miles. All that is necessary is to drive a nail that gets well beyond the bark of the tree into the wood and then connect the wireless apparatus by means of wires to this nail. Messages that are ticked off can then be readily received on a tree armed with a receiving apparatus. Live trees are the only ones, however, that have this quality of transmitting electricity, as the dry wood of dead trees has been found to be an unsuitable conductor. Of course it is impossible to attune such a sending and receiving apparatus so as to prevent an enemy in the neighborhood, within three miles, from catching the signals. As all army communication is by means of a secret code, this does not make very much difference for war purposes. With an automobile for the carrying of the wireless apparatus, it is rather easy to establish a line of communication across country that enables different portions of an army to keep well in touch with one another. Explorers and others have also found it of advantage, and it is likely to prove a very useful discovery.

Clergymen and Origins in Science.—In recent years one of the most interesting phases of scientific development has been a more detailed knowledge of the men to whom the first great steps in the various sciences are due. Not infrequently it has happened that the primal discovery was made by a genius long before successors tardily came to fill up the beginnings of knowledge in such a way as to round out first principles into a definite science. We pointed out not long since that when the International Society of Geologists met in Italy about twenty years ago, they considered it a duty and a privilege to assist at the unveiling of a bust of Bishop Stenson or Steno, whom they saluted as one of the founders of geology. Two other great original thinkers in science who were clergymen have recently had vindicated for them the position which is really theirs as founders in science. For instance, it has been pointed out that it was not our own Franklin who first demonstrated the identity of electrical phenomena with lightning, but rather a Premonstratensian monk, Procopius Dirwisch, of Prenditz in Bohemia. Toward the end of the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, he dared to set up a lightning conductor

by which he obtained sparks from clouds during thunder storms, although he realized the danger that this involved; and when he printed his article on the subject, in 1751, he pointed it out to others. There seems no doubt that some tradition of this was known in the scientific circles generally in Europe, though it was scarcely credited. Whether Franklin may have had some inkling of it or not cannot be determined, but it seems not unlikely that his idea in the matter was entirely original, and that the fact of the same discovery being made by two minds at the same time is only another of those coincidences in science which seem to show that scientific ideas are almost in the air during a certain period, and that a number of men whose thoughts are running along certain lines have inklings of them.

Another clergyman who distinguished himself in science in the seventeenth century, in fact just about the very time that Father Dirwisch was making his discoveries, was the Frenchman, Abbé Trembley. In the introduction to his book on *Regeneration*, Prof. Thomas Hunt Morgan, of Bryn Mawr, pays a deserved tribute to Trembley for his original work on that subject. Some of Trembley's observations anticipate a number of details in our knowledge of regeneration, the significance of which have come to be properly appreciated only in quite recent times. Trembley's work was done not on theoretical considerations, but as the result of carefully-planned experiments and observations on the lower animals. It is to Trembley that is owed the famous experiment of turning a hydra inside out, and then attempting to keep the animal from turning back by sticking a fine bristle through the body. Unfortunately, his observations, which seemed to indicate that the hydra proceeded to do its digestion with what had formerly been the outside of its body when it could not use its former stomach for digestion purposes, were not founded on truth. Although the experiment has been repeated many times for a century and a half, it is only within the last few years that the error of observation in the matter has been discovered.

Seedlessness and Fruit Extinction.—We called attention in last month's notes on Recent Science to the discovery of the coreless apple and the efforts being made for its introduction. Besides the apple, the orange is now mainly grown from the seedless

variety, and probably this will become the exclusive method of growth in the next twenty-five years. For some time the banana has been grown entirely in this way, and so a condition of seedlessness in fruit is becoming the rule rather than the exception. Some of the work now being accomplished in California gives one the idea that before very long even such fruits as the peach or the plum may be grown without seeds. This might seem a consummation eminently to be desired, and yet there are some considerations with regard to this invasion of nature's ways that are likely to give us pause and make us wonder whether we are surely accomplishing something that will always be considered as beneficial as it seems to be at the present moment. It was a poet of the very olden time who said that you might expel nature with a fork, but she would surely come back. There is one thing even more certain than that, and that is that nature avenges an invasion of her domain even though made with what looks like sweet reasonableness.

A recent critic of these pomological advances has called attention to the fact that if all the apple trees are rendered seedless, the duration of the species will be limited to the time during which, without the invaluable aid of crossing, the trees then alive could continue to send up from their roots a constantly deteriorating series of new shoots. That this is no overdrawn picture, almost any fruit grower will realize. As a matter of fact, the banana has fallen into that more or less precarious condition, so that if a frost or some special insect or some unfortunate accident of environment should kill all the banana plants alive at the present time, there never would be any more of them, at least in this world. An editorial writer in the *New York Times* recently called attention to the fact that, "Persistent propagation of the potato from its tubers alone has had upon that precarious vegetable an effect that already is alarming many of its most thoughtful friends, and they foresee the necessity, in a not very distant future, of going back to the miserable little nubbins that grow wild in Mexico and developing them all over again into the treasure houses of starch that do so much toward feeding the world,—a long and costly task."

There is probably nothing that is more interesting in the

scientific advances in modern life than some considerations as to the ultimate event of what we now dignify as progress is likely to be. It has often been pointed out that the lowering of the death-rate among children really is preventing nature from eliminating the unfit, and consequently the great increase in the number of dependents of various kinds and especially the insane in later years. Nature, even in her most stepmotherly mood, is yet sometimes tenderer with the race than short-sighted men who can only see the results of what they accomplish for a generation or two.

OUR CRITIC.

Consider France Curiously.—Why did France lose the Faith? is asked by the *Missionary* for April. It is too soon to ask. And we must suspend judgment. No wonder, however, that we do not patiently hear a repetition of M. Paul Deschanel's recent speech during the debate on the great separation of Church and State question, in which he repeats that Catholicism is the religion of 98 per cent. of Frenchmen. He himself being a Catholic, he would say; and yet—we should say—not being one. No wonder the Bishop of Tarentaise—and he a well-known Republican bishop, a “liberal,” as far as may be—has declared that he will not count these nominal, and yet anti-Catholic, Catholics as members of his flock when the time comes to arrange who it is that his clergy are to look after, under the hard time that is before the reorganized Church.

And yet we must not forget the ever-present truths—never too often alluded to, whenever we wish to form a right judgment—that still some two-thirds of Catholic missionaries are given by France, and that hers are the modern martyrs; it is little to say, after that, that it is the French Catholics who give more money to foreign missions than all other Catholics put together. And further, we must not forget that the departments near Paris show the most desolate parishes for church-going. The *Missionary* has it that “the conditions in Seine-et-Marne are said not to be exceptional, but typical of the larger part of the Republic.”

Nevertheless, a letter to the *Tablet* that has since been going the rounds of the papers, doubtless told the truth about crowds

in churches lately seen at Orleans. Rash conclusions were then quickly drawn by puzzled readers and editors, that, after all, France is a great church-going country. Still, let us suspend judgment. We might have seen thousands of men in procession at Notre Dame de Paris this winter when the turn for the Perpetual Adoration in the diocese came to the cathedral, as every night in the year we might see more than a score of men keeping up the Adoration in the Church of Reparation, the Sacré Cœur on Montmartre. And the same day that I was reading in the *Missionary*, I read one more steadying tribute in the Anglican *Church Times*, for March 24th, from a well-known non-Catholic clergyman. At Cette, the 33,000 business town on the south coast, he received his copy of the *Westminster Gazette* with "a letter from its Paris correspondent, who, as usual, was vindicating the disestablishment proposals of the Government, on the grounds that no one, especially a man, went to church in France. Into this matter I looked carefully at Cette, and am bound to say that no town of similar size and conditions in England could have shown more evidence of the religious habit. Its four churches with twelve priests were used frequently each day, and the four or five Masses at each on Sunday were all fairly attended, while the low Mass at 11 A.M. in my parish church was crowded. . . . Another church I found nearly full, at 8 A.M., while at St. Joseph's, at the weekly Mass for men only, I found about seventy men of all classes present. Hereat the rector gave a short reading from *l'Évangile Médité* followed by a short sermon. . . . Infidelity at Cette is chiefly confined to the factory men: of a general neglect of the duties of religion there was certainly no evidence."

We know how the present Bishop of London speaks of his "pagan" diocese, where only 18 per cent. go to any form of worship, and of the working classes only 5 per cent. Is not Berlin, of the Emperor's new *Dom*, the least church-going capital in Europe? And the present writer remembers, some few years ago, visiting churches in Lent in Paris, at services for men only, where, in half a dozen churches, there used to be weekly evening congregations of from 500 to 1,000 men. This Easter, if transported to Notre Dame, doubtless we should assist again at the

Communion of some 5,000 men. "It hath been an opinion," said Bacon, "that the French are wiser than they seem." Joubert will have it that "les Français sont les hommes du monde les plus propres à devenir fous sans perdre la tête." *Adsit omen.*

M. Combes on his Defence.—In the *National Review*¹ for March *l'ancien premier ministre* reproaches English friends for being, though sympathetic with his foreign policy, yet unsympathetic with his policy in religion. The article is on this text: that the Church is incompatible with the State. The conclusion is obvious: destruction of the Church as soon as that is possible. The paper is well-written special pleading. The Organic Articles added to the Concordat without knowledge of Pope Pius VII are accepted as the basis of relation between France and the Papacy, the latter power having always disowned them,—absurdly, the adversary says, since upon their acceptance the French Government of Napoleon agreed to the peace with the Church. That is, one party signing liked certain articles unknown to the other party, and so accepted them; and being the more domineering, then declared them to be understood by it as part of the treaty and the justification of its own reception thereof. What is this to be called? It is on a par with the "historic lie," which the other Republican Prime Minister, M. Ribot, denounced in M. Combes' speech (repeated in his paper), that the Papacy had worked against the loyal carrying out of the Concordat. And now, least convincing mark of all in the paper, M. Combes ends by saying that he resigned freely, and makes no allusion whatever to the *délation*, the spying on the officers who went to Mass and whose wives did works of charity, the very disgusting thing which was the cause of his ministry's downfall. This is very strange, remarks the London *Morning Leader*, one of those Liberal dailies across the Channel which M. Combes' article was written to charm into confidence in his plain honest ways. He has indeed revealed himself, when he lets out the avowal: "I came into power, convinced for separation of Church and State, but knowing people were unprepared for it, yet determining so to act as to bring it within the sphere of practical politics."

¹ Lord Llandaff—of the old Catholic family of which Father Mathew was the most illustrious son—has an article in the April *National Review*, answering M. Combes, who tried to show that English Catholics were other than their French brethren.

And not only officers, by the way, saw their career checked or ruined ; civilians have to be guaranteed by some Freemason in order to become clerks, notaries, and even porters ; and if some secret enemy put in a bad mark against a man, his chance was gone : his very bread and butter were risked if he was suspected of not admiring M. Combes. " This low tyranny," continues the Republican *Journal des Débats*, " was working all through the country, in petty ways the meanest and yet the most successful. It must cease ; it will cease." Anyway, if Combism is still alive, M. Combes is no more in the seat of the scorners of liberty.

A fellow doctor, a radical, an anti-clerical, resigns after M. Combes (as a county councillor), for that, as says his letter to the *préfet*, " politicians wanted by shameful machinations to get rid of a man independent as I am, disgracing him, driving him to ruin and suicide by agents borrowed from Freemasonry. Masonry is responsible for all these men's blackguardism ; it sheltered them, and paid them. And I have spoken, not because of my personal concerns, but because of the combined and determined threatening and denouncing and *chantage* against freedom, affections, and the interest of the poor."

French "Disestablishment."—Is it necessary to say that the French proposal is not to free the Church from the State, but only to free the State from the Church ?

The churches and other ecclesiastical buildings are said to belong to the State. The people's representatives are to hire the churches (for terms not longer than ten years) for religious purposes, or for any purpose they like. If the religious preacher therein says anything against the State's laws, he is to be fined and imprisoned. The State may sell the churches whenever any lease is within three years of falling in. No religious procession or ceremony may be held outside the church. The city or county council will arrange as to funerals, and will allow or forbid the church bells at any time to be rung. And so on.

Not unfairly Leo XIII judged that the most violent—and it is they who drive on fated ministries in France—wanted " disestablishment," " so as to give the State full freedom to torment the Church of Jesus Christ ; . . . the State recognizing the Church only when it shall be pleased to persecute her." This is

not our American "disestablishment"; a thing, if not the ideal—which must ever be the acknowledging of whatever is truth—yet a thing to be readily accepted; especially, as Pope Leo put it, "when lawmakers, fortunately inconsistent, continue to be inspired by Christian principles."

It may be surprising to read the *Boston Transcript* summing the French scheme up as France's "putting religion and statecraft on precisely the same basis they are [*sic*] in the United States." Though, that the *Literary Digest* textually copies, may be less of a surprise.

Is it any use quoting, to the well-intentioned, half-informed, the enthusiasts for this and other French Jacobin schemes? By M. Jaurès and his like—and how able, persistent and enthusiastic they are—anarchist murders are held to be merely "just reprisals." "The revolutionary bomb that smashed up Plehve has now smashed up Sergius, that hateful and black-hearted ruffian, chief support of Czarism. The revolution takes good aim, and strikes the right people,"—including, of course, presidents of the United States. "The revolution!" We know what that means; nothing local or temporary, but the general freeing of Humanity at the expense of human beings.

A Noble Sign in French Journalism.—*L'Univers*, still under a Veuillot, has made a declaration for this year that it will help French Catholics to know and to see what is going on around, and to sympathize with what is good in those they dislike, or condemn, or cannot understand. "We intend to open our windows wide, and to see what is going on round about us, and among our adversaries, hunting up our own books and reviews, and theirs also; learning from the good works set on foot by our own side, and telling our friends about the good works of those who fight against us." What a comfort to find a leading Catholic paper writing so. Not all opposition to us, then, is wicked love of Freemasonry and "the devil in the nineteenth century," as was the phrase in the pious French lifetime of Miss Diana Vaughan. By the same token an infatuated South American priest has revived this lady, and refuses to withdraw the English translations of his scandal-giving publication. Anyway, something is to be hoped when "the readers of *l'Univers* will thus learn better to

understand the generous aspirations, as well as the errors, of the age in which we live." Have Catholics in France been the leaders in shortening hours of labor, in popularizing instruction, in giving equal chances to all to rise? There have been saintly men to mock at these aspirations.

But this is not noble.—The *Literary Digest* has apologized for its floundering in foreign news. But we would shelter our misled friend from thundering Gallic blows :—

"Le *Literary Digest* continue sans trêve son étalage de produits venimeux, narcotiques et délétères. Chaque livraison est un défi à chacune des facultés humaines—il n'y manque que la honte et l'impudence pour la vue.

"Presque tout l'article *The Religious World* est un mélange nauséabond de potasse rationaliste, fantaisite, inventions saugrenues de cerveaux hantés d'illuminisme, d'orgueil personnel, de vues et d'aperçus irreligieux, humanitaires, nationaux même, tout l'inversion des principes catholiques et de la saine doctrine."

This is very interesting. When a learned French priest writes thus (as if we must all, for sure, go astray, unless held in leading strings in the right path), does he not help us to understand France? Or at least to see clearly the violence and helplessness of this abuse of the enemy, and this proving by logic that we must be—what we are not? Yet there was a Frenchman called Molière. He began by Pancrace who, for that he was asked to say the "form" and not the "shape" of a hat, maintained, "Ah! Seigneur Sganarelle, tout est renversé, aujourd'hui, et le monde est tombé dans une corruption générale. Une license épouvantable règne partout; et les magistrats, qui sont établis pour maintenir l'ordre dans cet état, devraient rougir de honte, en souffrant un scandale aussi intolérable que celui dont je veux parler." And Molière ends with Monsieur Purgon, who dismisses the rejector of his prescriptions with, "J'ai à vous dire que je vous abandonne à votre mauvaise constitution, à l'intempérie de vos entrailles, à la corruption de votre sang, à l'âcreté de votre bile et à la féculence de vos humeurs . . . de la dyspepsie dans l'hydropisie, et de l'hydropisie dans la privation de la vie, où vous aura conduit votre folie."

After that, say that Frenchmen are not in earnest.

Some Small Latin Republics.—A Protestant magazine not unnaturally asks, as to Central America and South America, how it is that nuns can be turned out of a Catholic country, religious processions forbidden, priests hindered from wearing cassocks, and other priests banished by a president, when they dared to suggest that non-religious processions are allowed, and even Freemason aprons—than which the products of the remote days of Adam and Eve cannot but have been less painfully ugly. But these republics will endure anything that is not priestly. Whereat the northern American protests and greatly marvels. Not ungenerously he presses his question,—how can these things be?

The usual "Latin" answer is in one word, "Freemasonry." This is apt to irritate ears, whose lips reply in English: "How can a few men manage you all? It is the wearisome talk once more of some few thousand Freemasons managing thirty-seven million Catholics in France." A blunt English priest simply says it is what you always will have, where you have a passive laity and a narrow-minded clergy: the clergy work the machine, and the laity at first don't care, and at length care enough to turn upon those they do not understand, and then despise, and then hate. So the last case is worse than the first. Be it said that the general moral standing of the clergy south of us seems higher than it was, thanks much to the religious orders—as the French Eudist Fathers—to whom seminaries in those republics have been confided.

We all know the astounding abuses that in some places were, and are, in some sort, tolerated—as where the pious English naval officer, Rudolph de Lisle, hesitated about going to the Mass of a priest living so, and decided against going; he who had, when even a midshipman, braved a captain's wrath, and taken off the English Catholic sailors to that Catholic service to which they had legal right; and who on a French ship had alone gone to Mass, and finally shamed the poor French officers by his example to go and do likewise. But if the clergy are imperfect, they are always more perfect than their laity, even Voltaire (doubtless self-consciously) admitted and laid down. No, even in that land of Voltaire's Jesuits, whose moral standard it astonished their pupil that men could blame; even in the France of Renan, who had

known none but good priests, he said,—even there, we have this ruling of the many by the few. And it is not a thing to be so much wondered at. What is Taine's showing about the minority that made the Terror? What is the true story, now so often told, of the English Reformation? Or, as a Protestant reviewer writes of this last volume III of the *Cambridge Modern History*, on the "Wars of Religion," "in this volume we are spared none of the atrocities of the Calvinists of Holland; and are constantly reminded that their truculent oligarchies ruled a population of which a large majority was Catholic, and denied that majority the right of public worship."

And yet there is this thing belonging more to "Latin" peoples to-day,—the inability to live and let live; that which in its more bare-faced fashion is seen in these smaller American republics in question, where a change of ministry has meant so often a revolution, with prosecuting, with killing: the army is conservative, or it is liberal; and small *coups d'état, à la Napoléon le petit*, have been struck again and again. When a priest tells us he saw an election managed—by the Catholic Conservative party then in power—with a soldier at each side of the polling-booth door, threatening the life of any known "Freemason" who dared to vote,—this, in all frankness, is: "Your religion may bid you tolerate me; mine forbids me to tolerate you." Are you answered?

Pope Pius X and Independent Thought and Action.—The Pope has blessed the lay works in France, "Le Sillon" and "La jeunesse Catholique." One sometimes wonders whether our *jeunesse dorée*, such as it is, knows what many young Frenchmen of position do, what days and nights they give to the better *fraternité*, what patience in instructing the ignorant, what braving of insult, what sacrifice of positions, what devotion to the sick and poor. "Bishops," says the Holy Father, "should welcome such societies got up by laymen, when there is in them filial submission to church authority." In the same month of March the Pope condemned Italian "autonomous Christian Democrats" who declare they have a right to direct and guide social action in opposition to the bishops. And he has lately urged bishops not to ordain seminarists who have "an unchecked spirit of criticism

. . . and are without respect for our great masters, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, those interpreters of revelation." These explanatory words have been omitted, perhaps inadvertently, in some accounts published of what the Pope said against "independence."

St. Patrick's Conquest of all Ireland.—St. Patrick's Day is now, we read, as complete a holiday in Dublin as St. Stephen's Day or Easter Monday. A pious Protestant Episcopalian writes that the Irish working classes have thus secured an extra holiday, through their veneration of their patron Saint. He adds: "Special services were held in Dublin in most of our Irish Catholic churches, as well as in the Roman Catholic places of worship." We remember, only a few years ago, how some Episcopalians were deploring they had no services on St. Patrick's Day; and now, behold, like Newman's astonished Establishment prelates on reading the *Christian Year*, which transformed them into successors of mediæval monks—here are our old Orange friends finding out they have been the truest Mass-priests all along. M. Jourdain was not so surprised when told he was a Mamamouchi. And it is wonderful how soon he and they get accustomed to their new dignities. But what other man can really pay himself with words like our would-be Catholic Episcopalian, writing his funny "litel things in prose," in no wise understood of the people about whom they are composed? Chaucer's Theseus might be fancied to remark on the honest poor Reformation body that thought to live and die Protestant, and knew nothing of being *Mater Ecclesia* to some desperate, devoted, unheeded sons, that—

This is yet the beste game of alle,
That she, for whom they have this Iolitee
. . . woot namore of al this hote fare,
By God, than woot a cokkow or an hare.

One of the Last of the Converts.—We mean those Englishmen of some fifty years ago, when Father William Neville was among several clergymen received in one day by Cardinal Newman from one Anglican church, St. Saviour's, Leeds. And yet, as the greatest of the converts said, that church had been founded by such high hopes, and with such deep piety. It bore the inscription asking us to "pray for the sinner that built this church;" and

he, as was known long after, was no other than Dr. Pusey. And then, as Newman himself had found, they went by, and lo! it was gone; and the Anglican church was seen for what it was—nothing, in a Catholic sense, but only the creature of the State, adorned by its renovators' own personal Catholic forms, patient for a while here and there of individual Catholic ideas.

And now Father Neville has died at the Oratory, Birmingham, the literary executor of his great chief, in whose footsteps he may be said literally to have lived. We have seen him there, his greatest happiness seeming to be to talk of Cardinal Newman, to show his room, or rooms, if so the one divided room be called. It is kept as the Cardinal left it, as he used to sweep it out daily,—his table and books as you go in, a small space, where one is hardly able to turn; books up the walls; but his books were spread all over the house and into the library. Then, in another little division of the room, the bed; and beyond, in the third, the altar, the oratory. It does not all make one large room.

No Opposition between Polyphonic and Gregorian.—THE DOLPHIN's article on training boys' choirs must convince anyone that the training is possible, though the practice thereof must be learned from experts. That is the only way to carry out what has been here so admirably said. And yet there is a word on p. 401, for April, which is regrettable, suggesting that Catholic choristers must be trained for Gregorian music only, as opposed to Anglicans trained for polyphonic or other. This is much to be regretted, whenever suggested; for it discourages those who do not, or cannot, and certainly need not, confine themselves to Gregorian. The Church and the Pope, in the spirit and in the letter, do not thus bind us to one form of church music. How nobly religious are Palestrina, Anerio, Vittoria, de Lasso, Tallis, Byrd! How can we know but by hearing? Oh, if our unhappy priests and people did but hear, they would never sigh again for the wretched, dreamy nonsense, vulgar sentiment and irreligious noise of the west gallery, that old hindrance to piety.

Queen's Colleges, Ireland.—An article in the April *American Catholic Quarterly* declares that Irish Catholics desire a university with "independence in internal administration . . . such as that enjoyed by the Colleges of Oxford, Cambridge, or Berlin." The writer might have added to Oxford and Cambridge, Trinity

College, Dublin. He should not have added Berlin, where professors are appointed by the outside government authority in education. But Trinity College, Dublin, is "independent in internal administration." The writer gives this independence a bad name when he discusses Trinity College; a good name when he discusses colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. Not apparently understanding the collegiate terms "co-opt" and "elect," he does not seem to realize that, in Trinity College, Fellowship is the result purely of examination. Three Catholics in thirty years are all that have been "elected" Fellows. Did more than three Catholics present themselves? If every set of highest marks had been made by a Catholic, every Fellow would be a Catholic. There is no other question, for to-day, and to-morrow. Until some thirty years ago Catholics were excluded from Fellowships, and were neither examined therefor, nor elected, nor co-opted, unless as apostates. For the last thirty years they have excluded themselves. They may be right in so doing, or they may be wrong. But it is really absurd to talk now as if there was some law against their competing. And of course it is pure ignorance to talk of "election" of Trinity College Fellows in the literal or even in the Oxford sense.

Again, what does it mean to confuse oneself by writing that the Queen's Colleges in Ireland have had a tendency from the beginning of a distinctly sectarian kind? The Catholics may have been right or wrong in not going there. But that these colleges have not had Catholic students in majority is simply because Catholic students have been discouraged from going. They are not only "ostensibly," but really undenominational. Opportunities were offered for having Catholic deans of residence, priests. A little less than half the Irish Catholic bishops were for accepting the Colleges. The first president of Queen's College, Galway, was a priest. But Archbishop MacHale fought against them, and conquered Archbishop Murray of Dublin who was for them; and the Archbishop of Tuam was supported by the condemnation of the colleges by Pope Pius IX. That is why, as we read "the number of Catholic students is distinctly a minus quantity." Do let us have the facts about Ireland—land laws, education laws, Castle rule, and all—as they are to-day, not as they were three centuries ago, or even in the middle of the century that is past.

Studies and Conferences.

HOW HISTORY IS MADE AND SOLD.

In the April number of *THE DOLPHIN* appeared a short article under the title "*A Non-Sectarian History*," signed "Inquirer." The paper was a communication from a gentleman prominently connected with the work of Catholic Higher Education in America, who wished to direct attention to the fact that an active canvass was being made for the sale, to Catholic institutions and libraries, of a work which is hostile to Catholic interests. We quote here the words of "Inquirer" as printed in *THE DOLPHIN*:

"*Rev. Dear Sir* :—A subscription agent for a work entitled 'The History of North America,' which is to be completed in twenty volumes, left with me some advertising matter, from which I learn that the Editor-in-Chief of the work is Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., assisted by 'twenty distinguished scholars' who are to write the volumes, and are to be assisted 'by a board of forty College Presidents, forty Professors, and many Men of Affairs.' The work is to be 'non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-sectional;' in evidence whereof, no doubt, a supplementary broad-sheet gives the names of prominent Catholic subscribers, etc. The 'Editorial Board' includes the Rev. Edward H. Welch, S.J., of Georgetown College, Condé B. Pallen, Esq., J. F. Edwards, Ph.D., of Notre Dame University; while the 'Board of Exclusion and Inclusion' includes the Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S.J., President of Georgetown College, and the Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D., of the Catholic University.

"Under such auspices, I have no doubt that the work will prove of great value from a Catholic standpoint; and my purpose in addressing you on the subject is to learn, if possible, just what part the Catholic gentlemen I have mentioned have taken in the preparation of the work—how far their advice ran and was followed, what subjects or treatments they succeeded in 'excluding' or 'including,' whether or not they were permitted to revise, in any volume, offensive statement or style of presentation (I mean, of course, offensive from a Catholic point of view), etc. My desire to learn something of such matters arises from the fact that prominent Catholic scholars are prominently advertised to prospective Catholic subscribers, who will de-

pend on such names to authenticate the claim that the History is to be 'non-sectarian;' and I am led to address you on the subject because, on examining the first volume of the work ('Discovery and Exploration'), I find statements and language which I think a Catholic might fairly object to. I will instance the following . . ."

The writer then gives several instances of evident sectarian bias contained in the first volume, and concludes:

"Now, Mr. Editor, does not this 'non-sectarian' History, so prominently patronized by Catholic names, need some revision? I am willing to believe that the prominent names of Catholic scholars advertised as on the various Boards of its editorial management, are guarantees of some favorable treatment of Catholic interests in some of the succeeding volumes. But what I should very much like to know is, just to what extent, and in what precise way their semi-editorial functions were exercised. As their names are so prominently advertised in connection with the work, I think I may fairly ask such questions. INQUIRER."

In view of the very reasonable wish expressed by "Inquirer," to know "just to what extent, and in what precise way" the Catholic scholars above referred to exercised their semi-editorial functions, we wrote to some of the gentlemen whose names appear in the advertisement. The following is an exact reproduction of the circular presented to "Inquirer" by the agent of the firm of Barrie & Sons, authorized to solicit subscriptions for the work. This was within two weeks before the issue of the (April) number of THE DOLPHIN in which appears the letter of "Inquirer."

THE HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICA.

NON-SECTIONAL. NON-PARTISAN. NON-SECTARIAN.

Based on a Plan suggested to and approved by a Special Committee
of the American Historical Association.

**BY TWENTY DISTINGUISHED SCHOLARS, ASSISTED BY A
BOARD OF FORTY COLLEGE PRESIDENTS, FORTY
PROFESSORS, AND MANY MEN OF AFFAIRS.**

ON ADVISORY BOARD.

Thomas Joseph Shahan, D.D., Professor of Church History and Patrology and Lecturer on Roman Law in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.
President Jerome Daugherty, S.J., Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.

ON EDITORIAL BOARD.

Edward H. Welch, S.J., Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.

PROMINENT PERSONS WHO HAVE GIVEN ASSISTANCE OR
ENCOURAGEMENT.

Rev. William T. Russell, S.T.L., Secretary to His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore, Md.

Professor Charles G. Herbermann, Columbia University, New York City.

Rev. Fr. Thomas C. Middleton, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.

Rev. E. I. Devitt, S.J., Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Henry J. Shandelle, S.J., Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.

Rev. P. Otto Jeron, Capuchin Monastery, Wisconsin.

Rev. J. M. O'Sullivan, S.J., Santa Clara College, California.

Rev. C. M. Widman, S.J., Librarian, Jesuit College, New Orleans, La.

A FEW REPRESENTATIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar-General, Archdiocese of New York.

The Catholic Club, New York City.

Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., President, St. John's College, Fordham, New York City.

Richard S. Treacy, Esq., Treasurer, United Catholic Historical Society.

Rev. John J. Burke, Editor, *The Catholic World*.

Rev. Thomas A. Thornton, Superintendent, New York Catholic Schools.

Rt. Rev. William H. O'Connell, Bishop, Diocese of Portland, Maine.

Academy of Our Lady, Longwood, Illinois.

Very Rev. Peter Scotti, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New Orleans.

Rev. Joseph F. Hanselman, S.J., President, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., Boston College, Boston, Mass.

J. F. Edwards, Ph.D., Notre Dame University, Indiana.

Father J. L. Wise, Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Brother Charles, Cathedral School, Natchez, Mississippi.

On a page opposite the above-mentioned list of Catholic scholars we find the following specifications relating to the work of the (Catholic) Church to be treated in these volumes:—

Pre-Columbian establishments of the Church in America are chronicled.

The influence of the Church in the discovery is shown.

Full significance of the work of the Catholic Church in North America demonstrated.

The Catholic pioneer missions in Canada are amply noticed.

The admirable labors of Marquette and his companions and successors are accorded their just place.

The noble work of the missionaries in the Lake regions finds its record in this history.

The labors and conflicts of the various orders in Canada are described.

- The relations of Church and State are fully considered.
 The attitude of the Catholics on the transfer of the sovereignty of Canada is justly outlined.
 The Church in Acadia forms a most valuable study as narrated here.
 The attitude of Canadian Catholics in the Revolutionary War is described without shade of bias.
 The zeal of the missionaries in Florida and their civilizing labors are presented with conspicuous justness.
 The place of the Catholic missionaries in the opening up of the Mississippi country is accorded its due importance.
 The struggle between the Catholic orders in Louisiana finds its record.
 The part played by the Catholic missionaries in the Illinois country is set forth.
 The growth and development of the Catholic colony of Maryland is narrated at length.
 The long story of the Catholic missions in California, Arizona, and New Mexico is given due importance.
 The labors of Father Serra find appreciative record.
 The faithful work of Las Casas in Hispaniola and New Spain is ably portrayed.
 The work and influence of the Catholic Church in Mexico are treated at length.
 The influence of the Church in peace and war is chronicled impartially.
 Catholic disabilities in the colonies are given their due place.
 The anti-Catholic movement in New York is explained.
 The influence of the Catholics is judicially considered in the struggle for the sovereignty of North America.
 The influence of the Catholics in the Philippines and Porto Rico is concisely demonstrated.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

With the above circular "Inquirer" received a more detailed prospectus, in which the names of the patrons already mentioned are placed among those from other non-Catholic institutions of learning, figuring as members of an *Editorial Board* and an *Advisory Board*, and thus are made to serve as a voucher for the non-sectarian and non-partisan character of the work.

As a further demonstration of the absolute confidence which the prospective subscriber of the History might place in the above testimony, there are printed in the prospectus some letters from well-known Catholics who express their conviction that a work so well endorsed is certain to prove thoroughly satisfactory to Catholic students. Among these letters is one from the President of the University of Ottawa, the Very Rev. J. E. Emery, who informs the reader that the work is "*especially valuable by the absence of prejudiced thesis.*" And the list concludes with a letter of commendation from John J. Rooney, Esq., which clearly shows

how the writer was impressed by the use of the names in the prospectus of Messrs. Barrie & Sons. Mr. Rooney's letter reads:

"I take great pleasure in commending the comprehensive *History of North America* issued under the editorship of Professor Lee, of Johns Hopkins University, and his staff of eminent associates. I particularly value the fact that this editorial board includes such men as the *Rev. Edward H. Welch, S.J.*, of Georgetown College, and that the work throughout, for the first time within my knowledge, gives full recognition to the work of Catholic missionaries in the early history of the country and to the civilizing and patriotic mission of the Church in all of our subsequent history. This work has been ignored or slighted in the past, much to the dissatisfaction of fair-minded scholars of every creed.

"In other respects I find the volumes delivered to the Catholic Club Library, on my order as chairman of the Library Committee, most interesting and comprehensive. In my opinion this work will begin a new era in the interpretation and writing of American history."

JOHN J. ROONEY.

New York.

WHAT MEMBERS OF THE ADVISORY AND EDITORIAL BOARDS HAVE TO SAY.

The Editor of THE DOLPHIN addressed the following note to the gentlemen mentioned in the circular of Messrs. Barrie & Sons as members of the Advisory and Editorial Boards, respectively, and as patrons of the work:

EDITOR'S ROOMS, OVERBROOK, PA., April 5, 1905.

Dear Sir:—

With this letter we mail to you a copy of the issue of the April DOLPHIN containing a reference to "The History of North America," published by Barrie & Sons, of Philadelphia.

As we are anxious to satisfy the legitimate doubts of "Inquirer" (a prominent priest of this city), whose attitude, no doubt, represents that of others of our readers, we beg to ask you what value is to be attached to the use of your name, mentioned in the prospectus, which invites Catholic Institutions to subscribe to the work.

H. J. HEUSER,
AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In reply the Editor received the following letters, which throw a somewhat interesting light on the proceedings of Messrs. Barrie & Sons:

I.

Dear Sir :—

In response to the communication from "Inquirer," in the April number of THE DOLPHIN, I wish to state that the use of my name, in connection with "The History of North America," published by George Barrie & Sons, of Philadelphia, is absolutely unwarranted, and in no way have I ever vouched for, nor do I now vouch for, the character of this work. I was engaged last fall by the publishers to make a Catholic revision of "The History of North America," but as most of the revisions I made for the first volume were not incorporated in the work, I declined to proceed with it, and distinctly refused to allow the use of my name in connection with the History. I am now writing Messrs. George Barrie & Sons for an explanation.

CONDÉ B. PALLÉN.

New York.

II.

My Dear Father Heuser :—

In reply to your letter of March 30th, I will say that the following are the facts in the case :—

Last fall I was approached by the editor of the enterprise in question, and asked to become a member of a Board of Exclusion and Inclusion, with a view of making the work acceptable to Catholic readers. I agreed to this proposition, but wrote at the same time that it was to be clearly stated that I was not responsible in any way for the text in the volumes already printed. This was agreed on. Since then other volumes have been published which were in no wise submitted to my consideration. As soon as I had learned of their appearance, I wrote to the editor, also to the publisher, requesting that they no longer make use of my name. I have a letter from the publisher promising that in the future they will not do so.

Yours very sincerely in Xto,

THOMAS J. SHAHAN.

The Catholic University of America.

III.

Rev. Dear Sir :—

I am in receipt of your favor of the 5th inst. In reply, I have to say that Barrie & Sons have no authority to use my name in connection with their "History of America."

My connection with Barrie & Sons is briefly this: either Barrie himself, or an agent, called to see me, and offered to let me have the first six volumes free, if I would give him my endorsement of the History. I told him to leave the volumes with me, and I would read them, and then tell him whether I could endorse them. I wrote him shortly after, telling him that no Catholic could endorse such a History, as it was full of misrepresentations and falsehoods. I returned the six volumes which he had left with me, and at the same time wrote him, asking that my name be not used in any connection with this publication, as I had been told privately that he had given my name as a reference.

I laid this whole matter before Father Wynne, S.J., Editor of *The Messenger*, and I think it would be well for your Reverence to find out what he has to say on it.

Very sincerely in Christ,

J. COLLINS, S.J.

Fordham College, New York.

IV.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—

In answer to your note of April 5th, we wish to say that no value at all is to be attached to the use of our name which, as you say, is mentioned in a prospectus inviting Catholic Institutions to subscribe to a History of America published by Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia.

We refused to recommend the work, and refused an advertisement for the same in the pages of *The Catholic World*, and were about to show its errors in our Review Columns, when the publishers sent us hasty word to the effect that all copies similar to the ones they sent us were withdrawn from the market; that errors had been pointed out to them, and that they would not sell anything but a corrected edition.

We never saw the prospectus of which you speak, but because of your note will write to the publishers immediately. We remain,

Very truly yours,

JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.,

Editor, *The Catholic World*.

V.

Dear Sir:—

My relations to the American History, published by Barrie & Sons, were simple enough. I received some two years ago a note from Dr. Lee, the editor of the book, asking whether I read of any MSS.

throwing light on American history. I promptly replied in the negative. Some months later a gentleman called on me requesting the use of my name as endorsing the work. I declined, remarking that, until the entire work was out, I could not endorse it, as I would not endorse what I did not know.

I had no further dealing with the gentlemen ; whether they over-estimated my services to them, I leave you to judge.

I remain,

Yours truly,

New York.

C. G. HERBERMANN.

VI.

My Dear Sir:—

In reply to your question as to my help in reference to the "History of North America," published by Barrie & Sons, of Philadelphia, I beg leave to reply that I have had absolutely nothing whatever to do with the work. It is true that the College subscription was given to the firm through me as librarian. But beyond this I have never written or criticised a line for the work. When Professor Lee, the editor, wrote to me, and invited me to become an associate editor, I replied that it was out of the question for me, with my many College and Church duties, to take so heavy a burden upon my shoulders. I regret that there has been so much misrepresentation in the matter. It shakes one's faith in the business integrity both of the publisher and of the editor.

With deep respect,

Yours sincerely,

Boston, Mass.

(REV.) THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.

VII.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW :

Much obliged to you. R. F. Wynne had already drawn my attention to the unauthorized use of my name. In consequence, three or four months ago, I wrote to the Messrs. Barrie, protesting in my own name (and also that of V. Rev. P. Scotti, Chancellor of the diocese), and in return was told by them that they had been induced into error by their agent. The fact is, that we had been told that the work would be strictly unsectional,—*i. e.*, to contain nothing at which Catholics could reasonably be offended. I did not even subscribe to the work, though V. Rev. P. Scotti did, if I mistake not.

Yours very devotedly,

New Orleans, La.

C. M. WIDMAN, S.J.

The name of Father John Wynne, S.J., editor of *The Messenger*, does not appear among those whom Messrs. Barrie & Sons present to the prospective Catholic subscribers whom they wish to convince of the non-sectarian character of Dr. Lee's work. But Father Wynne had been approached in the matter, and to his courteous foresight we are indebted for the following letter, which explains itself:

VIII.

Dear Sir:—

I know that Mr. Pallen can answer satisfactorily the questions of "Inquirer," in his letter in your April number about the errors in "The History of North America;" but I should like to supplement Mr. Pallen's letter, by answering for a number of others whose names have been used by Geo. Barrie & Sons, to recommend this History. As this practice is growing altogether too common among certain booksellers, I think it desirable that Catholics everywhere should be put upon their guard against it, and taught that they should not buy subscription books without examining them, or, at least, without ascertaining how far the persons whose names are used to recommend them, have approved of them.

Last September an agent of Geo. Barrie & Sons asked me to buy "The History of North America," by Guy Carleton Lee, offering me a circular containing the names of those who had given the editor "courteous attention, valuable assistance, encouragement or approval." He wished me to purchase the work on the strength of these names, but I insisted on examining it. A glance at the first four volumes satisfied me that some of the parties mentioned in the circular did not know the character of this History, and accordingly I wrote to ten of them, all very good friends of mine, only to receive, as I expected, such replies as:

1. "I have never either spoken a word or written a line for them."
2. "I refused to entertain the proposition of purchasing the book.
. . . I have given no approval to the work, and the use of my name to promote the sale of the book is on a par with the spirit of lying to be found in its pages."
3. "So far I have not seen the volumes and was not aware of their existence. I distinctly protest against the assertion that I have contributed anything to the History or approved of it in any shape or form."

4. "The statement that I gave them aid and comfort is based on the fact that I informed them that I knew of no important historical documents lying around here in New York, or in the Catholic Historical Society. The value set upon this 'valuable aid' would make a megalomaniac of any man without rheumatism. . . . They put down the name of my assistant librarian just as they did mine, and for the reason or rather pretense of a reason, that he wrote to Lee that we had not certain documents in our library. This leads me to think that the business was carried on systematically."

5. "I intend to withdraw my name from the list of subscribers to the book. The truth is I have not yet taken the volumes already received out of the packages in which they came."

6. "I have subscribed for a set. This fact I should not wish Geo. Barrie & Sons to exploit for any unwarranted uses."

Three write that they have instructed Dr. Lee to withdraw their names from any connection whatever with the work, but their name are still on the circular, used by the Barries' agents. They are Father Welch, of Georgetown University, since dead; Father Daugherty, President of that Institution, now absent; and Professor Edwards, of Notre Dame University.

No. 10 admits that he had read the elenchus of the volumes before they appeared, but only once. He referred them to several rare books in his library, but they never consulted them or made any request for practical assistance.

On receiving these replies, I wrote to George Barrie & Sons, who explained that "an over-zealous subordinate considers that a subscription to the work may be considered encouragement. We have, however, destroyed all these circulars." At their request, I suggested that they should ask Mr. Condé B. Pallen to revise the errors contained in the volumes already issued, and Dr. Shahan to safeguard them from similar errors in the future. Mr. Pallen made several revisions which the publishers referred to me, and of which I approved, but it seems that the editor, Dr. Lee, would not accept them all. Thereupon, Mr. Pallen instructed the publishers not to use his name in connection with "The History of North America." Dr. Shahan, if I am rightly informed, declined to have any part in the work, but still his name, like that of Dr. Pallen, appears in their circulars.

Accepting in good faith Messrs. Barrie's promises to revise this work, I refrained from censuring it in *The Messenger*, though I did write to the editors of several Catholic newspapers to give them warn-

ing about it. Since the publishers have failed to keep their promise, I am glad that "Inquirer" has sounded the alarm, and I trust that those who have been led to buy this work on false pretenses, will insist on cancelling any contracts they have made for it.

Yours sincerely,

New York City.

JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.

IX.

Dear Sir:—

In reply to your kind letter of March 30th, I beg to state that I never endorsed or permitted my name to be used in connection with the non-sectarian history to which you refer. Two years ago I was asked by Mr. Carleton Lee to look over advance sheets or proofs of the work, but I never received them. Instead some headings or outlines of chapters were forwarded to me. There was nothing to take hold of. I regret that my name was used. Last fall I wrote to Mr. Lee and I also wrote to Mr. Barrie, the publisher. Both regretted that the work did not appeal to Catholics. Mr. Lee informed me that he had secured the services of Mr. Condé Pallen to overlook forthcoming volumes.

Very sincerely,

Notre Dame University.

J. F. EDWARDS.

The Very Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Middleton, O.S.A., in answer to our note, said that he had no recollection of ever having seen "The History of North America," published by Messrs. Barrie & Sons, and promptly wrote to the firm to ascertain what action of his had given them occasion to use his name. The answer which Dr. Middleton received from Messrs. Barrie is indicative of the way in which the business members of the firm mean in all probability to deal with the rather serious charge implied in the foregoing statements.

GEORGE BARRIE & SONS, PUBLISHERS.

1313 WALNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1905.

FR. THOMAS C. MIDDLETON, O.S.A.,

St. Thomas' Monastery, Villanova, Pa.

Reverend and Dear Sir:—

We have the pleasure of acknowledging receipt of your favor of the 6th instant, in response to which we write to state that your name

appears in two places in our circulars apropos of "The History of North America"—in the large pamphlet, list following page 12, among those who are thanked for courteous attention and valuable assistance, and in the small circular among the list of prominent persons who have given assistance.

Your name was given us by Dr. Lee, who recently sent to us, as authority for doing so, your letter to him dated April 4, 1903, and the data sheet which accompanied it.

We do not find that we have made any claim that you approved the *History*.

With assurances of the highest esteem, we have the honor to remain, dear Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE BARRIE & SONS.

"We do not find that we have made any claim that you approved the '*History*,'" is an extraordinary statement in face of the facts at hand.

To several of the above-mentioned gentlemen the firm acknowledged that it had no right to advertise itself through the names mentioned, and promised to withdraw the notices. This was months since. As a matter of fact, the agents continued to use the circulars after the protest had been lodged and the promise had been given to suppress the advertisements. To say that the agents used the circulars against the wish of the firm is as plausible as to affirm that Messrs. Barrie made up their circular in the good faith that Catholic scholars would knowingly endorse the work after they had obtained cognizance of its actual character.

How far Dr. Lee is in league with his publishers may be a matter of free conjecture, but his statement as given in the letters of Dr. Condé Pallen, Father Wynne and others, suggests some doubt as to his ability to edit an impartial work of history. Perhaps Dr. Lee may have something to say to undo this impression. We should be glad if it were so. But, as the matter appears at present, a grave injustice has been done to Catholics in America, to which is being added the disgraceful attempt to tax them by obtaining their endorsement and subscription through methods that have all the appearance of premeditated deception.

BAPTISM AND THE BEATIFIC VISION.

The Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., who, although not professing our holy faith, is well known in literary circles as an exponent and defender, against current Protestant criticism, of certain apostolic and historic traditions maintained in the Catholic Church, writes to us :

Dear Sir :—

I understand that . . . hold the opinion that unbaptized children dying in infancy, besides enjoying perfect natural beatitude, including the natural knowledge and love of God, will at the Day of Judgment be all received to the Beatific Vision. May I ask how far this opinion seems now to be received in the Catholic Church, and whether it is spreading? As I understand, it has encountered no expression of disapprobation from Authority. . . .

Very sincerely,

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

To this we answer: The opinion that, as the sacramental grace of Baptism may be supplied through martyrdom (baptism of blood), or through a desire for the Sacrament on the part of those who are out of its actual reach, so it may also be obtained for the helpless child by the prayers or vows of the parent *when there is no means of administering it in effect*, has been expressed by theologians of repute, among whom are usually cited St. Bonaventure, Durandus a S. Porciano, Gerson (*doctor christianissimus*), and Cardinal Cajetan. The rigorous interpretation of the letter of the evangelical precept, calculated to safeguard its exact fulfilment in the Church, made this opinion naturally unpopular; and the danger of propagating a lax view regarding the necessity of regeneration by the sacramental act, no doubt influenced the more or less emphatic insistence upon such literal interpretation on the part of the authoritative exponents of ecclesiastical discipline. That danger is to be feared no less to-day than in the past. Nevertheless, since free discussion, which in former times was restricted to the scholastic arena, has become the common exercise of the Catholic apologist in intelligent lay circles as well as among the students of theology, the precaution which builds against traditional fear, has yielded to a more simple and, at the same time, critical examination of the groundwork of our faith.

When we come to inquire: What has the Church defined regarding the fate of children who die without the Sacrament of Baptism? we find no conclusive warrant for the opinion that they are eternally excluded from the Beatific Vision. Neither the declaration of Innocent III, so often cited in disputes on this subject, nor those of the Councils of Lyons and Florence, express any other doctrinal belief than this,—that sin, both original and actual, deprives the soul of the Beatific Vision. But they do not state that original sin may not be removed by means other than sacramental Baptism or martyrdom when it is absolutely impossible to receive this grace through direct ministration. If the Church inculcates the absolute necessity of Baptism under pain of forfeiting the happiness of heaven, she interprets to us God's *revealed will*, but *not His intentions* with regard to the individual souls of infants or of adults who may, without their own fault, die outside the *visible* fold of Christ. Hence she has not and, we venture to say, *will never give authoritative sanction* to either the opinion that unbaptized children are eternally excluded, or that they are to be admitted to the Beatific Vision.

Both views are simply opposing conjectures as to what God may do with souls who die outside the visible communion of Christ's Church. The opinions of theological writers can have no weight with the Church in the matter of defining the fate of souls or the designs of God regarding them, although such opinions may influence her legislation regarding the duty of administering Baptism as an essential requisite to *enjoying the privileges of external communion with the Church*. This is, no doubt, the point which Mr. Starbuck's question seeks to clear up; for the Church teaches that *Baptism is essential to salvation*. Any thinking mind must, of course, realize the wide difference between the statement that "a child who has not been baptized *forfeits the right to the Beatific Vision*" and the statement that "a child who has not been baptized (with water, as prescribed in the Church) is *forever excluded from the Beatific Vision*." In the one case we have a statement of *law*; in the other we have a *prophetic* utterance regarding the ultimate fate of those who are dependent on God's mercy; and the difference is one of such radical character that both can never be identified, however closely related they may be.

The fact that Christ has made the Baptism of water an essential requisite of entrance into heaven has been ordinarily understood to mean that one who does not comply with this command will justly be excluded from the Beatific Vision. And such a sanction to the observance of a divine law is but reasonable. If it were not made a penalty, we should, as has already been said, make light of its observance. But when God threatened death to those who gazed upon the ark of the covenant, and actually inflicted the penalty, as in the case of Oza, who was anxious to uphold the swaying ark and who momentarily forgot the divine command, we may not conclude that Oza, although he died under the anger of God, was eternally condemned to hell. So there is a wide difference between the teaching that Baptism is essential to salvation and the statement that a child who dies without Baptism forfeits forever the Beatific Vision. For between the two propositions lies the mercy of God who may supply the essential grace that opens the eyes of the soul to the Beatific Vision by the same or similar means whereby He supplies it to those who died before the promulgation of the Evangelical Law, to the Holy Innocents, to the martyrs and to all those who sincerely desire such a grace, even though they may never have heard of the Sacrament of Baptism.

And this mercy of God is not a mere conjecture, but is based upon the express words of our Divine Lord, words equally as strong as those in which He laid down the precept of baptism by water. Thus, when He who came to save all men, and who did not wish that one should perish, tells us through St. John (1 : 9) that He "*enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world,*" He gives a very clear indication that the grace of baptism by water will be supplied to those who *cannot* comply with His other command. And the further words which bid even those who can avail themselves of the sacramental rite, become like little children "*for the Kingdom of Heaven is for such*" (St. Matt. 19 : 14); and that "*it is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones be lost,*"¹ indicate that the trust of a Christian mother whose little one is dying upon her bosom without her being able to procure for it the baptismal rite, hoping and praying that she

¹ St. Matt. 18 : 14. See also St. Matt. 18 : 3 ; St. Luke 18 : 17.

may meet the child before the throne of God, is not an idle or sentimental wish beyond all possibility of fulfilment. And that this view is gaining ground is not due to any change in the doctrinal attitude of the Church, but rather to the growth of education in what was once the exclusive domain of theologians and perhaps a necessary limitation in view of the rude conceptions which new converts to the faith had of the functions of law and discipline within the Church.

We have the same transitional period in the case of Jewish Law from the severe interpretation of the literal command in Exodus to the gentle construction placed upon the Mosaic law by our Lord in the case of the adulterous woman. How far this temperament of a broader and no doubt truer exegesis has obtained in the Church, cannot be definitely stated any more than how far the critical study of the Bible has gained ground among Catholics. But in any case it is not a matter in which the Church has anything to define or alter as teacher or even as disciplinarian of her children. Hence, while we may say that the tendency toward the milder interpretation of the exclusive sense of our Lord's words, and of the disciplinary laws and practices which are based upon these words, is gaining ground, there can hardly be any question as to *authoritative* sanction in the ordinarily accepted meaning of the words among Catholics. The extent to which this milder interpretation actually exists is to be measured by the extent of intellectual education which makes apologetic knowledge popular.

MASS FOR DECEASED PROTESTANTS.

Qu. Would you in the issue for May kindly reply to these queries of a subscriber?

1. Can Mass be said for a deceased Protestant?
2. Can a person presumably a Protestant, such, *e. g.*, as the late Queen of England, obtain the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, once a year, by going to a church outside the district, for extraordinary reasons, in order to belong to the soul of the Church?

The report, assumed by some to be founded on fact, was that Queen Victoria made a visit each year to France, to comply with the obligations of Holy Church, belonging, therefore, to the Church, though in her official capacity not manifesting it in England.

Resp. Mass as an act of simple intercession may be offered for any person, living or dead, who is not known to be beyond the pale of God's redeeming mercy. Unless we have a sure revelation—which no one has a right to claim for himself—we may not assume of any person, Protestant or infidel included, that at their dying moment the redeeming grace of Christ through a silent act of repentance was denied them. Therefore we are free to believe that intercessory prayer and the Mass will benefit them.

But while we are at liberty to assume this for ourselves and offer our prayers or the Mass in their behalf, we may not call upon the Church in her solemn or public function to attest this assumption or belief in the case of a person who *outwardly* gave testimony that he or she did *not* belong to the Church, whatever the inward disposition, of which God alone judges, may have been. For the Church is a visible communion standing for the *external profession of faith*; and as she solemnizes Mass for those who belong to her outward communion, although they may be faithless at heart, so she excludes from her public solemnities those who do not belong to her outward communion, although they may die in God's pleasure, not having known the Catholic truth. Hence the celebration of solemn Mass is not allowed in the latter case, for that celebration is more than an intercessory act: it is a public profession that the deceased was in union with the outward communion of the Church Militant.

As to the supposed action of Queen Victoria, we must confess that the hypothesis seems to us wholly unlikely. It might indeed be admitted that circumstances involving the peace of a great nation and the temporal rights of those dependent upon her position as Queen of England, would justify her in not making a public profession of faith by which she would have forfeited the throne and probably created revolution, and increased antagonism to the Catholic subjects of the realm; but no such reason could have permitted her to profess at the same time the Protestant faith by outward acts of adherence to the National Church, such as we fancy are required from an English sovereign. That would be, not merely to dissemble the truth for the sake of charity, but to simulate falsehood for the sake of an earthly prerogative, which is never lawful for king or for beggar.

THE BOYS' CHOIR.

Editor of THE DOLPHIN :

I have read with considerable interest the admirable papers on Chancel Choirs by Professor Finn and Mr. O'Brien, in the March and April numbers of THE DOLPHIN. May I be permitted to say a few words concerning the work which is being done at St. Vincent's in Boston ?

We have a splendid organization of fifty boys and men. In our practices we say little or nothing about registers. We have found from experience that by having the boys sing softly *all* the time in their vocalizes the "break" in the voice disappears very soon. The best authorities seem to incline to the doctrine that the head voice should be carried as low as possible, and the lower the better ; and if it can be carried downward through the entire compass of the voice, the result is most effective, as has been amply proved at St. Vincent's.

Our boys have become so proficient in the production of the head voice that a clear, round tone is easily produced on *A* flat above the staff, and it is only a question of a few months' additional practice when they will be able to take a "high C." While the average chancel or sanctuary choir must either lower the pitch of the music, or at least confine the compass of the music to the limits of the five lines of the staff, we are able, at St. Vincent's, through our frequent and persistent practices on head tones, to increase the brilliancy of our music by pitching certain tunes from one to two tones higher than written. As an instance of this, I may mention that the two processions we have prepared for Easter are written in *G*, but we have transposed them to *B* flat, and this notwithstanding the fact that they are to be sung, as all our music is, *a capella*.

I do not speak of these things in the spirit of egotism, but only to emphasize that what we have done can be done in any city parish, and in most country parishes. There must, however, be an intense interest in the work on the part of the choir, choirmaster, and pastor. The results at St. Vincent's could never have been obtained without the inspiring and indefatigable interest of our pastor, the Rev. George J. Patterson.

Fully ninety per cent., I should say, of the average boys in our Catholic schools are susceptible to the scientific training of the voice, provided they have a true, musical ear.

Apropos of the exclusive use of head tones, and of their effect upon

the brilliancy of the music, I would say that the New York City St. John's Chapel (Episcopal), where the head voice is used entirely, has had for many years one of the very best and most noted of the many splendid "boy" choirs in that city. The singing of Mr. Le Jeune's boys—and I have heard them many times during the past two decades—cannot be criticised for lack of brilliancy. Writing on this subject, Mr. G. Edward Stubbs, organist and choirmaster of St. Agnes' Chapel (Episcopal), New York City, says: "A more fatal mistake cannot be made than that of strengthening the lower notes by the retention of more or less 'thick' (chest) quality. The 'break' should not be merely smoothed, modified, or lessened—it should be *eradicated*. This cannot be accomplished by any compromise system of training which aims at securing the purity of the upper register *and* the reedy timbre of the lower."

I am familiar with the Gregorian Chant, having made a study of it for years, but I am not aware that it presents any difficulty of rendition to the boy voice trained entirely in the head register. The advantage of the head quality throughout the entire compass of the voice is that of securing that beautifully soft effect so much desired in the boy voice, and that devotional quality which tends to give to the music of the Church the *sursum corda* character, which all choir-masters should ever strive for.

I cannot agree with my friend, Mr. O'Brien, in regard to the necessity of embodying organist and choirmaster in one man. Mr. O'Brien says that there are "subtle ways which, indeed, he (the organist) cannot explain himself, but by which with his fingers on the keys he can so wield his singers as to produce any desired impression upon their minds." If the music has been prepared with proper care and constant practice, the desired impression will be indelibly fixed in the minds of the youthful choristers long before they take their places in the choir stalls.

And further: "In these day of opportunity for the able organist he should not be content to be merely a mechanical automaton while the choirmaster holds the authority and represents the greater brains of the combination." The average Catholic organist needs a strong arm over him to keep him from "drowning" the singers. I have in mind a "boy" choir which I heard recently in a Catholic church, where the little fellows were made to shout themselves hoarse so that, apparently, the organist might have ample opportunity and full scope to show off the "loud" effects of the really magnificent organ over

which he presided. In this choir, the boys' voices trembled on an *F* (fifth line), and the chanting was one long execrable shout.

At the Westminster Cathedral, in London, the organ is subordinated to the singing, and the *a capella* is used a great deal. I think an ideal chancel choir would be one where the processional, recessional, and Proper were sung *a capella*, and the Ordinary with modified organ accompaniment.

I hope I have not intruded too much upon your valuable space. I wish you could hear all of the many words of praise the articles you have already printed have called forth in this neighborhood.

ALBERT BARNES MEYERS,
Choirmaster, St. Vincent's Sanctuary Choir.

Roxbury, Mass.

Críticisms and Notes.

THE MAY-BOOK OF THE BREVIARY. Translated from the Latin and arranged by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 141.

Those who have been endowed with that fine spiritual perception which is capable of realizing the inner beauty as well as the saving power of the Church of Christ, derive as a rule a keen satisfaction from a study of the liturgical books,—the Missal, Ritual, and Breviary. There is, however, a certain mysteriousness that surrounds these treasure caskets enclosing the love messages of the Spouse of Christ, and the traditional principle which in the early ages sanctioned the “Discipline of the Secret” still maintains, through the use of the Latin tongue and the restrictions placed upon indiscriminate translations, a prudent reserve which has prevented the more intimate thoughts and reflections contained in the Church’s prayers from becoming common property.

These treasures manifold and of infinite variety may, however, be interpreted for those who have not the mastery of that sweet sacred language in which she speaks with living voice at the altar, in the choir, at the brink of the font in her baptistery, and at the sick-bed in the home whose inmates answer *Amen* to the priest as he knocks at the door with the words of his Master: *Pax huic domui*.

In this little *May-Book* Father Fitzpatrick gives the English reader a passing glimpse of that beauty taken from the pages of the Roman Breviary and illustrating in varicolored details the fair theme of Our Lady’s Month. For the thirty-one days of May we have thirty-one brief reflections upon the history or the prerogatives of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven: Mary, the Mirror—The purest pearl of Time’s great Sea—The Fiat—Eva’s Name reversing—The Loss of Jesus in Jerusalem, etc. These reflections are translations from the *Matin Offices* of the various feasts of Our Lady throughout the year. And what gives them additional value is that they were all written by canonized Saints, holy bishops of the Church whose special mission it is to teach,—Saints Ambrose, Chrysostom, Epiphanius, Jerome, Augustine, Chrysologus, Cyril of Alexandria, and Leo the Great,—all

of them Doctors as well as pontiffs. From the lips and pens of these, and of others who followed the same sweet attraction, flow the eulogies and instructions which Holy Church repeats through the year, and which are here given, in almost too literal fashion (for reverence's sake), that the devout English reader may be edified by them. At the end of each reading the *Magnificat*, that sweetest song of earth, the *Salve*, and then a little prayer, varied for each day, follow. It is a little book, a cheap book; but like the hinges of a door it may make easier for many the swinging open of the "Gate of Heaven," when we knock there at the hour of our death.

JESUIT EDUCATION: Its History and Principles viewed in the Light of Modern Educational Problems. By Robert Schwickerath, S.J. Second Edition. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 687.

There is no end to the discussions and laying down of doctrines and methods touching the education of our youth; and indeed there should not be. For, although the fundamental principles and broad outlines of all moral and intellectual training are given us in a sound philosophy whose efficiency is attested by its harmony with right reason, divine revelation, and an experience of centuries under varying conditions, there yet remains the ever changeable application to the growing development of individual temperament and character, under the progressive influences of racial, national, social, and religious life and environment.

Education in the ordinary acceptance of the term has a twofold scope, the moral and the intellectual. The moral scope may be said to have been ultimately defined for us by Christianity. The Divine Founder of the Church has unalterably fixed in the evangelical principles the lines that divide right and wrong and further the steps that lead unquestionably to a perfecting of the moral qualities according to the divine model. What is greatest and best in all Christian ages has attested the inherent value of the evangelical counsels, although that value has at times been obscured by what is usually termed *institutionalism*, a process of observance in which the letter of the Christian law is made to supplant the spirit.

The secondary scope of education is the intellectual, the training of the mind; and although I have called it secondary, it is nevertheless capable of enhancing the vital worth of moral or religious education, so as to complete thereby the type of perfect manhood destined for the attainment of its end in God's service, and of absolute happiness.

Both the training of the heart to the attainment of the highest moral sense, and the training of the mind which illuminates the right moral sense to a more perfectly balanced and conscious as well as spontaneous observance of the Divine will, require certain *exercises* by which, as in military drill, the faculties are directed and habituated to their proper use. When St. Ignatius founded his great educational Order he provided for both these fields of moral and intellectual training a set of rules and observances, perfected in part by his disciples, and known respectively as the *Spiritual Exercises* and the *Ratio Studiorum*. The precepts and directions of these two sets of exercises are based upon the constitution, necessities, and ultimate purpose of human nature in the service of its Creator through the love of man for his neighbor; and the method is regulated by the effort of a gradual and harmonious development of all the higher faculties of man,—memory, imagination, intellect, and will. The process of development must be gradual and harmonious. This is effected by exercising the faculties upon certain phenomena and facts, as they present themselves, and the result is dependent upon the capacity of the faculties to take in the phenomena or facts, and to cover them or go out to them. Thus we have a double process of drawing out and putting in, both working simultaneously like the sunlight which draws moisture from and gives heat to the vegetation in the same act. It stands to reason that the “putting in” process is that which gives *quality* to the mind, and that if we put either too much or the wrong thing into it, we fail to draw out its proportionate activity by overloading or unbalancing the carrying capacity. Old things, out-of-the-way things, as well as untrue things are not as apt to stir the power of observing and comparing in a young mind, as are things present, things new and evidently true. Hence whatever the excellence of our educational principles and methods, if they are exercised upon objects that do not appeal to the young sense by their freshness and reality, the exercise is apt to frustrate the primary object of intellectual education, by failing to properly illuminate moral truth; and although the youth thus educated may be good, he is out of harmony with his environment and therefore incapable of exercising any direct influence upon his fellows.

It is this charge of ill-timed, antiquated exercises employed in their educational methods, which is made against the Jesuits and their instructors of to-day. Whatever the value of the principles and the methods of the *Ratio Studiorum* in the past and in the abstract, they

fail, so it is argued, in an application which demands essentially new objects of illustration and experiment. Father Schwickerath contests this view by showing in an exhaustive and critical way that the *Ratio Studiorum* has never been employed or regarded by the Society as a system whose precepts are intended permanently to fix the programme of studies ; that its primary object is to maintain intact the essentials of an educational process by which the faculties of the mind are gradually and harmoniously developed. He shows how as a matter of fact the theory of adaptation to actual conditions is marked throughout the history of the educational system of the Society of Jesus from the time of its foundation, when it undertook to gather up the threads of earlier scholasticism and to bring them into contact with the nobler aspirations of the Humanists, giving due attention alike to solid thought and classic form.

It is a very interesting story, this effort to draw up plans, to test, adjust, and revise the *Ratio Studiorum*, and to note the effects not only of its application at different periods and in different countries, but also of the interference with it during the seasons of suppression by outside elements. Not quite one-half of the volume is taken up with this history of the great educational code, and the difficulties it had to meet in its being carried out by the teachers of the Order.

The principal and really important part of the volume, however, is devoted to an exposition of the principles themselves which constitute the Jesuit method of education. We have already indicated what the vital and pervading element of the *Ratio Studiorum* is in itself. But one of its characteristics is what the author calls its *adaptability*. It is not without reason that the Jesuits as a body are credited with a prudent conservatism as the keynote of their public activity. That same conservatism is found in the *Ratio Studiorum*. Hence our author is able to examine with a certain impartiality arising from his very standpoint the modern systems in which "crámming," "pre-mature specialization," "electivism," have become a more or less distinguishing feature. He contrasts the probable and indeed proved results of a classical training insisted on by the followers of the *Ratio* with the colorless culture imparted by the elective systems in which the Latin and Greek authors have a subordinate place ; he shows how the modern lecture system has brought a tendency to undervalue real teaching ; how the neglect of philosophy as a definite system of mental training has induced an atmosphere of vague speculation and exalted personal assertiveness. And then he points the way to a restoration

of the ideal teaching with its essential phases of all-sided discipline and training to the use of freedom and of all that appeals to the youth's sense of right and goodness and beauty.

It would lead us too far to discuss here separate and detailed phases of the education which Father Schwickerath advocates. His book needs to be not only read, but studied in order to understand the futility of the arguments advanced against the Jesuit system of education in its fundamental outlines and principles. No doubt here and there in Jesuit colleges there is to be found an excessive and one-sided insistence on traditional details, and this because of the inherent conservatism which we have already pointed out. But neither the Order nor the *Ratio Studiorum* is responsible for this kind of limitation to which all institutions are liable, and the more so in proportion to their general excellence. The average religious feels as though he or she were better than the religious of other orders or than seculars, not because there is really any conviction of personal superiority, but because the institute, the army and country, so to speak, to which the individual belongs, has a greater claim upon the admiration and gratitude of its members than any other of similar kind. Thus we do what those did and commanded who preceded us in a worthy capacity, as if their acts were not only an example, but an infallible guide never to be deviated from without guilt or dishonor. Our author shows that this is not the spirit of St. Ignatius, or of Aquaviva, or of the great leaders of the Order down to our own day. Let us have the *Ratio* in our education, and the adjustment to modern conditions may easily be accomplished without opposition or misunderstanding on the part of all true educators in or out of the Society.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. Being the Foundations of Education in the related Natural and Mental Sciences. By Herman Harrell Horne, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy in Dartmouth College. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan and Company, Ltd. 1905. Pp. 295.

The business of the philosophy of education is rightly deemed by the present author to interpret the final and universal meaning of education, and consequently to evaluate the factors that condition and constitute educational processes.

The educable subject, the child, may be viewed as a living, a physical, a social, and an intelligent being, and under each of these four aspects comes within a distinct science, the result of whose

inquiry should terminate at a definition touching just its special view of the corresponding aspect of education.. Taking the latter term to signify in general "a superior adjustment to environment," biological science will express the organic or anatomical, while physiological science will look to the physical development; sociology will view the intellectual, emotional, and volitional environment, and psychology will emphasize the specifically mental side of the subject. It remains for philosophy to close the series of formulæ with its interpretation and the definition: *education is the eternal process of superior adjustment of the physically and mentally developed, free, conscious, human being to God, as manifested in the intellectual, emotional, and volitional environment of man* (p 285).

In selecting and arranging the empirical and more or less scientific data which underlie these ascending generalizations, the author of the book at hand manifests considerable research and skill. The plan of the work is most attractive, and not a little of the thought is at least suggestive and stimulating, if not particularly informative. On the other hand, both plan and matter leave much to be desired.

In the first place, the principal aspect of genuine education—the moral—is practically omitted. It is true, something is said about religion under the sociological aspect of education, where it is subsumed under "The Emotional Environment." But religion is thus reduced to mere feeling, and, deprived as it is both of its supernatural and intellectual elements, its educational efficiency ceases to be of any permanent value. The moral factor in education is even more summarily dismissed than is religion. Barely two pages are devoted to it under the head of "Volitional Environment," in connection with sociological education. And here too the conception of morality is enucleated of its essential element; for, with the author, "the moral law is self-legislated. The following of an alien law, which the will of the individual does not confirm, is not morality" (p. 141). He accepts here, as elsewhere, Kant's teaching on autonomous morality, a theory which, by making the individual reason the source of the moral law, deprives that law of its obligatory power and consequently of its efficacy as an educational principle.

In his references to the history of education, the author relies on such authorities as Compayré and Painter. Their influence is apparent in the sketch of physical education. It may well be that in mediæval and earlier systems muscular exercise—gymnastics, field sports, and the rest—was not so prominent a feature of the scholastic as it is of the

modern curriculum, and indeed it may have been even frequently unduly neglected by students as well as by monks ; but that it was left, as the author indicates, "to modern thought" to perceive and insist on its necessity, or that "John Locke . . . revives first among the moderns the ancient phrase of Juvenal, 'First a sound body then [sic] a sound mind,' " is hardly consistent with truth. The author would do well to read *The Jesuit System of Education*, reviewed above, together with Brother Azarias' *Essays on Education*,—both for their positive information respecting Catholic systems of education and their critical estimates of Compayré and Painter.

However, the least satisfactory feature of the work lies just where one might and should, in view of the title, look for its strength,—namely, in its philosophy. The system embodied and applied is entitled "Idealistic Theism," although it might more accurately be called monism with an expressly idealistic and an implicitly materialistic strain,—a blending of Darwinian with Hegelian evolutionism.

The author indeed eschews "the error of pantheism [which] consists in saying 'All is God,' instead of 'All is God's'" (page 270), but many of his expressions can hardly be distinguished from the first of these two formulæ. "God is the self-conscious unity of all reality," and the energy of the world "is the attentive aspect of the consciousness of God" (p. 269). "Matter is the objective thought of the infinite consciousness . . . ultimately a process of thought in the consciousness of God" (p. 270). Other similar expressions pregnant with Hegelianism abound, even though they jostle with phrases that may bear an objectively theistic interpretation.

On the whole, the impression is left on the reader's mind, that the author's conception of the ultimate "self-active reality," to which the "self-active man" must conform in order to complete the educational process, is not very clear ; and the conviction grows on one that "the ultimate reality" demands a more accurate definition, if it is to stand as the final and universal interpretation of education. F. P. S.

HISTORICAL CRITICISM AND THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Père J. M. Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Edward Myers, M.A., Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. Catholic Truth Society. 1905. Pp. 243.

The substance of this volume is made up of a series of lectures delivered at the *Institut Catholique* of Toulouse in 1902. When first published in France they provoked mingled manifestation of praise and blame. Those who approved had of course no reason to justify

their sympathy beyond what the author himself had said ; but those who disapproved were bound to give some reason for not accepting the conclusions of the eminent Dominican scholar who based his statements on sound principles of logic in the domain of generally admitted facts. Père Lagrange complains, with good cause, in his "author's note to the second impression," that his Catholic critics, such as M. Dessailly in France and Professor Vetter in Germany, failed to state clearly the grounds of their disagreement, contenting themselves with certain vague reservations or charging him, by an unwarranted interpretation of his words, with things he never said. Thus, when he speaks of "legends" as having a place in the Sacred Text, they tell us that he considers the Old Testament to contain mere myths, and this despite the fact that the experienced teacher of the Biblical School in Jerusalem took the precaution to state that "legendary primitive history has its place between the myth which is the story of things personified and deified, and real history." Now in such matters as are here discussed, terms have their accurate value, and words may not safely be juggled with as is the custom in personal controversy.

But if anything beyond the clear and objective mode of reasoning of Père Lagrange were needed to vindicate his orthodoxy against the insinuations of those who believe that new knowledge and views imply essentially a denial of the old truths, it would be the attitude which the author maintains toward M. Loisy. This attitude is manifest from a letter addressed by him to Mgr. Batiffol, and printed as an appendix to the lectures in the present volume. In this essay the writer states his conviction that the foundation chosen by M. Loisy is unsound and saps the very basis of Christian dogma, though he does not say anything that would, in the vulgar fashion of the critic who thinks himself licensed to abuse the erring, indicate the motives of M. Loisy to be insincere, nor does he deny him the learning to which the French abbé lays claim, or the boldness which makes him defend his conclusions at the risk of honor.

For the rest, the topics which Père Lagrange discusses in this volume are confined to the Old Testament, the doctrinal development to which it bears witness as a religious history, its character as an inspired work, its relation to history in its wider sense, to science, and to dogma. He draws a strong line of demarcation between the field of the critic and the domain of Catholic dogma, and insists with unequivocal rigor upon the obligation laid on Catholic exegesis to respect the doctrinal definitions of the Church ; and whilst he gives

due emphasis to the necessity of respecting the traditions of the Fathers, he also points out, as Cornely and others have done, that the unanimous consent so often referred to by Catholic writers is not, in matters of exegesis, of very frequent occurrence.

His theory regarding the extent and character of inspiration is in line with the broader views of recent critical studies which give some weight, though not that exclusive weight often claimed by the Higher Criticism, to internal evidence; and he values the criteria of external evidence applied to historical writing generally, keeping of course in mind the dogmatic definition which makes God the Author of the Sacred Scriptures in all its parts. Altogether there are in our author a moderation of tone, a reverence for legitimate freedom of opinion, and a wide range of knowledge, although he speaks here in popular language and to the average intelligence rather than to the Scripture student. The points on which one is inclined to differ from him touch only the non-essential elements of the great topics of Biblical interpretation; and we ought to be disposed not only to admit the right of views, but to seek to understand them in a sympathetic way while yet recognizing or preferring others, provided always these views do not conflict with, or minimize, the assured truth of infallible doctrine on the part of our great living teacher, the Church of Christ.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

American Girl in Munich: Mabel W. Daniels. *Little*. \$1.50.

The staple material of this book is a series of pleasant letters

describing the daily life of a student of music, her instructors, and the musical amusements of Munich, and giving such inform-

ation as to local customs and prices as interest anyone intending to follow in her footsteps. The slight thread of a story is well managed.

Art Thou the Man? Guy Berton.
Dodd. \$1.50.

The effect wrought upon the mind of a skilful advocate by the steady contemplation of a succession of murders, having in common the detail of a bunch of carnations found near the victim's body, seems until very near the close of the book to be its main subject. A clever plot is then revealed, but the author chooses to spoil his own work by introducing an unspeakable person, describing her surroundings with much elaboration and her soul and mind with mawkish sentiment.

At Close Range. F. Hopkinson Smith. *Scribner.* \$1.50.

Ten stories in which things happen a shade too happily for perfect belief, but are described with such overflowing good spirits that the book is thoroughly agreeable.

At the Fall of Port Arthur.
Edward L. Stratemeyer. *Lee.*
\$1.25.

The American youths playing the chief parts in this story fight with the Japanese on sea and land, and have an opportunity as prisoners of war to observe the Russians, and to see the behavior of the discontented Russian element when serving on board an American blockade runner. The private villainy is too near melodrama, but the author is

faithful to history, and, although sometimes erratic, is less faulty in style than is his wont. [Eight to twelve.]

Barham of Beltana: W. E. Norris.
Longmans. \$1.50.

The double marriage between the children of Barham, the son of a Tasmanian convict, and the daughter and son of a British officer of good family, brings a strange family secret to light, and exhibits the hero's uncommon characteristics; but the story is much slighter than its author's ordinary work, and the trail of the typewriter is over its style.

Bookful of Girls: Anna Fuller.
Putnam. \$1.50.

Six stories of very young girls, related with sufficient sympathy to please readers of the same age, and with sufficient skill to afford pleasant reading to their mothers. They are carefully written, and the girls put forward as worthy of imitation are fit for the place.

Constance Trescott: S. Weir Mitchell. *Century.* \$1.50.

A strong and impressive study of the effect of revengeful feeling upon a nature apparently kindly. The scene is the South, a few years after the war, and the matter of reconciliation is skilfully treated, nearly all the men being former soldiers; but the chief interest is psychological, and is excellently maintained.

Down to the Sea: Morgan Robertson. *Harper.* \$1.25.

Fourteen tales, all dealing more or less with seamen of

various species and full of the rough humor which is unmoved by the most profound suffering of a person in an absurd position. They can hardly injure an adult, but they must almost inevitably blunt a boy's sensibility.

Dryad: Justin Huntly McCarthy.
Harper. \$1.50.

The old tale of the wood-nymph who sacrificed her immortality for love of a mortal is transferred to modern times in this book, which is graceful and pleasing, but shows very little original imagination.

Far Eastern Tropics: Alleyne Ireland. *Houghton.* \$2.00 net.

Detailed studies of Hong Kong, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Burma, the Federated Malay States, the Straits Settlements, French Indo-China, and Java, precede such a description and criticism of United States ways in the Philippines as has not been equalled in value. The author errs in accepting Aguinaldo's attack upon the Religious Orders as having any value, but his aim is not to describe the past and he does not concern himself with Spaniards but with Americans. An appendix contains all the statistics necessary to verify his statements and a bibliography of all the colonies.

Following the Sun-Flag: John Fox, Jr. *Scribner.* \$1.25.

This is a chronicle of unsuccessful effort to see anything of Japanese military operations at anything like close range, and of the unscrupulous misstatements

and deliberate restraint by which correspondents were kept out of sight and hearing in Manchuria. It is related with humorous disgust and is highly amusing.

Girl of La Gloria: Clara Driscoll.
Putnam. \$1.50.

An untaught girl who can ride is the heroine of this story of the Mexican border, of the conflict between the white man and the Mexican, cattle herding and cattle stealing. The contact of the two races gives the tale its distinctive interest.

Human Touch: Edith M. Nicholl.
Lothrop. \$1.50.

A story of herding, cow-boys and cattle-thieves, and a great cattle-owner whose first wife, whom he supposes to be dead, suddenly emerges from the concealment caused by a series of mischances, and puts an end to the improvement which her successor is working in his character. The second wife does her duty in every way, up to the moment when the first, finding life on a cattle ranch too dull, obtains an Oklahoma divorce, then she accepts the decision of a Protestant bishop that her case "ain't jest like others" and marries the legal widower.

House of the Black Ring: F. L. Pattee. *Holt.* \$1.50.

A family feud dating from pioneer days when an Englishman obtained a grant of land long occupied and improved by a Dutchman, culminates in this story of a Pennsylvania Dutch village. A mysterious house supposed to be haunted is the centre

to which all the threads of interest tend, the simple explanation of its wonders is a surprise.

Iconoclasts: James Huneker.
Scribner. \$1.50 net.

Criticism of certain playwrights, novelists, critics and essayists, whose common note is scorn of accepted decencies, and whose common plan is to obtain attention by scandalizing the respectable. The author has found eleven well marked varieties of the species, treats them with fairness and courtesy and leaves the reader to make his own final estimate. The book gives a very good idea of the distance between the patient tolerance of to-day and the angry reflection of evil novelties when Mr. Swinburne was young.

Ireland's Story: Charles Johnston and Careta Spencer.
Houghton. \$1.40 net.

The authors have followed Irish authorities, for this history is intended to correct the impressions conveyed by the unconsciously prejudiced authors of some ordinary school manuals, and the entire silence of others. It is illustrated with portraits, maps, and pictures of curious historic objects, describes the latest literary and artistic movements, pays due tribute to the work of the Church in Ireland and speaks warmly of her mission in the United States, also it tells of the lives of Irishmen in foreign lands.

Madcap Cruise: Oric Bates.
Houghton. \$1.50.

In order to propose marriage to a much courted beauty, a

young man borrows his uncle's yacht without asking the owner's permission, sails her across the Atlantic and back, twice narrowly escaping wreck, but is forgiven "against all morality," as he frankly says, and not the less quickly because his escapade becomes the means of saving his kinsman from a ruinous investment. The author's ideal of young and mature womanhood is refreshingly pure and simple, and the men, although too liberal in misusing "damn," are otherwise admirable youngsters, modest, brave, and clever.

Matrimonial Bureau: Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taber.
Houghton. \$1.50.

Induced by the luck of her maid, who has obtained a husband through a matrimonial agency, a spinster lays a plan to make matches between certain bachelors and girls of her acquaintance. The story has the air of having been written for fun, and with great ease, but reading it is serious work.

Miss Billy: Edith E. Stokeley and Marion K. Hurd. *Lothrop.* \$1.50.

An unreal story of a minister's family, the members of which speedily transform the poor neighborhood into which misfortune compels them to move. Both in goodness and in good luck the characters are superhuman, but their behavior is such as to encourage a young reader to try to live for others, and to correct his own faults.

My Poor Relations : Maarten Maartens. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

Grim stories of Dutch peasants or members of the lower middle class in Holland, nearly every one containing a tragic incident caused by narrowness or absolute ignorance. They are not so well written as the author's novels, but their occasional glaring errors seem to arise from the uncommon fallibility of the printer or the typewriter.

Orchid : Robert Grant. *Scribner.* \$1.25.

The object of interest to all the personages of this story, herself included, is a woman whose sole desire is luxury. She marries for money, and finding that her husband hardly fulfils her theories of elegance, deliberately bestows herself upon another man, and as deliberately sells her child to her husband for two millions and the divorce enabling her to marry her lover and spend them upon him. She is left entirely at peace with herself and with the world.

Outlet : Andy Adams. *Houghton.* \$1.50.

The author describes the adventures attendant upon taking the first large herds of cattle sent from Texas to winter in the Northwest, ready for spring sale or for transportation to the East. This movement led to the extirpation of the buffalo and the conquest of the Indian, and is, consequently, important in the national history. Its execution was attended with no little hardship, which is simply narrated and well illustrated.

Pam : Bettina Von Hutten. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

Pam, the daughter of a married man and an unmarried woman whose life is ideally happy in spite of their sin, goes to live with her cynical and crippled maternal grandfather, leaves him at the summons of her father's wife who is morbidly curious to see her; loves a statesman betrothed to another woman, meditates eloping with him, and at last settles down to a life spent in travelling. The possible things in the story are vulgar; the impossible very nearly disgusting.

Psyche : Walter S. Cramp. *Little.* \$1.50.

The Emperor Tiberius and his immediate circle by kindred, marriage, and adoption with a Greek family, a Greek charioteer, and a few court officials are the persons figuring in this story, which is carefully and conscientiously written, with no attempt to win favor with those desirous of reading about evil.

Ravanel : Harris Dickson. *Lippincott.* \$1.50.

This story of a Southern family feud is differentiated from its class by the introduction of a hero whose remorse for having killed a man in self-defence nearly drives him mad. The relations of father and daughter and mother and son are exhibited by charming examples, and the negro appears as a faithful servant and friend, and, in spite of its murders, much of the story is idyllic.

Second Wooing of Salinee: Ruth McEnery Stuart. *Harper*. \$1.50.

Six stories of black men and women showing the theories and practice of civilization prevalent among the ignorant. They are written with kindly sympathy, but with keen perception of humor.

Silver Bells: Andrew C. P. Haggard. *Page*. \$1.50.

The love of an English pioneer for Silver Bells, the daughter of an Indian chief, is the main subject. The author describes Indian customs with the intention of showing how slight a cause may remove every trace of superficial civilization from the red man, and how injudicious is marriage between the white and red races. The descriptions of manners and customs are the result of long and intimate observation.

Slaves of Success: Elliott Flower. *Page*. \$1.50.

Politicians of many types, from the intentionally honest to those with no intentions not selfish, are the characters in this story, which is written to exhibit American practice in carrying on municipal and State government, and distributing office in the general government. The work effectually deprives the reader of the excuse of ignorance in permitting fraud.

Twelve Stories and a Dream: H. G. Wells. *Harper*. \$1.50.

Fantastic tales of scientific possibilities and of impossibilities made credible, of ghosts and fairies, compose an amusing book

too startling for the weak-nerved, but pleasant for any other seeker for amusement.

Unwritten Law: Arthur Henry. *Barnes*. \$1.50.

The author describes the lives of a group of schoolgirls, poor, well-to-do, and rich, making two frankly and inexcusably immoral, and consequently unhappy, and one coldly immoral and successful in a worldly sense. Such parts of the story as do not deal with matters unsuitable for discussion in mixed companies, attack the honest rich in order to defend the dishonest poor, and the honest poor are almost totally neglected.

Vision of Elijah Berl: Frank Lewis Nason. *Little*. \$1.50.

The hero, an upright engineer; the heroine, an uncommonly clever stenographer and typewriter; a dishonest bank cashier; a scheming pretender to philanthropy; a capitalist of the modern type and a survivor of an older species, are, according to their temperament, the victims of Elijah's vision of irrigating an arid region, raising its value from nothing to millions, or the gainers by it. He himself becomes its slave, and sacrifices honor, integrity, and love to it, and at last gives his life to prevent the consequences of some of his acts. The story is very well planned and carefully written.

Wasps, Social and Solitary: George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham. \$1.30 *net*.

Studies pursued with extraordinary vigilance have made the authors conversant with the wasp's

ways of building her nest and of protecting her offspring; and also of the discovery that she, alone among animals, uses a tool. The volume is illustrated with many

pictures showing waspish peculiarities, and it is written with pleasant enthusiasm. Mr. John Burroughs furnishes a highly improving introduction.

Literary Chat.

The Catholic University Bulletin for April continues Dr. Poels' article on "History and Inspiration." The learned Belgian critic succeeds, we think, admirably in answering certain mooted questions touching the exegesis of the Biblical text. He reconciles the received canons which oblige us to conform our interpretation of Scriptural statements with the unanimous consent of the Fathers, by emphasizing the words of the Encyclical "Providentissimus Deus," which restrict this consent to the things "pertaining to Catholic faith." This has been overlooked by many who have appealed to the Encyclical of Leo XIII as obliging the readers of the Bible to accept the traditional literal interpretation of the Biblical narrative, particularly in Genesis. Of this interpretation the writer says: "In regard (for instance) to the creation of the world in six days, the deluge, or the chronology of Genesis, there is not a Catholic of any learning who still holds the opinions patronized by the Fathers. But they never gave those interpretations '*tamquam pertinentia ad fidem*.' They never taught that they were part of the living teaching of the Church, that is to say, of the Christian revelation preached by the Apostles."

The Pustets publish a neat volume of verses by Father James McKernan. The collection takes its name, "*Bob*" *Ingersoll's Egosophy*, from the initial poem; for the rest, the collection embraces every variety of topics that occur between "The Old Baptismal Record" and "Beautiful Death," binding the gay and the grave in the same sheaf. There is humor in the author's reflection upon the vocation of the man, who, in his sanctum, "deigns o'er all mankind to reign—by right of eminent domain"—the editor. It is hard to say whether the rhythmic comment will quench or fan the embers of editorial ambition which just now seem to have fallen on many parts of our fresh American soil. Think of the glory of being an editor!

"The wonder has long ceased to grow,
How his one head is competent
To judge of all things here below,—
Of Church, of State, of cattle-show,
Art, science, trade, and parliament.

O, wondrous man! All praise to thee!
A sword and sceptre is thy pen!
To thee look up all enviously,
E'en greatest men, of high degree,
Prime ministers and aldermen.

For what's a general or navigator,
 Judge or actor, or legislator,
 Beside him as competitor?
 O, be advised! If wise you be,
 You'll make the boy—an editor!"

On the subject of Biblical Exegesis there appear simultaneously two works from the pens of the Dominican Fathers Père Lagrange, who resides in Jerusalem as president of the School of Biblical Studies and editor of the *Revue Biblique*, and Père Lacome, whose work, *Questions de Principes concernant l'Exégèse Catholique contemporaine*, seeks to keep the subject within the limits of Thomistic analysis and Patristic tradition, not, however, without a strong plea for the application of the *historic method* advocated by modern students of the Higher Criticism who make due allowance for the testimony of archæology and its philological sidelights. Père Lagrange is a member of the Biblical Commission, and his work translated into English deals with the subject in a frank, although not exhaustive way, calculated to lessen the suspicions of heterodoxy which naturally cling to the change of a long-standing tradition, albeit that tradition has really little sanction in the defined doctrines of the Catholic Church.

The recent appearance of the *Correspondance du Duc d'Enghien*, covering the first years of the past century, has revived interest in the condemnation and execution under Napoleon's arbitrary rule of the last offspring of the great Condé family. Of the innocence of this unfortunate prince the editor of the correspondence, Count Boulay de la Meurthe, leaves no doubt. But the story revealed in the letters touching the conspiracy of Pichegru's into which the noble-minded George Cadoudal was inveigled, throws a sad light upon the demoralized condition of the nobility and particularly of the Bourbons, to which the Condés belonged.

The last issue of *Biblische Studien* (Vol. X, n. 4) is a treatise on "Moses and the Pentateuch," by Professor Hoberg, Freiburg University, already well known as a writer among German Biblical scholars. He strengthens the position generally accepted among Catholic students which holds Moses to be the true and inspired author of the Pentateuch; nevertheless he argues for the admission of certain changes and additions which the original text composition has undergone in course of ages. These changes and additions are not, however, to be regarded as substantially affecting the deposit of revealed truth.

Ernest Hello's works are too little known among us. His volume, *Œuvres choisies de Roesbroeck*, just now furnishes the subject for a little treatise entitled "Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic." The translation is made by Earle Baillie, who introduces some paragraphs on the subject of Contemplation from the Latin text of Surius. Rüsbröck—as his name is often written—lived in that glorious thirteenth century which has been called the "wonderful" age of faith, and which indeed abounds in the most wonderful deeds of architecture, philosophy, poetry, chivalry, recorded in history. In this age, which produced the many builders of the great Cathedrals, and to which we owe a St. Francis of Assisi, a St.

Thomas of Aquin, a Dante, our author was called "The Admirable." His work is well worth a serious thought and in this brief and pretty form it will prove most acceptable to the average modern reader. (Thomas Baker, London.)

Burns and Oates, in their "Past and Present Library," are publishing a really attractive series of small and cheap volumes which will prove of interest to the Catholic reader who has any appreciation of and taste for good reading. One of these is *The Love of Books*, being the "Philobiblon" of Richard De Bury, a quondam Bishop of Durham, and an Oxford man of the thirteenth century. "*Heart speaketh unto heart*," says the Bishop of Clifton in his foreword to the volume, "is a motto that may well be commended to whoever takes up this little book of good old Richard De Bury." It is a bit of literature that appeals to the true lover of books, and of the kind of books thumbed by the bookworms of a vanished age, having about it the perfume of the scriptorium.

To the same series belongs *The Chronicle of Jocelin*. "Jocelin," writes Dr. William Barry in introducing the little treatise to the modern reader, "the delightful and garrulous, whom it is a pleasure to read in such quaint good English, never can have dreamt how he should be famous six or seven centuries after his time. The good monk's pages are not eloquent. They are something better. As if torn from life by a child's hand, they show us glimpses, vivid in their simplicity, of a world which was and is not." In reading the account "we muse with kindness, pity, and admiration upon the mingled tale, so frankly human, so unconscious of its own worth, which has made of a ruined monastery something yet alive, and has taught us the grand Benedictine gospel,—'to labor is to pray.'"

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

THE CHURCH OF GOD ON TRIAL before the Tribunal of Reason. By Edward J. Maginnis, of the Schuylkill County Bar, Penna. New York: The Christian Press Association Publishing Co. 1905. Pp. 248. Price, \$0.80 net.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH. A Defence, in brief, of Fundamental Christian Truths. By Frank McGloin, author of *Norodom, King Of Cambodia; The Conquest of Europe*, etc. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 285. Price, \$1.00 net.

THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. Intended specially for priests and candidates for the priesthood. By the Rev. H. Noldin, S.J. Authorized translation from the German. Revised by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O.S.C. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 272. Price, \$1.25 net.

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PIUS X.

II.

DURING the long pontificate of Leo XIII, the spectre which stood, as it were, behind every French Minister's desk, which shadowed every transaction between the French Government and the Vatican, and almost seemed to paralyze free action, was that one ever recurring fear, threat, dread—call it by whatever name we will—the suppression of the famous Napoleonic treaty, commonly called “the Concordat.” To whisper that dreadful word was to supply not only a “*raison d'être*,” but an imperative necessity for yielding to every pressure, every demand, from an almost avowedly infidel government, and with that prudence which must needs form so large a part of every diplomatist's mental equipment, Leo XIII successfully guided the bark of Peter throughout a long and eventful pontificate, without that whisper taking voice before the world.

For the abolition of the Concordat meant, as he doubtless deemed it, the de-Christianization of France. It meant the suppression of the budget of public worship, the closing of the French Embassy to the Vatican, and of the Nunciature in Paris, the seizure of ecclesiastical buildings, and the rupture of all relations between Church and State; in a word, an almost inconceivable collapse of the *status quo*.

But Pius X beholds the matter from a different point of view. A short time ago, one of the French Archbishops, whether on a suggested or a self-imposed mission we may not know, sought an audience of the Holy Father upon this very question, having just paid a visit to the Cardinal Bishop of Padua, Pius X's oldest and best friend, and the personage, of all others, who is believed to have most influence with him.

Mgr. Fuzet, then, presented himself before the Holy Father, and ventured to set forth the dangers of too *intransigent* a line of action. An attitude too unyielding, too unsystematically hostile to the actual government in France, would, he argued, afford to the Combes ministry a clear pretext for further persecutions.

"Deus providebit!" was the laconic comment of the Pontiff.

The Archbishop continued, or attempted to continue, his argument. "A rupture between France and the Holy See might even follow . . ."

"Deus providebit!" again reiterated Pius X; and, according to the reporter of the interview, no further reply could the baffled ecclesiastic obtain.

"God will provide!" The answer of Abraham to Isaac, as they wended their way side by side to the place of sacrifice. If the eldest daughter of the Church, like another Isaac, is to be bound hand and foot to the altar of sacrifice, God will see that the sacrifice is not unto death.

We have referred, just now, to Pius X's "oldest and best friend," the present Cardinal Bishop of Padua, where St. Anthony the Wonder-worker has his native shrine; and it is probable that no future biographical notice of that Pontiff will be worthy of the name, which does not include among its *dramatis personae* the name of Mgr. Callegari. He is a Venetian, born and bred; a professor of theology and literature at its seminary in earlier days, and later on Bishop of Treviso, a small see in the north of Italy, where, succeeding Mgr. Tinelli in 1880, he found, as Chancellor and acting Vicar-General, the pious priest who was afterwards destined to rule the Universal Church.

A firm and lasting friendship quickly sprang up between the two men, and when some time later Mgr. Callegari was transferred to the more important see of Padua, and was consulted by Leo XIII and requested to report on the qualifications of the Abbé Sarto, Chancellor and Vicar-General of his former see, his reply was couched in the following remarkable terms: "He is well fitted, not only to make an excellent bishop, but, should the opportunity occur, a Pope!"

His admiration indeed for his colleague was so profound that

when he himself was designated as candidate for the Patriarchate of Venice, he contrived to pass on the nomination to his brother bishop, and it was thus that Giuseppe Sarto became Patriarch of Venice, doubtless much against his will, as even the humbler episcopal seat of Mantua had only been conferred on him by the determined action of his ecclesiastical superiors, who suppressed the usual preliminary documents, and handed him the final authoritative *biglietto* when all resistance was in vain.

Since the election of Pius X their mutual affection and friendship have in no wise diminished. The Bishop of Padua has been offered, and has declined, both the Patriarchate of Venice, and the Secretaryship of State. His august friend has, however, now prevailed upon him to accept a cardinal's hat, and it is the *on dit* of ecclesiastical circles that any request or favor coming through Mgr. Callegari to the Pope is more likely of acceptance than through any other channel.

Students of the earlier portion of the Pontiff's career, more especially of the nine years of his Venetian Patriarchate, may perhaps be less sure than was the world in 1903, that Cardinal Sarto "had no care for politics;" and a prominent journalist who traced his active influence on public affairs in that stately city, once the centre of oligarchical despotism, has told the world in an article in the *Tribuna* that "where the Patriarch's work showed itself most vigorously, most amply, most fortunately, and has brought him his great reputation, the reputation of a strong, tenacious, silent, able, and dominant will, *was in politics*. For he was eminently a political Patriarch."

A remark of his own, made only a day or two before the opening of Conclave to the Abbé Vercesi, one of the leaders in Italy of the "Christian Democrats," points in the same direction. Speaking of the coming election and the qualification most desirable in the new Pope to be chosen, he said to the Abbé: "A pious Pope! It would be a wonderful thing, indeed, to see a Pope who was *not* pious! But those who make use of this expression, dream of a Pope who should live in a kind of sacred twilight, occupying himself mainly in bestowing benedictions here and there, but with absolutely no social influence. No! it is not that kind of Pope that we want! Catholicism must exercise the whole of its

social influence ; in these days above all, it should not keep in the background, but should come forward."

At the time that the Bishop of Mantua, the Pontiff, took possession of the Patriarchal chair in 1894, the municipal authority was entirely in the hands of the anti-clerical party ; but only eight months later the tact and strength of will of the new prelate had so transformed the whole tone of the civic administration that his liberal *junto* was replaced by a moderate-clerical one, under the recognized influence of the Cardinal Patriarch.

His Venetian clergy, no less than his people, seem ever to have been, not only devoted, but perfectly submissive, to their Bishop ; they could not indeed have ventured to be otherwise, for he, though so touchingly humble, generous, and kindly toward all, made his authority felt throughout his diocese, from the least to the greatest, in a manner only possible to a man of strong will as well as accurate judgment. To any argument, any objection advanced to him, he listened with the utmost patience ; but at the end his words were brief : "I have weighed every thing well. Now, I say, it shall be thus."

To some friends who had begged for the visit of a certain priest of his diocese, he writes : "On the condition that on Wednesday the 16th he has returned, *living or dead*, from Sicily, I give him permission to go."

On the subject of the use of the bicycle by his clergy, he expresses himself in terms as vigorous as they are unequivocal. "Nothing appears to me more contrary to the dignity of an ecclesiastic than to seat oneself astride a machine of that kind ; such an attitude is not in harmony with the dignity becoming one's state of life. . . . I know that the bicycle has, even among the clergy, very warm partisans who belaud its usefulness ; nevertheless, I do not hesitate to proscribe its use. Some people may perhaps consider that these are small matters, unworthy to occupy our minds. Let them talk ; they are not charged with the government of the Church ; that is the business of the bishops, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. And as long as the Pope has not pronounced upon this point, either personally or by the Congregations, my orders against it will remain in force."

One sees that, as M. de Narfon words it, "Cardinal Sarto

knew how to impose his own will on others, even in the smallest details, and whatever may have been the strength or the weakness of his arguments, to their conclusion, at least, he suffered no reply." Notwithstanding, however, the firmness of his episcopal rule, it was always abundantly evident that the predominant characteristic of Giuseppe Sarto, as priest, as bishop, as Patriarch, and finally as Pope, has been, and is, an unutterably tender, loving kindness and abundant charity. It seems too the peculiar charm of Pius X that he knows how to mingle the perfection of apostolic simplicity with the dignity due to his sacred office, just as his vigorous justice and inflexible will yet leave room for the most loving and delicate consideration for others.

While Patriarch of Venice his daily life was one of extreme simplicity, as we have all heard again and again; one of those bishops who had, as the saying is, "a heart of gold but a crozier of wood." His predecessor had owned, and used daily, a magnificently ornamented gondola with four gondoliers, whose skilled strokes bore it swiftly hither and thither at will; but Cardinal Sarto contented himself with one of the hired gondolas, which ply up and down the canals at the service of all. Anything more sumptuous would indeed have seemed out of place in a household where the daily fare was prepared and served by the sisters of the Patriarch, and where, according to Dom Perosi (their most frequent visitor), the episcopal ring itself made certain visits to the pawnshop from time to time, when necessity arose, or in response to some appeal for charity.

How the Venetian people loved him! And how they would look out for that modest gondola, pressing as closely as might be to it, in the hope of a kindly salutation or a gesture of benediction; while its occupant wended his way through the watery by-paths or side canals of his quaint city, intent on some simple shopping expedition, in which his pious delight was to seek out certain shops which he had heard were in financial difficulties, possibly even on the verge of bankruptcy, to spend what money he had "and more than he could afford," with them, encouraging them the while with cheerful words.

"It is *il nostro Sior Beppo*," would the people say, in answer to some chance inquiries; and "*Viva il Sior Beppo! Viva il*

Papa !" were the cries on that summer day in 1903 when a whole fleet of gondolas followed the one which took their Patriarch to the railway station, whence he was to take the train for Rome,—the Conclave, and the Tiara! never to return!

We all know the story of the famous "return-ticket" taken on this occasion, one-half of which lies still unused within the Pontifical purse. It is said that recently an Englishman begged it of his Holiness, offering a substantial sum in exchange, but the Pontiff shook his head, exclaiming laughingly "*Mi servi! Mi serve!*" much to the Englishman's disappointment.

It is needless to say that the daily life of Pius X is extremely simple and regular. He rises at five, dresses alone, and his valet, when he enters at 5.30, usually finds him reciting his breviary. At six o'clock he says his Mass, and then takes a cup of *café au lait*, and goes out into the garden to pay a visit to the Grotto of Lourdes installed there by Leo XIII. After about an hour's stroll in the fresh air, he returns to his study and begins the work of the day. At midday he dines, on soup, boiled beef or chicken, vegetables, and fruit. Then an hour's rest, and more audiences, or business interviews, and the usual work with the secretaries. At six o'clock in the evening he goes to the long gallery called "the loggia of the Maps," and either gives audiences to various groups of visitors, or walks up and down alone for some time. At nine he sups, finishes the recital of his breviary, and reads the newspapers of the day, until half-past ten, when he retires for the night.

Up to the time of Leo XIII, and with the rarest exceptions, throughout his reign, etiquette required that visitors to the Pope should approach him only after three genuflections,—one just within the doorway, one a little farther on, and one at his feet, before kissing the Papal slipper. The Pope remained seated in his chair, and the ordinary visitor remained on his knees, replying only when addressed. Now, however, the genuflections and the kissing of the Papal foot are done away with; Pius X will not allow his visitors to remain on their knees, and even occasionally rises to receive them, while he still oftener conducts them to the door on leaving, and opens it himself. He has also inaugurated the innovation of causing the prelates and consultants at a congre-

gational meeting *coram Pontifice* to be seated, instead of standing as heretofore; and a still greater innovation has taken place with regard to meals, which no Pope, of recent years at least, had taken in company with others. Pius X, however, accustomed as he was to a simple family dinner with his sisters in the Venetian palace, has refused to be bound by such stringent rules; he not only dines daily with his secretary, Mgr. Bressari, but often invites his sisters, the Cardinal Secretary of State, and other distinguished personages to his table.

One day, an American pilgrimage, conducted by Cardinal Gibbons, was admitted to view the Vatican gardens. After visiting the gardens they expressed a desire to see the Pope, and could by no means understand the exigencies of courtly etiquette which required long notice and official arrangements. So their Cardinal guide hastily penciled a few words upon one of his own cards, and sent it up to the Pontiff. Only a few moments passed, and then the delighted Americans beheld a white-robed figure approaching them, quite unceremoniously, accompanied only by one or two prelates. He came across the wide garden space, as smilingly and as unceremoniously as any modern host in his own grounds, and when the American Cardinal would fain have fallen on his knees, the Pope opened his arms and gave him the fraternal *accolade* of one bishop to another, amid a frantic burst of irrepressible "hurrahs" from the pilgrims.

In point of fact, Pius X loves to wander alone in his large gardens, to recite his breviary, or meditate in solitude, and breathe the fresh air, which is all the freedom now remaining to him of his erewhile lengthy rambles by the Lido, or dashes into the cool, deep waters of the Adriatic. Leo XIII never left his apartments or went to the gardens without escort, and so the first time that the new Pope betook himself to the gardens alone, his chamberlain hurriedly despatched two "Noble Guards" after him, whom, as it happened, the Pope had just informed that he would dispense with their services on this occasion. The chamberlain in question *did not repeat the experiment*.

Another somewhat unnecessary point of etiquette forbade the Pope to wear a watch; and former Pontiffs have been obliged to inquire the time, when necessary, from some member of their suite.

But Pius X has a watch,—a nickel one, such as schoolboys wear. And he uses it, like any ordinary individual amongst us. Moreover, a certain bishop once suggesting that he might exchange it for a valuable gold watch, of which he begged his Holiness' acceptance, Pius X quietly replied: "This watch marked the moments of my mother's last agony. What jewel could be more precious to me?"

But we must linger no longer on the threshold of this still new pontificate, fraught with who knows what momentous issues for the Church and the world. "In any case," as someone within his own immediate entourage observed the other day to M. Boyer d'Agen, "in any case, you can tell your people that this Pope, like Pius VI, like Pius VII, like Pius IX, is ready for everything; in a different way, perhaps, from theirs, but with the same insurmountable will."

T. L. L. TEELING.

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CATHOLIC PROSPECTS IN RUSSIA.

CATHOLICS who prize before all else the interests of Christ's kingdom on earth, cannot but be interested about the issues of the Russian-Japanese war, in so far principally as those issues are likely to affect the question of religion. The results of the war, moreover, are likely to extend beyond the limits of the two empires immediately engaged in conflict.

Europe has been surprised by the extraordinary and unsuspected prowess of a far Eastern power that of a sudden has sprung into being as a force to be seriously reckoned with, and as suddenly has established itself as of "first class" among the nations by an unchecked series of victories, both by sea and land, over no less an adversary than Russia. So great has been the surprise, indeed, that many persons have taken alarm and already are discussing the dangers of a "Yellow peril;" though it does not at present appear how such peril could arise without something in the nature of an Asiatic union, nor that Japan would be likely to hail such a union as favorable to her interests.

And the power that has so suffered at the hands of the pagan

is a Christian nation, with a claim on that account to our Christian sympathies, and, as it would seem at first sight, to our wishes for its success in the struggle against its pagan foe. Its empire numbers, in European and Asiatic Russia combined, more than a hundred and twenty-eight million subjects. Of these some ninety million are registered "Orthodox Russians," though considerable proportions of them are Catholics who have been thus registered members of the State religion by sheer despotic force; while of the remainder of this number it may be said that in great measure they are in material rather than in formal schism, so largely is their position due to long centuries of State usurpation of ecclesiastical authority, to tyranny and abject serfdom. In addition to the Catholics who have been compulsorily registered Orthodox, and whose numbers cannot of course be ascertained, are upward of eleven and a half million Catholics who as yet are unaffected by the penal laws, except so far as those laws account it a "State crime" for a Catholic to attempt the conversion of an Orthodox Russian. Of the sects that separated from the State Church after the formation of the "Holy Synod," and of which that of the Rasholniks, or "Men of the Old Faith," are the most numerous, there are three hundred and eighty-eight thousand. Of Protestants there are some six million; of Jews, five million; of Mohammedans, fourteen and a half million, and over a million pagans.

From these statistics it appears that not far from four-fifths of the population of Russia are Christian, and that their Christianity is, with but a comparatively small Protestant exception, Catholic in character, and would be in far larger proportion than it is at present Catholic in fact but for the jealous despotism of the State. Devoid of constitutional and representative government, her peoples almost wholly uneducated, enslaved, impoverished, and starved by taxation, and the while denied liberty of speech and conscience, this vast empire has long been threatened by the inevitable consequence of tyranny, and would seem to be even now on the verge, if not in the throes, of a revolution. She has gained but one victory in the present war, observes a Russian newspaper, and that is to convince the world of the rottenness of her bureaucratic rule. Meanwhile her financial embarrassments,

so greatly augmented by defeat and loss, forbid the continuance of a war that demands such further taxation as would involve (so her specialists have warned her) the ruin of her agriculture. Should the Tsar persist in prosecuting the war to an end, as the Procurator of the Holy Synod has urged, and as the Grand Dukes have determined he shall do, he will have to face the odds against him of a power whose people are contented and happy, united in their patriotism, able and ready to endure sufficient taxation to raise man to man against their foe, and, encouraged by signal successes until now, confident of victory to the end,—conditions, everyone of them, lacking to Russia, whose subjects, for the most part it would seem, desire the cessation of hostilities, having despaired alike of any near, and even of ultimate, success.

And in the event of the war being prosecuted to Russia's further humiliation, the question, already raised, will press the more for an answer,—the question, namely, as to whether the prospects of Catholicism in Russia are not likely to be furthered in a chastised and chastened Russia, rather than in Russia flushed by victory and confirmed in her bureaucratic despotism; since, as history shows, the vanquished nation, rather than the nation that is victorious, is usually benefited by the moral lesson of defeat, and Russia's Crimean defeat, for instance, revealed to her Tsar Alexander II the unsoundness of his country's internal polity and the necessity of the reforms he attempted, but was prevented from carrying out by reason of his tragic death.

To form an opinion by way of an answer to the question, it is necessary, of course, to know something of the history of religion in Russia; it may be worth our while, therefore, to attempt a short review of that history, in so far as it bears upon the question proposed, despite the fact that the present opportunity is necessarily of so limited a nature and allows of but a sketchy, and, as some may think, unsatisfactory notice. Enough will appear, however, to enable us to form some idea of the bearing of the Russian government toward Catholicism in the past, and at the present time, from which to form an opinion as to the prospects of the Catholic Church under Russia's future rule, more especially with reference to the hoped-for reforms in the government of that country.

There is a tradition in Russia that the Apostle St. Andrew preached the Gospel in that country, and that he planted a cross at Kiev,—a place that will figure considerably in our narrative, as it was formerly Russia's capital. Christianity certainly existed at a very early date in southern Russia, since Tertullian, Origen, and St. John Chrysostom, amongst others, speak of it as existent there. But it seems equally certain that it subsequently disappeared from Russia, and was not permanently established there until the ninth century. According to an account favored by the historian Alzog, Russia obtained her Christianity from Constantinople, in the year 867, when Ignatius, the lawful and therefore Catholic patriarch was in possession of that see. According to Nestor, the father of Russian history in the beginning of the twelfth century, it was in the previous year that Russia obtained her Christianity, that is to say, when Photius, the schismatical patriarch, was in possession. The empire as a whole, however, was not converted until the tenth century, and it is certain that from the time of the patriarchate of Ignatius, in 867, to that of Michael Cœrularius—in the middle of the eleventh century—Rome and Constantinople, though not in complete harmony, were nevertheless united in communion. It follows therefore that at the first Russia was certainly in communion with Rome, and that the sole exception to this statement has reference to but one year.

Kiev, the metropolitan see and the former capital of Russia, received its metropolitans from Constantinople until the year 1051. In that year, however, Hilarion was appointed metropolitan without the authority or approval of Constantinople, and he and his successors in the see remained in communion with Rome, despite the intrigues of Cœrularius to bring about a division. The liturgical books in use at this day in Russia were composed during the time of her union with Rome and still retain confession of the Pope's supremacy. Thus Pope Sylvester is acknowledged as the "divine head of the holy bishops," Pope Leo as "the successor of the highest throne of St. Peter, the heir of the invincible rock and the successor in his kingdom." Martin, Pope in the seventh century, is thus addressed: "Thou didst adorn the divine throne of Peter, and, holding the Church upright on this rock which cannot be shaken, thou didst honor thy name;" and Leo III:

"O chief shepherd of the Church, do thou represent the place of Jesus Christ."

"From the eleventh century onward," says Alzog, "the Monastery of the Catacombs or of Peezera, at Kiev, became for Russia the seat of learning, the home of literature, the seminary of the clergy, and the centre of civilization. It was in this monastery that Nestor (1056-1111) wrote his annals in the language of his country, and this one fact would seem to indicate that if the Russian Church had remained united to Rome, the country would have seen an incomparably greater intellectual progress, and a more abundant development of its material resources and elements of national prosperity than its history shows."

But the position of Kiev was weakened by the Tartars, who raised the Prince of Moscow to the position of a Grand Duke, and in the year 1328 removed the metropolitan see to the new capital. Kiev's metropolitan retained, however, the title "Metropolitan of Kiev and all Russia."

At the Council of Florence in 1438, Isidore, the then metropolitan of Kiev, warmly supported the cause of union with Rome, accepted in Kiev and its nine suffragan dioceses, in opposition to the Church of Northern Russia and the temporal ruler, Vassili II.

After Constantinople had fallen into the hands of the Turks, the Tsars took advantage of the opportunity to sever the Russian Church from such dependence upon Constantinople as still remained, and from all foreign influence whatsoever, with a view to subjecting the primates of Moscow to themselves. Moscow was erected the Russian patriarchal see by Tsar Teodore I, in 1589. Its patriarchate thus assumed a national character, and grew in political importance and influence. Its patriarchs were uniformly hostile toward the metropolitans of Kiev, who in turn were by no means disposed to submit to their jurisdiction. In 1593, the metropolitan of Kiev together with the bishops of his province drew up a formal act of union with Rome, and shortly afterwards sent a deputation to the Pope, with the result that their union with the Holy See was confirmed, and gave birth to the Ruthenian province, the event being announced by Pope Clement VIII in the bull "*Magnus Dominus et laudabilis*." Later on, we find Pope Pius V granting the metropolitan of Kiev permission

to send four young men to the Greek College, founded in Rome in 1615.

The patriarchate of Moscow, on the other hand, had so developed its national character and political influence, that Tsar Peter the Great, at the end of the seventeenth century, fearing its influence against even himself, resolved to abolish it and to substitute in its stead an organization that should be entirely subject to the State, and since known as the Holy Synod. This, aided by the concurrence of cowardly and subservient bishops, he eventually succeeded in doing, and so brought the "Orthodox" Church into complete subjection to the secular power, by an ukase of January 21, 1721. His successors on the throne were careful to preserve this masterstroke of his genius, and the Russian Orthodox Church has in consequence ever since remained in servile subjection to temporal rulers.

The metropolitan see of Kiev was at length wrested from the Catholic Church by the Empress Catharine, who ascended the throne in 1762, and, together with other Catholic sees of the Uniat rite, was forcibly transferred to schismatical usurpers; and at the partitions of Poland, in 1772, 1793, and 1795, nearly all the Catholic Ruthenian dioceses were forced under Russian dominion, despite Catharine's pledge, under the treaty of annexation, to protect the Catholics of both the Latin and Uniat rites. To further her purpose she did not scruple to send "Orthodox" missionaries, each of them accompanied by a regiment of Cossacks, to enforce the desired submission at the point of the sword. She was so far unhappily successful that, during her reign of thirty-four years, no less than seven million Catholics were forcibly severed from Papal jurisdiction.

Under Catharine's successors, Paul I and Alexander I, the Catholic Church in Russia was to some extent reorganized, although Catharine's penal laws remained still in force. The numbers both of Latin and of Uniat Catholics, in consequence, rapidly increased; and herein we have an indication as to what would be the result, did liberty of religion now prevail in Russia. But when Nicholas I succeeded to the throne, he at once reverted to Catharine's persecuting policy against the Catholics of both rites. He suppressed their bishoprics, destroyed their churches,

dissolved upward of two hundred monasteries, expelled later on, in addition, Carmelites, Franciscans, Dominicans, Lazarists, Sisters of Charity, and by means of exile, confiscations, bribes, and, alas, the treason of Catholic ecclesiastics themselves, enforced severance from Papal jurisdiction, and finally proclaimed this separation, together with compulsory registration to the "Orthodox" Church, by an ukase of February 24, 1839.

In 1847, however, a concordat was concluded, by virtue of which the Latin Church in Russia was reorganized in two provinces. The one, namely, the Province of Mohilev, including all the Latin Catholics of the empire, except those of Poland, comprised the metropolitan and six suffragan sees; the other, the Province of Warsaw, comprised all Russian Poland, with the metropolitan and likewise six suffragan sees. Mohilev, it may here be observed, had been raised to the rank of a metropolitan see with jurisdiction over all Catholics of the Latin rite in Russia, by a bull of Pope Pius VI, November 15, 1798; and by the same bull the Uniats also obtained an ecclesiastical organization with Polotzk and Breez as suffragan sees.

Tsar Alexander II pursued in Russian Poland the work of suppression that Nicholas I had wrought in Russia proper, and provoked the Polish rising of 1863, which resulted in the condemnation to death of the Apostolic Administrator of Warsaw, the banishment into exile of nearly all the Catholic bishops of Poland, together with two hundred and fifty priests, the imprisonment of another sixty priests and of fifteen thousand laymen, the death by shooting and strangulation of numerous other priests and monks, and the dissolution of over a hundred monasteries, whose inmates were sent into exile. The persecution was revived in 1885.

Under this same Alexander II was well nigh completed, in 1874, the ruin of the Ruthenian Catholics, after a struggle of more than a hundred years, when not less than twelve millions of their number had been cut off from Rome by cruel persecution. At this day many thousands of Ruthenians, though compulsorily registered "Orthodox," are in heart and will united with Rome. They are compelled to pay tithes to the Russian schismatical clergy, but do not attend their churches, nor receive the sacra-

ments at their hands; they meet clandestinely on Sundays for devotion, baptize their children privately, and have their marriages solemnized secretly by Catholic priests. Two bishoprics of the Ruthenian rite have survived, namely, Minsk, under the jurisdiction of the Latin metropolitan of Mogilen, and Chelm-Belz, directly under Papal jurisdiction.

In 1877, all communication between Russia and Rome was interrupted, but was subsequently restored by the influence of Cardinal Jacobini, the Pro-Nuncio of Vienna, and Oubril, the Russian Ambassador, for the purpose of filling some vacant sees, and of making regulations in relation to the Ecclesiastical Academy at St. Petersburg, whither students from all the Catholic dioceses in Russia are sent to be trained in the higher studies of the priesthood.

In January, 1878, Cardinal Simeoni published a memorandum signed by Pope Pius IX, exposing the treachery of Russian diplomacy. Some years previously Pius IX had published a complaint of 368 pages, quarto, against the treatment by the Russian government of Catholics in both Russia and Poland.

Despite the *modus vivendi*, subsequently arranged, the work of the Catholic Church is to this day oppressed by every device of odious formality and injustice; her priests are forbidden to go from village to village without permission, such permission being frequently refused; they are narrowly watched, lest they should attempt to make converts from the State Church, and, together with the converts they make of Orthodox Russians, are treated as "State criminals," deprived accordingly of all rights and privileges, and banished into distant exile.

The fresh penal laws of but a few years since¹ enact, moreover, that all who, since the enforced registration of 1875, have been recognized as members of the Orthodox Church must remain such for ever: "All former Greek Uniats," so runs the code, "are in virtue of the act of union with the Orthodox Church in 1875 to be considered as Orthodox. The children of parents formerly Greek Uniats, are Orthodox, even if baptized before 1875 in a Roman Catholic Church." The enactment further endeavors to distinguish between Latins and Uniats as though, forsooth, they

¹ Quoted in the *Tablet* of September 24, 1898.

were not equally united in faith and obedience with the Holy See: "Children of parents of the Roman Catholic persuasion," it says, "who, before 1875, were baptized in Greek Uniat churches, need not be reckoned among the former Greek Uniats. Those born before 1875 of mixed marriages between former Uniats and Catholics shall, if of the male sex, belong to the religion of the father, if females, to the religion of the mother."

From this brief account of the history of religion in Russia, it is sufficiently apparent that Russian state policy has all along been, and is to this day, opposed to liberty of conscience in matters religious, and to that independence of ecclesiastical jurisdiction which is the inherent prerogative and the first essential of Christ's kingdom on earth,—in a word, to the growth, nay, to the very existence, of the Catholic Church in Russia. It would seem, therefore, that humanly speaking, the hope of Catholicism in Russia lies in a reform of the Russian government, and that, as has already been observed, the requisite reform is more likely to be conceded under conditions of defeat in the present war than bestowed to commemorate victory.

It would have been easier for our forefathers, who under the penal laws against Catholicism in England suffered to the death for the sake of religion, than it is for us who now happily enjoy liberty of conscience, to realize what must be the sufferings of Catholics in Russia who against their wills and consciences have been registered members of a schismatical church, and are offered no alternative between a schismatical worship and reception of the Sacraments at schismatical hands, on the one side, or the entire deprivation of Mass and Sacraments on the other. We cannot, surely, but hope that their long night of trial may pass as that of our forefathers passed in England, and that they may ere long enjoy that liberty of conscience which now so happily is ours, even though it be at the cost of still further humiliation of their country at the hands of a pagan foe.

And when we turn our attention toward the vast populations of the Yellow races and marvel at the mystery of their long continuance in ignorance of the Christian revelation, we can scarcely fail to see that their hope of conversion to the truth lies rather in Western than in Eastern Christianity; that, as of old the savage

hordes from North and East that overran Europe after the break-up of the Roman Empire, were in due course tamed by the Vicar of Christ and from "fierce strangers" were transformed into the "truest and most loyal children" of the Church, so in like manner, should the Yellow races be brought under European influences, whether by their conquests or by other means, they too will, in God's providence, find themselves face to face with the truth, and, as we trust, in due course within the Church's fold. As Catholics, we may surely entertain the desire for so great a gain, even should it be at the risk of a "Yellow peril,"—a gain that would far outweigh any such temporal evil; a conquest incomparably greater than any that Japanese arms or an Asiatic union could effect.

Another thought seems likewise to be suggested in this connection, when we consider what has been the condition of so much of the Christianity of Europe since the Protestant upheavals of the sixteenth century. Ever since the "balance of power" was substituted for the central authority of the Holy See, the governments of Europe have for the most part developed an independence of any authority above their own, and an antagonism to the Christian revelation as embodied in the Catholic Church, that threatens in still greater measure to substitute for the acknowledgment of God's Sovereignty, and the advancement of His Kingdom on earth, the exaltation of human authority and the worship of material prosperity. Mammon has enthroned many a false god, and Christian civilization has to an appalling extent already been exchanged for the former civilization of pagan Rome. Europe, then, has had her opportunity, and though she may be considered to have profited by it and to have risen to a sense of her responsibility in the ages of faith, it can scarcely be said that she is very much alive to that responsibility now. The opportunity, so imperfectly valued in this quarter of the globe, may therefore in God's providence be offered at length in another, and the peoples of Asia, in the event, may prove more faithful to it than the natives of Europe have proved. Thus also it may be reserved to the multitudes of that vast hemisphere to supply for Europe's missionary failure and to remove for themselves the reproach that so large a proportion of the human race has hitherto remained unreclaimed.

Nor are there wanting signs that in Japan at least, where but a few years since Christians were put to torture and death, anxiety now prevails to know more of Western Christianity, and, coupled with this desire, we see an earnest of sincerity in the inquiry, by reason of the fact that Japan now extends her protection to Catholic missions. Who among us, then, would wish to deny the possibility that in due course the Japanese, who in so many ways have surprised us by their enlightenment and humanity in matters in which we imagined them so far behind European civilization, will advance toward the further enlightenment which, by the Divine grace that can do all things, will induce them to substitute for their undue worship of an earthly sovereign the worship of the King of kings, and for their exaggerated appeal to their ancestors the invocation of Our Blessed Lady and the Saints?

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LEX AMANDI.

THE PENALTIES OF LOVE.

The wisdom of the spirit is life and peace.—Rom. 8 : 6.

SUFFERING.

As the strongest, deepest love veils itself most in silence and secrecy, so does love's inevitable penalty, suffering, shrink from discovery and observation, and ignore even those appeals for pity with which it is besieged by its own weaker nature; and by such ignoring does it not only conquer suffering, but gains the strength to suffer *more and conquer more* :

God, harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice,
Who craves for rest and ease and joys.

Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe;
My clog whatever way I go.

Yet ONE there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.¹

¹ *Who Shall Deliver Me?* Christina Rossetti.

There are two schools of ascetics, so to speak, the conscious and the unconscious school; and they are vastly different from each other in their psychological characteristics. One seeks suffering as an end in itself, or rather seeks it as a necessary condition for acquiring spiritual perfection. The other seeks spiritual perfection as its end, and thereby entails suffering upon itself as a penalty. If suffering in itself is good, the way of the conscious ascetic in seeking it is the higher one; if suffering is a mere accident or result of the conflict between good and evil, it is not a necessary condition for perfection in the soul, though it is an almost invariable or involuntary accompaniment of high spirituality in this life. There is, however, one point of difference between these two kinds of suffering which seems to place the involuntary far above the voluntary kind in its spiritual characteristics. Physical suffering, self-inflicted, is calculated above all things else to induce preoccupation with self, whilst the keenest pain of involuntary suffering, in finer spirits, is often caused by the necessity for self-attention which physical suffering entails. The cry of Saint Paul for deliverance from "the body of this death" voiced not so much his complainings against the flesh and its weakness, or the wish to be separated from his body by final dissolution, as it expressed his desire for the mastery of the spirit *in this life* over the weakness and sufferings of the flesh. It would be unlike Saint Paul to wish to put an end to the struggle merely by death. This is the wish of the weakling and the coward, of the faint-hearted and despairing, who would have the prize without paying the cost, and who think that death alone cancels all the unpaid debts of life.

The usual motive of those seeking to attain perfection by voluntary, or self-inflicted, suffering is the desire to imitate Christ or the saints in their sufferings. A perfectly true resemblance to Christ in His relation to suffering could never be established by any human soul. In one sense Christ never inflicted any physical suffering upon His own person. His sufferings were involuntary, while they at the same time were voluntary, in a sense which could be applied to no other sufferings but His. "I lay down My life that I may take it up again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down Myself. I have power to lay it down, and

I have power to take it up again.”² Christ voluntarily surrendered His will in order to feel the effects of suffering in His physical nature; and He had the power to resist by His Divine will all these effects, or to sustain His human nature under the utmost ravages made by suffering upon His person; He could not *sicken* and die from these effects in the same way that ordinary human nature would which is subject to sickness by sin. Not sickness, which is the penalty of sin, but voluntary sympathy with and experience of the suffering caused by sin in human nature was the source of Christ’s agony. Recovery from the most extreme condition of physical weakness or injury would have been consistent even with the powers of Christ’s human nature, because sickness, or disease resulting from injury, could not fasten itself upon His uncorrupted flesh. “He was ‘without sin,’ and a body without sin can no more sicken than it can ‘see corruption.’” And yet He not only felt all the effects of suffering in His own physical nature, but by His Divine power of sympathy with our fallen nature He felt suffering as we feel it: He “wept,” “groaned,” was “troubled,” sank with exhaustion under the assaults of physical agony, was the “most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity,” the “*chastisement of our peace was upon Him* ;”³ if we escaped the terrible realization and penalty of sin’s consequences, He could not; and yet He could, for all the time there was latent in His mighty will the power to pass immune from pain, or from its effect upon His physical nature, throughout the whole dark drama of His Passion. *He was offered because it was His own will* ;⁴ by His own voluntary action alone He felt this pain and suffered the effects of it in death. In this sense His suffering was voluntary in an *inimitable* degree, while at the same time it was involuntary too in a sense altogether inimitable by our human nature, because only the same degree of consciousness as He had of the enormity of evil could cause the same degree of suffering as He experienced. This degree of suffering was an accident, or an accompaniment, or a *penalty* of His love.⁵

² John 10 : 17-18.

³ Isa. 53 : 5.

⁴ Isa. 53 : 7. -

⁵ “The sinner suffers sicknesses of all kinds as the result of sin, in the sense that before sin entered into the world there was no sickness or death. . . . When Christ took our nature upon Him and ‘was made flesh,’ He did not become a sinner,

It is not within man's power to become so like to Christ as to have the same control over the effects of suffering as Christ had;⁶ but many of the saints have approached so very near to Christ that they seem to have the power to surmount the effects of suffering to a superhuman degree,—as in the case of the early martyrs. The secret of their strength in this respect was *abstraction* from self and *absorption* with God. The degree of their absorption became the measure of their capacity for suffering. A distraction caused by voluntary suffering would have limited rather than increased this capacity. This would seem to show that with the saints the higher states of suffering were involuntary

and so subject to sin and death. He was 'without sin,' and a body without sin can no more sicken than it can 'see corruption.' Before Adam sinned he had the same body as afterward, and yet it was not liable to disease and death. But the penalty of the law which rested upon him was, 'in the day that thou eatest thereof (of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil), thou shalt die'; that is, the seeds of disease would then be planted in his body (by the revolt of his will against God) and death would be the result. When, therefore, 'sin entered into the world, and by sin death' (Rom. 5 : 12), all manner of sickness followed in its train.

"But Christ, not being a sinner, could rot, and did not, suffer from any disease. He was, therefore, never sick. He did not even die in the sense that men ordinarily die. *He voluntarily* laid down His life by the Crucifixion, just as He had voluntarily taken it by the Incarnation. 'Being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man' (Phil. 2 : 7), it was necessary, however, that He should enter into all the experiences of men. But it must be by His own voluntary action, *and not from any compulsion of nature.*

"Hence also we find that, although He was never sick, yet there are many indications that He always suffered when He came into contact with sickness, and that when He healed the sick He 'felt that virtue had gone out of him.' Time and again we find Him so worn out at the close of such a day as this (of healing the sick) that He could not sleep, but, 'rising very early, going out, He went into a desert place, and there *He prayed.*' Here was the secret source, not only of His spiritual, but of His physical strength.

"He not only felt the keenest sympathy for those who suffered, but, as the cause of all suffering sin was laid upon Him, He took upon Himself all the effects of sin, and voluntarily bore them in His own sinless body. As death, however, had no dominion over Him, so disease had no dominion. It only left Him fatigued and exhausted as when sickness passes away from the invalid. The sick one 'immediately' took His place in perfect health and strength without any of the weakness of convalescence, and He took the weakness and exhaustion of the convalescent sick. Thus during all His earthly life He entered into all of the temporal effects of sin, just as at His death He entered into its final penalty."

⁶The heresy of Christian Science consists in its belief that man has this same voluntary power over the body by strength of the mind or will.

rather than voluntary; they were a consequence rather than a cause of sanctity.⁷

To strengthen the capacity for sanctity, or, in other words, to refine the quality of the spiritual faculties, necessarily increases the soul's capacity for suffering; while at the same time it often

⁷ In a certain measure some of the saints resembled Christ in the voluntary character of their sufferings, because they had the power to escape "the penalties of love" by withdrawing their minds from that contemplation of the Divine Being which was at times too much for the strength of their ordinary human faculties to bear without causing physical agony to the body. There seems to be some disagreement among writers on spiritual science as to which is the higher state of contemplation: that which causes this kind of suffering to the body; or that which transcends all consciousness of the body. The author of *Sancta Sophia* (Treat. 3, Sect. 3, Chap. 6, § 22, 23) favors the latter state of contemplation, it would seem, and makes a peculiar commentary upon the other: "The tree of love is in no sort to be plucked up by the roots as long as there is any hope that it may be in a disposition or capacity to bring forth more fruit." The special instance he gives of the character or condition of the one kind of contemplation, and the doubt he puts upon the characteristics of the other kind illustrate this point too well to be passed over without a full quotation.

"Harphius relates an account that one brother Roger, a devout Franciscan, gave of himself, saying that a hundred times in a Matins he was in spirit drawn upwards to a more high knowledge of divine secrets; all which tracts he forcibly resisted, being assured that if he had given his soul free scope to fix the eye of the understanding upon those objects so represented to him, he should have been so plunged in the abyss of the divine incomprehensibility, and so wholly driven out of himself, that he should never have been able to have retired himself alive from such a contemplation.

"The same Harphius describes the state of some other souls (*not so sublimely elevated*) who yet are so languishing in their love of God, and in such an impatient ardor and thirst after Him, that it makes the body to faint and quite wither away, and therefore he calls them Martyrs of Love. Now, by this languishing love, I conceive, is understood a love much in sensuality (though the object thereof be God), and it is exercised about the heart much after the same manner that a violent but chaste love is oft exercised between absent persons of different sexes, so that I take it to be *the highest degree of sensible devotion*. Now, though Harphius says that such Martyrs of Love, *dying corporally through the extremity of passion*, do immediately pass into heaven, having been already purified in the purgatory and fire of love; notwithstanding, although no doubt such souls do die in a most secure state, yet it *may be they will not escape some degree of purgatory for their indiscreet yielding to the impulses of nature in the exercising of this love*, which, though truly divine, is yet far less perfect than that pure love which, in perfect contemplation, is exercised in the intellectual soul, *without any sensible change or redundance of the body*." The words have been italicized to illustrate more pointedly the difference which this author is repeatedly insisting upon between the perfect and imperfect kind of contemplation.

strengthens even the body's power of enduring physical pain. That "high-minded and intelligent indifference to small but annoying ailments, beyond cavil, increases effectiveness (both mental and spiritual) and makes for health" is a fact which most common-sense people are continually asserting. There is a kind of general admission now made that the weak mind is the commonest cause of the weak body; or that weakness and sickness in the latter is often caused by a disharmony of the mind with its surrounding physical or moral conditions. An eminent physician employed as a public health officer, when asked recently the main cause of the prevalence of a certain contagion among the lower classes, curtly replied, "Thinking about it"; which was by no means a declaration of his personal belief in "mental science," but merely affirmed the most well-established fact of medical science, that the will plays not only an important part in overcoming the effects of physical suffering or sickness, but even in producing them.

The whole subject of suffering, both in its spiritual and physical relations, has to-day become so involved with speculation, first, as to its psychological characteristics—which the cult of "mind cure" has so much exploited and popularized the knowledge of; next, in its physical conditions, the analysis of which by recent medical science has swept down the traditions of centuries in regard to our proper attitude toward it—putting common sense and hygienic principles at the bedside of suffering in the place so long occupied by sentimentality and drugs; but most of all has this question of suffering been affected in its relations to our spiritual nature by the disposition of our time to throw off the moral restraints of the past. Some kind of definite conclusions on this subject may yet be reached by both physical and psychological experimentalists in their different departments; or they may finally meet in a common conclusion. But in its spiritual relations "the mystery of suffering, like that of longing, may never be revealed." If, however, the purely physical characteristics of suffering have been for centuries obscured by misapprehensions at which medical science to-day stands aghast, suffering, in its relations to our spiritual life and growth, has been invested with characteristics and significances that are almost absolute perversions of the great mystic principle that underlies the Christian theory of the value

of pain. Though this principle is shrouded in a mystery so deep as to be beyond the reach of words, the sense of it has been authoritatively affirmed in terms which can have no meaning at all if not a literal one: *If you live according to the flesh, you shall die: but if by the Spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live.*⁸ St. Paul was not limiting his words to a purely mystical sense here; but was referring to the law of both the natural and the supernatural life: *The law of the spirit of life, in Christ Jesus, hath delivered us from the law of sin and of death.*⁹ "The law of the spirit of life" is to live. "The wisdom of the spirit is life and peace." It is by this "wisdom of the spirit" that we learn how to live and grow, both in soul and body, through suffering, rather than to sicken and die under it.

The value of suffering to spiritual growth needs no defence; it is too apparent to both common sense and reason; but the value of suffering, or, more explicitly, the *love* of suffering for its own sake, or from the mistaken notion that it is to be sought as a necessary concomitant of spiritual perfection—this is a question that seems obscured with hopeless misunderstandings. Asceticism, mortification, suffering, in their misconstrued sense and purpose, have done more mischief in turning souls against Christianity and the higher life as their contrary qualities of hedonism, indulgence, and pleasure have done in directly luring souls from Christ. The sneer of the epicure has hardly been more of a reproach to the true principles underlying the purpose and practice of these Christian virtues than certain misconceptions and misapplications of them among a number of Christians even in our own day, not to speak of some of the mistaken notions of other times in regard to Christian asceticism. To illustrate this statement by actual examples might be an easy, but it would be a most unpleasing task; as is attention to any subject which presents itself first to our mind in its pathological aspect. The practical Christian temper of to-day has a healthy way of shaking off any ideas which might lead to morbid reflections; and it will not brook having certain aspects of the Christian life which seem to have no personal application to itself; which it cannot interpret out of the facts of its own experience, and which it has no curiosity to study in the

⁸ Rom. 8: 13.

⁹ Rom. 8: 2.

experience of others, thrust upon it for consideration. One of the widest differences between the temper of the Christian mind, past and present, is found right here. The disposition of the past was to adapt or assimilate and to judge from the experience of others—without stopping to test its own capacity for applying that experience to itself; the disposition of the present is, first, to judge from its own experience; make its own experiments; adapt from them what it finds is consonant with its own constitution, either spiritual or physical, in the manner that it would select and test the food most suitable to its digestion; and then to reject the rest, or at least to feel no interest in it as having any personal application to itself.

The actual causes for this difference of disposition between Christians of the past and of the present, may perhaps be the better understanding we have to-day of both the physical and the psychological conditions of our being. The phenomena in both fields have been too well classified, and knowledge about them has become too common for us to get things mixed up so easily as the less informed Christians of other times were apt to, when analyzing the different phases of their religious emotions. Not only this, but a different attitude toward manifestations of suffering in others has been brought about by the more general refinement in thought and æstheticism in feeling which popular education has effected in a large measure. While this does not necessarily argue that the human disposition to-day is in general kinder and more sensitive to suffering, and more reluctant to behold the manifestations of suffering in others, it does seem to show that we place *physical* pain in a lower grade of suffering than it occupied in the past; and that we have come to regard real suffering as a condition more of the mind than of the sensations; in other words, that the mind's attitude toward suffering is what determines the character and strength of physical agony. This discrimination or analysis of the different characteristics of suffering has developed a certain kind of heroism among us in enduring pain; as though such endurance were a mark of superior character and of strength both of mind and will. Not that this is a new or modern estimate of physical heroism; but endurance with us has an added degree of heroism which it lacked in the

past. Since we have come to think that the endurance of physical agony may not always be the measure of a person's sensitiveness, but may perhaps give evidence of only a coarser physical fibre, we have acquired the habit of considering physical suffering, or its endurance by ourselves or others, as a subject not for common discussion; and in fact have relegated it to that class of topics which good taste and refined feelings prohibit consideration of, except among those who take up the study of these topics either for professional or charitable reasons.

All this has affected the Christian mind of to-day to a radical extent in its estimate of the value of voluntary, or self-inflicted physical pain. This change amounts indeed almost to utter revolt against many of the practices common among Christians of former times in their methods of spiritual culture. The present instinct against such practices is not a reprehensible one; and, even according to contemporary spiritual writers of ancient times, it has much justification. Any tendency which moves the human consciousness in the direction of interior rather than exterior religious experience is a step toward higher spiritual development.¹⁰

¹⁰ That these external and voluntary mortifications of the past were not always esteemed, even at that time as highly as the practice of interior mortification, or the utter ignoring of the lower nature, is distinctly shown by the statements on this point given in many chapters of *Sancta Sophia*, — a guide book on the spiritual life which might seem a more consistent product of the "mental culture" of our own time than that of the seventeenth century, in which it was written. Following are a few of these statements:—

"The way of mortification practised by internal contemplative lovers is different from that of active (spirits), though these live in a religious state, and (are) well advanced in active exercises; for (the latter) endeavor to mortify their inordinate affections by combating them purposely and directly, whereas contemplative souls do indirectly yet *far more efficaciously*, mortify their passions by *transcending* them, that is, by elevating and uniting their spirit to God, with the help of pure intellectual actuations; by the means forgetting and drowning both their sensual desires, yea, all created things, and *chiefly themselves* in God; so that in a temptation they do not turn themselves toward the object, to the end to resist and contradict it, but by a vigorous act of resignation and love they convert their spirits unto God, scorning even to cast a regard or glance upon creatures that would allure their affections from God. . . .

"But as for voluntary mortifications (those I mean which are properly such) we have nothing to do with them, yea, moreover, I should never persuade a spiritual disciple . . . though he had a body as strong as Samson . . . to extraordinary mortifications, unless some special occasion required them for a remedy

Most of this modern prejudice, however, against ancient methods of ascetic practice, is to be blamed on the wrong interpretations of the motive which instigated self-inflicted suffering, not only in the case of ordinary Christians, but also in the saints themselves.

Practically speaking, and to give a single illustration of the difference between their mental attitude and ours toward physical ill, unconsciousness of danger was often the most effective protection that many of the saints and good Christians of former times had in their seemingly rash encounters with disease. In a recent notable publication by a specialist on bacteriology, the modern "germ craze" has been severely criticised; and the author "is very earnest in his protest against the horrid fear of germs which bacteriologists have instilled into the public mind. He insists that this fear is bad and uncalled for, that it makes people flee the sick instead of helping them, and he asserts that in most cases where the *predisposition* does not exist the germs are harmless enough. In other words, he does not believe in contagion, in the ordinary sense. He insists on the importance of the *predisposition to disease* in the patient—the state of weakness which enables the parasite, which normally would be powerless, to gain the victory in what he calls the battle of organisms."¹¹

against special temptations then assailing him; in which case they are not indeed to be esteemed extraordinary and voluntary (although supernumerary), but, considering the present state, ordinary and necessary."

Even in such an extreme case as that of *necessary* mortification (as he here defines necessity) this author is jealous of the encroachment of the external act upon the inner consciousness, or of what he calls the "inconveniences attending . . . the use of such mortifications, which are much greater to a life of contemplation than an active life, because liberty of spirit is much more necessary in the former than in the latter (and this) liberty is extremely prejudiced by such unnecessary obligations and fetters laid by a soul upon herself. For this reason the supernumerary mortifications which may prove more useful, and which are least prejudicial to this liberty, are those that least work upon the mind. . . . And of all others, the most beneficial are those that regard the *not-doing*, as more silence, more solitude, etc., than a person by regular ordinances is obliged to." Treat. 2, Sect. 1, Chap. 4, § 8. *Ibid.* Chap. 5, §§ 6, 13, 14.

¹¹ *Physician versus Bacteriologist*. By Professor Dr. O. Rosenbach, of Berlin. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

He makes some peculiar comments on "fashions in medical practice, and the tendency after a furor for one treatment of a certain ailment to another furor for

That little phrase, "predisposition to disease," has been made the basis of a whole school of not only medical practice, but of "mental culture"; the former dealing with it in its physical relations—working on hygienic lines of prevention of disease rather than elaborating methods of cure, and the latter building up the hypothesis of the sound mind being the only necessary condition for the sound body. Neither school of theorists may claim our absolute credulity in their theories; yet both contribute no trifling testimony to the purely rational grounds on which we may in part explain that wonderful immunity from the fatal consequences of disease and suffering which distinguished the heroic lives of many saints, and even ordinary Christians of a former period, in their ministrations upon suffering humanity. But even if a saint of our own day were urged by zeal and charity to face these dangers, the knowledge of contagion which he with the general public shares might, according to present-day theorists, be sufficient to make him dread fatal consequences, and thus "predispose" him for an attack of the disease. Moreover, the knowledge of hygiene which is now instilled into us in our very infancy makes us, by the sheer force of habit, shun damage to our physical being by every wise precaution against contagion; and instantly suggests intelligent remedy when such damage has been inflicted. Modern medical science has helped so much to popularize hygienic principles of health, and has circulated so widely its rules for "First Aid to the Injured," that transgressions against these is now really considered a public misdemeanor, and an offence against the neighbor as much as against oneself. Our Commissioners of Health are in fact empowered to restrain by law any such transgressions, and a heavy penalty would be inflicted on one who exactly the reverse treatment," which have some significance here as an illustration of the influence of the mental upon the physical characteristics of a period; his theory being that "the physical constitution of men changes from generation to generation in such a way as to make the medical methods of one time unfitted to the next—quite apart from any improvement in the rationale of those methods." He thinks, for instance, that "the period in which the practice of copious blood-letting arose was one of full-blooded and plethoric habit—that consequently blood-letting had at that time a reasonable excuse for popularity. But when a period of general anæmic habit followed, blood-letting, though the worst thing possible, was continued with dire effects for a season, viz., until the conservative doctors accumulated a sufficient body of sad experience to make a change."

would rashly confront contagion without official warrant, and thus expose himself or others to danger. The warrant for the zealous charity of the past in rushing into such danger would not apply to our present conditions of civilization, when the establishment and enforcement of a Sanitary Code has radically changed both the character and method of charity's ministrations. It would to-day be considered a greater charity to coöperate with officials in charge of the public health in their efforts to prevent the spread of sickness and disease than to run unwarranted risks both with one's own or others' health by imprudent encounters with contagion in the effort to be personally charitable. Our case, then, is not the same as that of charitable persons in former times, who lived under a dispensation of things in which the public health was for the most part a charge upon private benevolence.

While the rationale of pain and suffering has been practically affected by these changes in our civilization, the relations of the former to our spiritual welfare are fixed on principles that cannot change. Physical suffering in us is the penalty of sin,—either present in us by our own transgressions, or by our heritage of sin's consequences. It cannot, therefore, be desired for itself, or as the most perfect means of promoting our spiritual welfare. Surely the healing of sickness or the assuaging of pain is more to be desired than the power to endure their agonies; else we should not have known Christ as the Healer of the body as well as the Saviour of souls. The basis for the idea that suffering is itself to be desired and even sought, if one would grow spiritually, is the common belief that the most perfect way to imitate Christ or the saints is to imitate them in their sufferings. This indeed appears to be the way by which the saints themselves became like unto Christ. But this aspect of their sufferings is misleading; it is an inverted estimate of them. They did not become like Christ by suffering, but they suffered because they first became like Christ,—which is quite a different interpretation from that which we most often find given by those who have not grasped the essential distinction between the method and the motive of sanctity. It might be put down as an axiom that we have really no clue to understanding the *physical* states of the saints—their sufferings, austerities, or any of their practices in fact—until we have mastered

some knowledge of their mental or spiritual states, either by experience or by study of them. The whole cause of the misunderstandings and aversions and even condemnations in regard to these physical states of the saints is due in many cases to lack of the most elementary knowledge of their psychological conditions, not to speak of ignorance of their spiritual characteristics. Unfortunately, however, it is the purely physical aspect of suffering which has been most emphasized in the past in delineating the character of sanctity; and its true spiritual character has in this way become obscured. It is good to repeat that suffering in the saint is a result of sanctity, not a cause of it; and this is what constitutes the difference between the sinner's pain and the saint's. One is enduring *the penalty of love*—the other the penalty of sin. And there is as much difference in the character and degree of the pain as there is in the condition of the victims. Even rationally speaking, as we have seen, the finer the spirit the greater is its capacity for pain and the stronger is its power of endurance. It is only such spirits that can really fathom the depths of pain, because they go far below the merely physical aspects and conditions of it to the sources from which it derives its keenest agonies;—and these do not relate to the body but to the soul and spirit. The refined apprehension of a saint experiences a more poignant sympathy with the sufferings of Christ in proportion to his deeper knowledge or understanding of Christ's own motive in suffering; while the stronger and finer his apprehension grows, the greater his capacity becomes for such spiritual experience, and the more enduring his power to surmount the effects of it. This we cannot doubt if we believe, as we must, that Christ's own Mother knew Him, loved Him, and felt for Him more than any saint or all the saints together. The very strength which enabled her to suffer saved her from succumbing to the effects of that suffering by bodily dissolution. Perhaps no less a degree of spiritual strength than Mary had—as well as her exemption from that physical weakness which is one of the penalties of sin—would have prevented her dissolution when she “stood” beneath the Cross.

Since it is not by the outward manifestations of suffering only that we can understand the true character of sanctity, or discover

the secret of that love which was the deep source of all the saints' own understanding and experience of Christ's suffering, why should we then scan so closely only the outward characteristics of the saints, noting every natural trait and singularity of habit, perhaps blindly imitating these in our efforts to become like them, while all the time we neglect the only means by which we can attain any true apprehension of either their spirits or the spirit of Christ? And this is by the growth and refinement of our own spiritual faculties, and the development of our natural capacity for good. Every degree of such growth and development in us, either by natural or supernatural means,—the elimination of every narrow idea or selfish motive; the uplift of joy, the spur of hope, the impulse of love; small as well as great strivings of the spirit toward a larger capacity for and a freer correspondence with good; anything in which we feel the *life* of the spirit grow and expand, and reach outwards in sympathy toward others—these are the paths by which the soul travels, though afar off, in the wake of Christ and His saints; and by them the soul shortens the distance between itself and Christ more than it would by a life-time spent in dumb, uncomprehending imitation, in outward semblance only, of all the manifestations of sanctity witnessed in His life or the lives of His saints. These are the things that strengthen the spirit to endure the larger measure of suffering that refinement of spirit brings. Even the natural life of the body is strengthened and prolonged when “the wisdom of the flesh” which is “death,” has been overcome by the “wisdom of the spirit” which is “life and peace.”¹²

We need not refer only to the lives of veterans in sanctity, however, to establish the theory that the two great principles to which “an ancient illuminated monk, named Hesychius, reduced

¹² “Internal prayer . . . cannot but cause some trouble and uneasiness to nature, and abate the vigorousness of the body, quenching those spirits and draining those humors *which are superfluous* and afford matter of temptations; yet, on the other side, it makes amends, even to nature itself, in contributing much to the prolonging of life by means of moderation of diet, a composedness of passions, and contentedness of mind, etc., which it causeth. Proofs whereof we have in the ancient holy fathers of the desert and more lately in St. Romuald, who lived till he was a hundred and twenty years old, and St. David of Wales, till a hundred and forty,” etc. *Sancta Sophia*, Treat. 3, Sect. 3, Chap. 6, § 1.

all spiritual duties, (1) Temperance ; (2) Prayer,"¹³ are the foundations of not only a holy, happy life, but a long and peaceful one. The scientific proofs of such a theory are being strengthened every day by the investigations and tests of both physiologists and psychologists. The attention now given to the study of dietetics, and of the effect of food upon the mental or spiritual states, is bringing in some striking testimony to the wisdom, not only of the old ascetics, but to the Church's ancient rules and regulations in the matter of fast and abstinence. The diet of a latter day disciple of "mental culture," and of even a large number of those who practise "health culture" for mere health's sake, would not have been considered nourishing enough by many an ancient anchorite in the desert. A treatment by no means uncommon among the former is to take an absolute "rest" from the digestion and assimilation of food of any kind for a continuous number of days, living entirely on good air and pure water during this period until the "normal condition" has been reëstablished. The ideal "normal condition" aimed at in such treatment is perfect harmony between mind and body—making peace, as it were, between them after some breach of friendly relations has been committed. This view illustrates the modern idea of the "perfect condition" of both mind and body which refuses to admit the mediæval notion of the enmity between body and soul to be even a Christian conception ; and in a large measure it is right ; it is nearer to the ideal of a perfected humanity, both in the natural and the supernatural order. While it is as ready to condemn the sway or tyranny of the senses over the spirit as Saint Francis was when he bestowed his epithet of "Brother Ass" upon the body, it would at the same time prove in theory—as the wise anchorites of old proved in practice—that the spirit can master the body by higher law than that of hatred for it ; and that by the tyranny of the spirit over the body the latter may become a more harmful enemy of the spirit, and may even defeat the spirit more easily than if they dwelt together as friends in the way God meant they should when He first arranged their partnership.¹⁴

¹³ *Sancta Sophia*.

¹⁴ "The mind should not be above coöperation with the body. In fact, unless it does coöperate with the body the latter cannot be strong and healthy ; and if the

And yet there remains to consider the mystic significance of that suffering of the spirit which slays the body; which flesh and blood cannot withstand when its tides sweep through the soul and break down all the mortal barriers that would resist them. This kind of suffering lies beyond the range of the merely physical phenomena of pain and cannot really be interpreted or explained in the terms by which the latter is understood and by which sympathy for it is communicated to our feelings. We can never understand rightly or adequately sympathize with the Passion of Christ by regarding only the physical phenomena of His sufferings. The ability to think with Him and feel with Him lies only in the growth of our souls toward a greater capacity for *being* like Him. This growth cannot be realized by artificial means,—by imitation, or the mere *appearance* of growth. We might *act* like another all the days of our life without in the slightest degree *becoming* like that one; the external resemblance might be perfect while the inward being may be totally unchanged,—and this, too, not from any conscious intention of hypocrisy; but from the mere lack of development in the inward capacity to be like the one we would imitate. It was the growth in the *inward capacity* for being like Christ that by degrees made the saints take on those resemblances to Christ which appear to us the real marks of their sanctity. But in their case it was not a mere imitation of His characteristics that made them like Him, but the becoming, or transforming of their own natures into, not a resemblance of Him, but body is not strong and healthy, what can the mind expect to be? In recent years it has become somewhat of a habit with a good many well-meaning people to say high-sounding things about the superiority of the mind over the body, the essential insignificance of the body, etc. Is it not time to emphasize the influence of the body upon the mind? Are we not constantly confronted by instances of the mind's dependence upon the body? What I would like to emphasize is that the mind and body are dependent upon each other. The mind cannot get out of the partnership, however much it may wish to do so. It must stay, and it must do its share or suffer, and generally suffer keenly. The further our civilization advances the more complete this interdependence becomes. Under our fashion of living the body seems to require greater and greater attention from the mind, and the increasing mental strain assumed under our restless, hurrying life makes a greater and greater demand upon the vitality of the body. It is quite clear, then, that we are not in a position to talk about breaking the partnership . . . In time the proper management of the body *becomes largely unconscious and involuntary.*"

A Natural Method of Physical Training. By Edwin Checkley, pp. 29, 30.

a *being* like Him. In this their efforts differ from those of ordinary Christians who too commonly invert the order of the process by which sanctification is attained. And this word "imitation," in some of its misleading interpretations, is much to blame for wasted efforts and discouraging results in the strivings of Christian souls after perfection. A rule which might work wonders if it were wisely understood and applied in the practice of perfection, is, to eliminate the desire of imitating the object revered, and substitute the desire of *being* like that object; refraining from imitation, when no capacity for being has as yet been developed. What a sweeping defeat would overtake hypocrisy, and insincerity, and self-deception, with all the other dreadful caricatures of Christian virtue that bring shame upon the Christian name, if such a rule became of common practice; and how simple, and true, and humble, and how patient withal—knowing that patience perfecteth much that pride would condemn—the strivings of souls along the road of holiness might become, if this rule guided their steps.

Misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the principle underlying the difference between being like an object and imitating that object has led to much unwise application, even among intelligent Christians, of the examples of suffering found in the lives of the saints, to our own case and condition. From regarding these sufferings mostly in their physical aspects the clue to their spiritual significance is often missed; and it is only with this clue in mind that we should even presume to approach to any understanding of them; this alone gives us the warrant to examine them; for they are manifestations of sanctity that lie outside the comprehension of the carnal mind, and should not be placed in the danger of being irreverently misunderstood. We ought at least to observe as much order and caution about these things as are practised in the pursuit of knowledge in the natural sciences. There are secret chambers, inner circles in every school of knowledge into which only the initiated may penetrate. With what contempt and disgust do we regard those medical charlatans who have gone behind the veil of knowledge to learn the secrets of the life of the body only that they may use their knowledge afterwards to their own profit by displaying it to the ignorant and curious. There are inner sanctuaries of the soul which must be

veiled to the eyes of all but those who can read their mysteries aright; and an indiscriminate revelation of these mysteries before the eyes of the uncomprehending multitude has no more justification than would a like indiscretion in the natural order of knowledge.

The gauge by which the carnal mind measures the suffering of sanctity, not only gives it no clue to the significance of this suffering, but puts sanctity itself in a category which is infinitely below its rightful place. The greatest depths of pain are not reached by these higher spirits through the sufferings of the body;—the latter are mere accidents, often unconscious accompaniments of these spiritual realizations of the havoc wrought by evil in this world, which steep these souls in unutterable woe. They have become so related to the Divine plan and purpose in creation, through that clearer vision which has brought their own souls into sympathy and harmony with God, that the disruption of the Divine arrangement of things by the spirit of evil in this world, is felt in their own being with a sensitiveness that wrings both body and soul with agony. By such agony have all God-loving souls at times been borne to the earth. It is the penalty of love,—for love is the wider vision, the clearer knowledge, the deeper understanding of God. Even the temptations of such spirits do not come from the lower nature, but from those higher faculties which make these spirits what they are: heart-sickness at beholding the triumph of evil; reproachfulness against God that the wicked should prosper and the innocent suffer; impatience with the Almighty that righteousness does not prevail by the power of His omnipotence throughout the whole earth. This is the burden of the complaints of the saints from the beginning until now: Job with his reproaches and upbraidings—"Why do the wicked live? . . . and the rod of God is not on them";¹⁵ David, troubled and confident in turn by the Lord's dealing with the evil-doer, "My feet were almost moved; my steps had well nigh slipped . . . seeing the prosperity of sinners";¹⁶ yet giving that touching testimony at last to God's loving care of His own: "I have been young, and now am old; and I have not seen the just forsaken, nor his seed seeking bread."¹⁷ And still more does Saint

¹⁵ Job 21 : 7, 9.¹⁶ Psalms 72 : 2, 3, and 36 : 25.¹⁷ Ephes. 6 : 12.

Paul give evidence of his suffering this higher kind of spiritual temptation: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood . . . but *against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.*"

Of this kind are the deep and mysterious sources of that suffering of the spirit which is known only to those to whom it has become "meat and drink" to do the will of Him who sent them to this earth. And it is too obvious to need further illustration that suffering like this can never be experienced by mere imitation of its outward effects. Moreover, it is apparent that the inherent physical characteristics of a person must in a large measure indicate his capacity for these rarer phases of spiritual experience; in other words, that temperament and constitution have much to do with creating a capacity for spirituality of this order. This refinement of spirit seems incompatible with that kind of robust health which is incapable of feeling any physical effects from the domination of a subjective state of mind. There is a type of physical health which not only betrays unspirituality of character in the person possessing it, but almost suggests immorality in certain aspects of it. The refined and spiritual nature shrinks in its presence, and instinctively averts its gaze, as from a temptation, at the display of its merely physical strength and beauty. This type of physical perfection often raises the doubt as to whether spiritual development can even be begun in a soul which has never passed through any experience of the discipline of human suffering. It is certain that spiritual development in such types seldom reaches above a low grade, even though their moral nature may grow strong and upright.

There are finally the merits of suffering to be considered. But what merit is desired? If Christ is attained, is not all attained? Would we sit down and brood over the coin by which we purchase the treasure; or would we cast it gladly from us once we have won the prize? Merits are mere coupons, as it were, which show our efforts in winning the prize. The more avaricious we become over their accumulation, the more apt we are to forget that our aim is not to hoard them, but to purchase with them the prize we are seeking—for the possession of which "if a man should give all the substance of his house, he shall despise it as nothing."¹⁸

¹⁸ Cant. of Cant. 8: 7.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

IN the February number of *THE DOLPHIN* appeared an article entitled "Secret Societies among Catholics," in which a very clear definition was given of the distinction between "Forbidden Societies" and societies that enforce a certain reserve of their counsels by imposing the obligation of secrecy upon their members, without evading thereby the lawful control which proper authority has the right to exercise over the members of its commonwealth in Church and State.

In the course of the article, attention was directed to the Knights of Columbus, and some discussion has therefrom arisen, especially among those who advocate Federation of various Societies among Catholics, which indicates that the object, character, and activity of the Knights of Columbus is not quite well understood among those who criticise the organization as a danger to the Church. Might I, therefore, ask the hospitality of your pages to offer some reflections, and to explain in general the position which the Knights of Columbus occupy in reference to our present social, political, and religious needs. I do not write as a Knight, but with all the data of authentic information at my command.

The Supreme Knight, Mr. Edward L. Hearn, defines the Order as "the repository of the chivalrous precepts of the past, in the exercise of which lies the exemplification of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man. . . . The ties of the society are threefold,—fraternity, patriotism, and devotion to our Holy Mother the Church. . . . The law of justice and right is emblazoned on its banners. Devotion to American institutions, love for our Church and our country are its watchwords. . . . We must remember our knightly character, and we must preserve our knightly character and manly bearing before our fellow-citizens." A recent commentator points out that the Knights need not seek their glory in reviving precepts of the past, but that they are pledged to bring back the spirit in which chivalry defended the precepts that are ever-binding, the laws that are ever-present and unchanging. But if we may draw a comparison between the orders of knighthood in the past and the men who to-day seek to

emulate their noblest qualities in the exercise of fraternal charity and defence of religious truth, we would state that the Knights of Columbus rose in answer to a modern need among Catholic men, just as chivalry took its origin in response to a mediæval need. As an organization, the Order came into being for the purpose of making the sons of the Church strong in their unity and forceful in their high-minded aim to defend by practical means the noblest of causes.

In New Haven, some twenty-three years ago, the Rev. M. J. McGivney felt that steps should be taken in his parish to unite his people more closely; that the wretchedness in some of the homes after the death of the breadwinner should be relieved; and that these desolate homes should be protected by insurance if possible. A common religion is a bond, but differing interests and pursuits naturally tend to do away with a certain desirable unity. So he, with six others whose names are held in honor by all loyal Knights, founded the Order to counteract these difficulties. The beginnings were unpretentious, but the principles which the association was to represent were so comprehensive and of such universal significance that the field of their application was bound to grow far beyond local importance. Primarily, the organization was one of fraternal insurance, and, as such, its charter was granted. In time, membership was extended to men who were disposed to coöperate in every way with the objects of the Order, but who were either ineligible to, or not desirous of entering upon insurance membership. This class, known as the associate members, makes common cause in forwarding the good work of the Order and in upholding the principles of charity, unity, and brotherly love. While there is a large associate membership, the object and aims are the same, regardless of the character of individual members, insurance or associate.

For the first ten years there were Knights in Connecticut and Rhode Island only, but the early slow growth was more of a surety of ultimate successful extension than a more rapid fruition of its powers would have been. The oak of gradual, almost imperceptible development, is of a staunchness and stability that a weed, sprouting in a single night, can never be expected to attain. By degrees councils were established in different Eastern States,

New York and Massachusetts being among the first. Before the year 1896 the Order remained east of the mountains; but when the Democratic Convention was held in Chicago, there were those in the number of Eastern men attracted thither who were instrumental in instituting Chicago Council,—the first west of the Alleghenies. At a single bound the Order reached the great metropolis of the Middle-west, the large cities between Chicago and the East being organized later.

It is only within the past five years that the Order has grown with such remarkable vigor as to draw upon it the attention of all classes, and to make it universally popular. The reason of this exuberant growth may perhaps be found in the superior business methods of the organization. It is well understood that, on the whole, fraternal insurance organizations are not looked upon as very practical business investments. The rates are usually so low that the paying of benefits is at a steady loss; the associations are saved from bankruptcy by recruiting new members, but a disastrous end is inevitable. The Knights of Columbus, like most of the others, were carrying on business at losing rates. Men entered the Order, not considering it a profitable insurance venture, but because they approved and wished to further the good work it was doing. So four years ago a national congress was held, the insurance rates were revised, statistics studied, records compared, and the advice of professional actuaries followed. The new table of rates, based upon scientific calculation and careful estimates, increases the payments with a man's age. A good business foundation is essential in this practical age; even should enthusiasm eventually die out to such an extent that enrollment among the Knights be unsought, which seems very unlikely, the Order will be able to honorably fulfil all its financial obligations.

Many have endeavored to find an explanation for the remarkable spirit of enthusiasm that fires all earnest Knights, and have asked why the Order succeeds when kindred ones have failed. The Knights are pledged to secrecy, and it is a difficult matter for the uninitiated to deal with. The greatest forces in animate or inanimate nature are silent, working quietly and so known only by their results. Who has seen or heard a plant pierce the sod, grow to its fulness and unfold its bloom? It is only when the

flower catches us with its beauty that we realize nature has secretly worked an ever new miracle. And in the world of men, affairs of State and financial operations are guarded carefully from disclosure to possible injurious forces. The Order is open always to ecclesiastical investigation, and this provision is a safeguard against the danger which has caused the downfall of many others.

So while the Knights "court investigation, believing that study will prove the excellence of their system," those of the outside circle cannot penetrate into the inner workings of the Order, but can only draw their own inferences. When two priests, on missing a train, will drive forty miles, on a bitter night, to be present at the exemplification of three degrees, as happened recently in South Dakota, it is certain that the Order stands for something worth while. If the matter is considered from the threefold viewpoint of the ties that unite the members—fraternity, patriotism, and devotion to the Church—we may arrive at a realization, within limits, of what the Order has come to mean to Catholic men.

There is no need to explain the tie of fraternity, familiar ever since the first instance of brother-love. Examples of the exercise of the fraternal spirit are found continually. When men will take in charge a stranger who falls ill in their city, one with no further claim upon them than the fact that he is a Brother-Knight, and when this fact assures him and his friends that he is given the best of care through his long illness, no one doubts that the tie of their brotherhood is a very real one to them. Everywhere is noticeable the spirit of helpfulness and of sympathetic interest that holds the Knights together.

Membership is drawn "from all nationalities and all walks of life, creating a bond of Catholic unity that no other Catholic organization has attained." Careful precautions are taken in admitting new members, as a safeguard against possible unworthiness. When an application is received, the religion, moral character, business and social standing, and health of the applicant are inquired into searchingly; a member must be a practical Catholic, and one not engaged in the liquor traffic. An unfavorable report of the investigation committee prohibits the balloting on a name, and more than four adverse votes "black-ball" an appli-

cant. These precautions may be taken as a guarantee that the Order is made up of representative Catholics. "When men are banded together in strong organization, for strong and worthy purposes, there cannot fail to be splendid results in a social and fraternal way for the Church of which they are members, and for the municipality of which they are a part."

Second of the points of unity is patriotism. The Knights take the stand that as Christians they serve the Church; as citizens, the State, and they believe that each sphere has its separate functions. They insist upon statesmen giving to the Church its due. "The time has long past when a Catholic has to give further evidence of his patriotism and loyalty. It should be the daily endeavor of every son of the Church to prove to the nation and to the world that by the pathway of Catholic teaching is the end of true and unquestioned patriotism attained." Politics are forbidden to enter the Order directly or indirectly, but the Knights "stand for law and order, and behind the guns in Army and Navy." The present Governor of Rhode Island impressed upon the Knights that it depends upon them whether the young men of the future are to have the opportunities they wish them to have.

Whilst the Knights of Columbus are a secular organization, its Constitution points out that devotion to the Church is deemed to be a most important element as a bond of unity. The interests of the Church are made so large a part of the Order's interests that a prelate has declared them to be a powerful arm of the Church. Many are the tributes paid the Knights by ecclesiastical authorities. Cardinal Satolli, when in St. Paul on his visit to this country in 1904, spoke thus:—"I declare that henceforth I shall cherish a special regard for the Knights of Columbus, and I trust it may have a field growing wider with years, and a future blessed with prosperity. . . . For twenty centuries there has been in the Church an unbroken succession of fraternal associations to suit the needs and conditions of humanity. The history especially of the Middle Ages in Christian Europe is a wonderful record of institutions for every social class, in arts and trades, in industries and commerce. They were destroyed by subsequent changes, but everywhere the

Church has given new birth to others more numerous and more active. Among them in America, I am pleased to number the Knights of Columbus. The very name of that glory of Italy, the discoverer of America, entitles you to confidence and sympathy in a special degree."

Archbishop Ireland followed the Cardinal's statements by saying that, "never since the organization of the society were such words of commendation spoken by high Church authority." And then, in response,—“Allow me, Your Eminence, to say that you have reason to trust them. They are the gentlemen of our Catholic laity. I am proud of them; I honor them, and with you, I wish them constant growing success in the future."

In Buffalo, Cardinal Satolli said,—“It is my firm and public opinion that the Knights of Columbus are entitled to the respect of all in social and civil life in this country. . . . It shall be my duty when I go back to the Holy Father at Rome to publicly express my highest opinion of the Knights of Columbus."

Cardinal Gibbons, in closing the address he made upon the occasion of the presentation of a Chair of American History by the Knights of Columbus to the Catholic University of Washington, said: “May you always deserve in the future as you have merited in the past, the confidence and support of the prelates and clergy of the United States.” In a letter since written, he gives the highest of praise: “Glancing back over their past history, I am rejoiced to behold a vision of splendid achievements for God, religion, education, and country. The Knights have gone about doing good, holding their religion aloft as a torch to attract the wanderers in the dark, and to illumine their pathway toward God. Their tribute to Catholic education was made not many months ago, when the Catholic University became the grateful recipient of their lavish bounty. And now, looking forward to the future, keeping ever in view their past record, I clearly foresee a continuation of the same noble work, of the same lofty spirit, and also of a larger growth in membership. I entertain, then, the hope that the unswerving loyalty to God and the country, which has distinguished the Knights in the past, will, in like manner, be the crowning glory of their future career."

Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of the Catholic University, made the

assurance that the prelates and the University regarded the Order as "a most distinguished body of gentlemen and citizens. . . . In your corporate organization and in the standing of each individual of your membership, we regard you as one of the most noble and most energetic outcomings of the Catholic Church in America in modern times."

The Rt. Rev. Francis A. Gasquet, the distinguished Abbot of the English Benedictines, after returning from his visit to this country said, when asked about American Catholic organizations: "The Knights of Columbus, for instance, give splendid support to the Church. . . . The bishops and priests find that they have in it the nucleus of an organization that may be used for any useful purpose. . . . It is a Catholic organization without distinction of party or nationality. If in France, say, there existed such an organization, we should not have the present state of affairs."

At the first national celebration of the Order's special anniversary, October 12, 1904, Columbus Day at the St. Louis Exposition, when the ceremonies of the Knights commemorating Landing Day were honored by the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of Missouri, Archbishop Glennon paid the Order a glowing tribute, dwelling particularly on the good which it is accomplishing for the Church.

In the States of Washington and Oregon especially is the work of the Order most effective. It is carried on under tremendous difficulties, for these States are truly a missionary field, with the Catholic population scattered, and the priests few in number, with heavy demands upon them. The future Catholicism of these States will owe much to the Order which is blessed and honored by the bishops and priests, as well as the people.

The summing up of the aims of the organization is found in the following words of one of its members: "The idea underlying all our professions and performances is our great desire to serve and our belief in the efficacy of Catholic progress; to this idea all other considerations are subordinate—to this idea all other views should be secondary, otherwise the efforts of the organization would represent the shadow without the substance; it would be the state of the body without the soul!"

The lecture courses that are given under the auspices of different Councils afford opportunity to hear prominent statesmen and educators, and furthermore, develops the social side in Catholic life, so often neglected.

Increasing opportunities for the Order's well-being depend largely upon its growth. Canada has been organized for some time and a charter was lately issued for instituting the first Council in the Philippines, at Manila, with one hundred members enrolled. It is said that some European countries are desirous of having their sons numbered among the Knights, but so far the Order has been an American one. One hundred and fifty new Councils were instituted in 1904. In June of that year, when the National Council met at Louisville, the first meeting outside New Haven, the cradle of the Order, it decided to convene at Los Angeles during this month for the business of 1905.

So there in the "Land of the Golden Gate," "where Catholic memories were richest and where the present influence of the unbeliever was strongest," the Knights are now gathering from North and South, East and West. The Governor of California, the Mayor of the city, and the directors of the Chamber of Commerce will tender a reception to the Supreme Knight and the delegates. Madame Helena Modjeska will head the Ladies' Reception Committee at all the social events, and will be particularly prominent at San Juan Capistrano, as her mountain home is near the old Franciscan Mission, fifty-six miles from Los Angeles, which the Knights will visit in a body. Her husband, Count Bozenta, a charter member of Los Angeles Council, with Charles F. Lummis, the writer and archæologist, will figure among the amateur chefs at "San Juan by the Sea."

As the mind's eye looks backward over less than a quarter of a century, when in an Eastern city near the great Atlantic the Order first rose, a comparison suggests itself between then and now. The Order's work continues to be done as quietly and unostentatiously in these days of its glory and power as in the days of its humble beginning. That it has grown to be such a magnificent body would have been a matter for marvel could it have been foretold even a decade ago. The words of the Supreme Knight are literally true,—“From Quebec to the sun-kissed shores of

Mexico, and from the land of Evangeline to the Pacific Ocean, our Order has been spread over the country." There by the Western sea, before they have celebrated their Silver Jubilee, the Knights of Columbus are holding what is confidently looked forward to as one of the greatest meetings in their history.

Bishop Harkins of Providence bids the Knights,—“Be true to that for which you are established, just as the Church herself is made strong and kept alive by fidelity to the principles of her Founder.” If they are true, and are made strong in their fidelity, it is safe to predict that long before the Order has celebrated its Golden Jubilee, it will be one of the greatest powers for good of modern times.

E. M. McCULLOUGH.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER XXII.—REVELATIONS.

ALTHOUGH popular enthusiasm had more or less died out after the 'sixty-seven rising, my own feelings seemed to be rather intensified. And with all the thoughtlessness of youth, I was not slow to express myself freely on those political matters which are best consulted for by silence. But no! I had read up Irish history, especially Mitchell's, and my blood ran flame. It was Ireland, and Ireland, and Ireland, ever present to waking thought and sleep's dreams. How I raged against her persecutors, and how I yearned for revenge! But all my fury was reserved for her traitors, from MacMurrough downward through all her black history; and the words “traitor,” “informer,” “approver,” seemed to hold me by a kind of obsession. But people only smiled. At home they had long since ceased to remonstrate with me.

One Sunday evening we had a pitched battle, a great supreme trial of strength at hurling between the parishes of Glenroe and Ardpatrick in the County Limerick, and Kildorrery in the County Cork. I belonged to neither parish, but I was asked by the latter to go with them; and no objection was made by the other side. It was a glorious evening, the whole countryside was there; our

blood was up, and we fought like demons for victory. So intense was the feeling on both sides that a big faction-fight was expected, and we were near it; and I was the innocent cause. After several unsuccessful trials, I had managed to get the ball within reach of the goal, and swung my hurley round my head for the final stroke. I made it successfully, and won the match; but the back-swing had struck an opponent, a young lad, on the mouth and had smashed in his front teeth. I was so excited that I never thought of looking around until I saw the black ball sailing out between the poles. Then I turned. The boy had spat out his bloody teeth, and there was a crowd around him. I was instantly accused of having done it deliberately; and you know how the passions of an Irish crowd will rise. I denied it, and expressed my sorrow. But between their rage at defeat and the boy's sufferings, they could not be satisfied. Their anger rose every moment, until at last an ill-disposed fellow came near me, and, relying on the help around him, he struck me and said:

"You did, you cur! I saw you hit him, you b—— son of an informer!"

The hurley fell from my hand as if I were paralyzed. The Kildorrery men, who had been grouping around me with the conviction that they were bound to support their champion, slunk away one by one. I put on my coat without a word and left the field. Father, he continued, there are certain times in men's lives when all things seem to be rushing together, and night and day, life and death, heaven and hell, seem all alike. That moment was one. It was a sudden flash that lit up all the past, and darkened all the future of my life.

He paused and gulped down his emotion; and my sympathies began to increase toward him at every pause in his narration.

I had crossed two fields toward home when my humiliation gave way to a sudden paroxysm of passion that literally lifted me off my feet. I had taken for granted that there was some foundation for the ruffianly taunt. Then the thought swept back upon me: What if the fellow is a liar? I ran back. The crowd had partly dispersed; but groups of young men, seeing me return in such an excited state, began to gather together again, and they had formed a knot around the wounded boy (who was still spit-

ting blood) and his champion. I strode up, and my face must have been a fright, for the crowd gave way. I burst into the midst of them, and said to the fellow that had struck me :

"Grogan, you struck me a coward's blow a few minutes ago. I didn't mind that. But you said something at the same time that I do mind. Can you prove it?"

"Go home, Casey, with your friends," he said, "and let's hear no more of it now."

"By the living God," I cried, in a fearful fury, "you'll prove, here and now, what you said, or I'll ram the lie down your throat."

"I tell you go home," said he, somewhat frightened. "You have done mischief enough already."

"'Tis a coward and a blackguard," I exclaimed, "who won't take back his words nor prove them. Now confess that what you said was a lie!"

"I tell you, Casey, let well alone," he said. "Don't mind a hasty word said in a passion."

"I wouldn't," I replied. "But that was more than a hasty word. Come, quick! I'll stand no humbugging now. Say you told a lie when you said I was the breed of an informer."

"I can't say it," he said, holding down his head.

"Then 'twas the truth?" I asked.

He was silent.

"Come, you ruffian," I said, now losing all control of myself, and seizing him by the collar. "Deny what you have said is a lie, or by heavens I'll make you eat your words."

He tried to swing himself free, but I held him with a grip of iron. One or two fellows came forward to help him. I kicked them aside. Then he was badly frightened, and blurted out :

"Bear witness, boys, that he is forcing me to do what I don't want to do."

"I only want you to tell the truth, and shame the devil," I cried.

"Then the shame be yours, Terence Casey," he replied. "You know as well as I do, that your mother is the daughter of Croumper Daly, the informer."

"'Tis an infernal lie, you scoundrel," I said, with clenched

teeth. "Take back the word, or I'll smash your face so that your mother won't know you."

"Unhand him, Casey," said an old man. "Sure the boy has only said what every wan in the counthry knows."

"Do you know it?" I said.

"I do," said he, "an' everybody else."

"Then," I said, lifting my face to heaven, "may God help me, for that's the first time it was ever told me!"

As I left the field, the crowd understanding my feelings gave way with a certain kind of pity and respect. They found it difficult to understand how the knowledge of the terrible secret could have been so long kept from me. But they evidently believed in my sincerity, and pitied me under the awful revelation.

As for myself, a whole crowd of horrible thoughts, recollections, forebodings, sensations, swept every vestige of reason and common sense away. I was a sheer madman, if madness is the inability to control one's imagination or feeling. I did not return home that night. I quietly made up my mind never to sleep a night under that roof again. I went up among the hills, seeking out one particularly desert and savage spot which seemed to have been never trodden except by the feet of goats. There I wandered round and round all that terrible night, a prey to every kind of humiliating and shameful thoughts. If I rested even for a moment on a red boulder, or a clump of heather, I was up in a moment again. There was no sitting or standing still under such a fever of thought as was stinging my brain to madness. The worst and most painful recollection was, that I had been actually courting shame and humiliation all these years by my fierce denunciations of the class whose blood ran in my own veins. I now recall with untold agony the smile that ran around a whole circle of auditors when I was unusually vehement in my patriotism. How these men, who held my secret, must have despised me! What a hypocrite they must have deemed me! But this was not the worst. The worst was, that I, who so loved my gentle mother that I almost worshipped her, began to loathe and hate her. I struggled against the hellish feeling a long time. I tried to recall every little incident of affection and love that had surrounded my childhood and my youth; all the little marks of maternal

solicitude that had knit my own affections so closely to her that I would gladly have died to show my loyalty and love. But, the words, "Daly's daughter," "Daly's daughter," and all they meant, would come up with all their loathsome associations; and do what I would, I could not conquer an indefinable contempt and dislike for one who had sprung from the lowest and most degraded of the species. All this seemed to me then and seems to me now the purest extravagance; but you know how we were brought up, and how fiercely traditions of this kind take hold of Irish imaginations. Tainted blood, inherited shame, is a terrible heritage amongst a people who attach supreme importance to these things. And the words I heard nearly a quarter of a century ago in that field near Kildorrery, "the breed of an informer," have haunted me all my life, and will haunt me to my dying day.

He stopped again, and I didn't interrupt him. I perfectly understood all that this meant. A loss of caste amongst the Orientals would be nothing to the entailed shame of which he was so painfully conscious.

"You remember my anxiety about concealing my identity here," he continued. "You thought it unreasonable; I don't."

"I think," I said, "that the people now, under more enlightened circumstances, and better education, are freeing themselves from many of these old prejudices. At least, you don't hear any references to them in ordinary life."

"And I," he replied, "had grown to the age of manhood before I ever heard of my mother's shame. Then it broke on me like a flash of lightning."

"That's true, too," I said, "but at least it argues a more rational and a more Christian frame of thought that the wretched business was never flung in your face for so many years."

"That's quite true," he replied. "But would you believe it followed me across the ocean, and embittered my whole life?"

"Impossible!" I said.

"It is true," he answered. "I have never yet met but one, and you, Father, who did not shrink from me at the moment of revelation. And how can anyone wonder that I have sought her across sea and land, and shall find no rest till I find her, if haply she is yet living?"

"That was the young girl you spoke of whose father objected to your marriage with her?"

"Yes! And his words were not the least bitter that came back to me that night beneath the stars, when I remembered them, and recognized their meaning. But I must go on to the end, if I am not tiring you."

"By no manner of means, my dear fellow," I replied. "I am deeply interested in the narrative. I never thought this quiet little place could have produced such a romance and such a tragedy."

Well, he continued, I came down the following morning from the hills, and entered the forge; and, without a word, flung off my coat and put on my apron. My father and myself worked steadily on, without exchanging a word, until just about dinner time, when Donal Connors came in. He said: I "heard ye were near having a big row at the match yesterday, Ted. Who won?"

"We won," I said laconically, and went on with my work.

After a few minutes, my father said: "What was the row about that Donal spakes of?"

I said nothing, but went on working.

After a few more seconds he again asked: "It must be a mighty secret whin you can't answer a civil question of your father."

I flung the sledge aside, and confronting him I said with very ill-concealed fury:

"Lave me ask you another question. What the devil possessed you to marry the daughter of an informer?"

CHAPTER XXIII.—PARTED.

My father did not answer, although I saw his face draw down and whiten, and I expected a burst of fury; but a voice just behind me, which I knew to be that of Donal Connors, said with a hoarse savageness:

"Because he was a better and a braver man than you, you contemptible cur!"

I turned swiftly, and saw, and oh, my God! the vision will never leave my brain, neither Donal Connors, although he was

within a yard of me, nor anything else in God's universe, but the pale face and staring eyes of my mother. She had come out with Donal to call us in to dinner, and had heard my insulting question. She said nothing, only looked at me with speechless sorrow; and I could have gone down into hell with shame. And yet, standing there in all my self-loathing, I could not forgive her for the shame she wrought on me; I could not forgive her for the blameless disgrace she had inherited. Mark you! If she had been a fallen woman morally, and had been raised by the consecration of marriage to a new and honorable life, I could easily have forgotten it. But here it was blood that was tainted; and I hated her as well as myself.

"Come in to dinner," she said, and turned back into the house.

I went straight to my bed-room, and commenced to pack up every little thing I possessed in this world. Even then, my good angel whispered to me: "Go down and clasp your mother's knees and beg her forgiveness, and get her kiss of peace." But the devil whispered: "*Daly's daughter! Daly's daughter!*" and I listened to him. I took up my wretched bundle and came to the door. I could see by a glance the two men sitting at dinner, the white table, the big pile of potatoes, the red salt meat, the cabbage, and the porringers. My mother stood at the door. She said quietly:

"Ted, where are you going? Aren't you comin' to your dinner?"

I said nothing, but tried to pass her. My father cried out:

"Come in, Nodlag, an' let that fellow go to the devil, where he'll be welcome!"

My mother stood aside, and I passed out. About a hundred yards down the road, I turned to get a last look at the old place. She was standing in the doorway again; and when she saw me, she stretched out her hands toward me. I turned away.

Here the poor fellow was simply choked with emotion, and was silent for several minutes. He resumed, as soon as he could steady his voice:

They may say as much as they like about drink, and 'tis bad enough, God knows! And there are other things worse! But

far and away the worst devil that can occupy the heart of man is pride! And yet, see how things work. That last look at my mother, and my own sin, was also my salvation. You know, Father, that when you go abroad you hear lots of queer things you never heard of in Ireland. Well, many and many a time in miners' camps in Nevada, in drinking saloons in California, in rough huts in some cañon of the Rockies, I had to listen to many and many a word against God and religion from men who had no belief in either. And these things make an impression. But the thought of my sin and of my mother's patient face banished the temptation, and I prayed God to leave me my belief in Him and His great world beyond the grave, if only that I might have the chance of going down on my knees and begging forgiveness for my one great sin. I never saw her face again. I heard far away in the Rockies that she died soon after my departure, and that she was buried side by side with the old man who had been her lifelong friend. There I made my first pilgrimage on my return to Ireland. There I knelt and prayed as I had never prayed before. And so terrible was the flood of anguish that came down upon my soul, that I tore up the grass above her grave, and cried aloud in my agony. You'd hardly believe it of a cool, calculating Yankee. But there are hot springs in the human heart that never leap to the surface till they are bored through by sorrow and remorse.

Well, that afternoon, as I turned my back upon my own home forever, I felt without a friend in the world. I knew from what had occurred the day before at the hurling match, and from what had been revealed at home, that my secret was the world's secret, and that there was no question of my facing the acquaintances of my youth and manhood again. I made up my mind to change my name; then I saw that my father's name was unsoiled, and I thought I would cling to it, and go out to the New World to make my fortune, or fail, like so many more of my countrymen.

One face only I should see before I went, one hand I should grasp, and then liberate forever, as I couldn't offer her mine. I sent her word, and she came to me at our old trysting-place beneath the aged whitethorn. It was one of those lovely spring or early summer evenings that haunt you forever, especially if

associated with some tragic or pathetic event in your life. She saw at once with a woman's swift insight that something serious had occurred. My bundle of clothes and heavy stick indicated this. But she said nothing. She allowed me to speak. I said simply :

"I have come, Nora, to say good-bye! and forever!"

Her eyes filled with tears. She said :

"You have heard something?"

I answered, "Yes." Then I said :

"It was not kind of you, Nora, never to tell me this all these years!"

She looked up, and said :

"Unkind? I thought I was doing enough when I was prepared to take you, for good or ill, in the face of the world!"

My brave girl!

"Then," I said, "you always knew the horrible taint in my blood?"

"I knew about your parents," she replied. "I knew nothing of yourself, except——."

"That with all you knew, and in spite of the opposition of your parents and friends, and in face of the world that would despise you, you were still prepared to take me!"

"Yes," she replied, modestly, but firmly.

"Then, Nora," I exclaimed, "I should be the meanest man on the face of the earth if I took advantage of your love and loyalty to bring you to shame and sorrow."

"That means you are giving me up, Terence Casey?" she said.

"It does," I replied. "Don't ask me to repeat what you know already, that I think more of you than of anyone else on the face of the earth; and if I were a free man, I should marry you, and no one else, though she was Queen of England. But how can I take advantage of you, and bring you to shame before the world?"

"You are going away?" she said, simply.

"Yes," I answered.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To America," I replied.

"What can they know of you or me in America?" she asked. "Let us go abroad as man and wife in the face of the world. And who cares, or will care, about our history in America?"

She looked up at me as she spoke. It was the hardest temptation of my life. There was truth in what she said; but there was also the stinging truth that no one, least of all an Irishman, entirely cuts the cords that bind him to his motherland. And if there were no shame for her or me, there would be the reflected and keener disgrace on those she left behind. I made up my mind at once.

"'Twould never do, Nora," I said. "Your people would suppose that I acted shamefully toward them and you. They would never forgive me, and they would never forgive you."

"I'm prepared to bear that, if you are prepared to bear the same."

"I don't mind my own shame," I replied. "But I mustn't ask you or your family to share it."

"There!" she replied. "I mustn't be throwing meself at you any longer. Good-bye, Terence Casey!"

"Good-bye, Nora! I leave you free, as there was a hand and word between us. But will you promise me one thing?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see my mother sometimes, and think of me when I am far away. Perhaps, — but there's no use of thinking of those things! See her sometimes, Nora, and tell her, will you tell her from me, Nora? will you tell her——?"

"What?" she said.

"I want you to tell her," I said, sobbing, "to tell her from me——"

There I stopped. I couldn't go further if I had an offer o half the world.

"There, good-bye, and God bless you!"

I turned away my head, took her hand in mine, and dropped it instantly, and strode away. I had gone a few yards, when she cried after me:

"Ted!"

I turned around and looked. The full sunset was on her face and hair, as she stood in her Sunday dress there beneath the

blossoming thorn. She held her hands clasped and fallen down before her. I dared not look further, or I would have gone back and dared the world and the devil with her. I waved my hand in a parting farewell; it was the last I saw of the face that has been haunting me all these years,—the face of Nora Curtin.

"Thunder and turf!" I exclaimed, and it wasn't that I said either, but something more expressive, "what did you say, man?"

I had jumped from the chair, and was confronting him.

"Nora Curtin!" he said, almost alarmed at my excitement.

"Of where?" I said, forgetting grammar and everything else.

"Of Glenanaar, or, if you like, Ballinslea," he replied. "Don't you remember how reluctant I was about your widow-nurse from Glenanaar?"

"But, my dear fellow, that *was* Nora Curtin; and she's not twenty yards in a bee-line from you this moment."

"Then," he said rising up, "I go straight to seek her."

"Oh, you won't," I cried, pushing him back into the chair. "Do you want to give the little woman a fit?"

He became quite excited.

"Father," he said, steadying his voice, "just listen to me for a minute."

I let him talk on, whilst I was making up my mind what to do. I knew he had a certain vision before him, the vision beneath the whitethorn in the sunset, and all the *etceteras* of youth and beauty. I knew also that time and sorrow had wrought changes; and that age with its *etceteras* might not seem even to so faithful a soul so attractive as he had dreamed. Yet, it was a magnificent chance for that little woman, in whom now I felt an increased interest, and for her two dear children whose future looked so difficult and uncertain. It was a chance not to be thrown away. There were, I knew, great probabilities of disappointment, but the fear of them faded as I listened to him.

He moistened his lips, and went on:

"You see, Father, it is this way. I carried with me in my exile a vision of two women,—one whom I loved and had wronged; the other, whom I loved, but could not sacrifice, even for my own welfare. These two haunted me for the quarter of a century I

have spent abroad ; and when I say haunted me, I mean that they were ever present to my mind, always in my waking moments, and sometimes in my sleep. In the beginning, the excitement of looking for work, and failing to obtain it, sometimes blurred that vision. But then, when I began to reach some certain degree of success, they came back more vivid than ever. If I lay awake at night, as often I did, too tired even to sleep, I saw them on my right hand and on my left,—my mother, always in the old listening attitude, as if she were hearkening for some far-away voice, and I knew it was mine she desired to hear ; and on my left, Nora, always as I saw her in her blue serge dress there beneath the thorn in the sunset. Then when I began to gather gold, and the yellow dross soiled my hands and my dress, I said, ‘ I do not value it but for them. For them I shall hoard it, and keep it, and go back some day and ’——there, I left the future and dare not lift the veil. Then one day it came to my knowledge that my mother was dead and only one part of the vision remained, but it came more vividly just because it was now isolated and alone. And it saved me, from rough men, from a vicious life, from the thousand and one temptations that beset a young man in a place where man’s passions are let loose, and no law of man or fear of God can restrain them.

“ The moment your mother was dead,” I interrupted, “ you should have sent straight for Nora, and taken her out and married her.”

“ I would have done so,” he replied, “ but for one thing. You know, you can understand how the horror of being known and pursued by the phantom of my shame did gradually disappear under the excitement of my new life, so much so that I had almost forgotten it and had begun to reason that Nora was right and that I should have listened to her suggestion, when an appalling incident occurred that brought back the whole thing again, and made me flee farther from civilization than ever. It shows how small is the world, and how I must despair of ever getting rid of this horrid thing that will pursue me to my grave.”

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE PHANTOM AGAIN.

It happened in this way. Life is still pretty rough out West; but nothing like what it was when I went out there first, a raw, inexperienced fellow, used to hardship, but a stranger to violence. It's very different giving a fellow a shoulder and sending him sprawling on the soft grass, and putting the cold iron to his forehead with your finger on the trigger. Yet, that's what it all comes to out there where there was no law, no trial, no jury, no judge. You simply heard that you were looked for, and the next thing was to find a lasso round your neck, or the revolver at your head. I did not relish that kind of thing much nohow, so I kept away from these rough fellows as much as I could, and worked my own way in silence. But do what I could, I should knock up against them from time to time in a saloon, in the diggings, across the prairies, up amid the snows. They were rough fellows, each of whom had a pretty bad record in his past; but there was a singular code of honor among them. Your claim once opened was respected, until you sold it, or abandoned it. Your little heap was as safe as in the Bank of England. You had only to say:

"Bill, or Jake, there's three thousand there in dust and solid. Keep it for me till I return."

And you might not return for six months or a year; and it would be safe in his hands. He would give his life to defend it. The one that would break that code of honor, answered with his life.

Well, it happened one night up in Nevada, where the silver mines had been opened up, and rapid fortunes were being made, I found myself sitting round a camp-fire with a lot of desperadoes. It was a cold night; and we clustered close around an immense fire of blazing logs, before we sought the shelter of our huts. The bottle went round, and many of the fellows were noisy enough. But one great burly fellow who sat on my right, smoked and smoked leisurely, and only at rare intervals, drank, and then moderately. Many of the fellows, half-drunk, had got back to their rude bunks, and still we two smoked and smoked, and strangely enough, in absolute silence. I was mute, because I knew my man. He was called Big Din, from which, and from the strange dialect he spoke, half brogue, half miner, I concluded

that he was an Irishman, but well acclimatized. I knew him to be a desperado, ever anxious to pick a quarrel, which was ended but in one way. At last, when nearly all had gone away, and the blazing logs were now smouldering into red embers and white wood ashes, I rose, stiffly and said :—

“I guess we had better cut this now!”

He said gruffly :—

“Sit down, youngster. I wants to hev a chat with you.”

“You wasted a deuced lot of time in making up your mind,” I said gaily. “I guessed you wos a Quaker or a statoo.”

But I sat down.

“You’re from the ould dart, I guess?” he said at length. “So am I. Now what part might you have kem from?”

He had turned around, and putting his face close to mine, so that I could smell his breath, he screwed his eyes into mine as if he would read my soul.

In an instant I realized the importance of the question and said :—

“From the borders of the County Limerick. Now, where do you hail from?”

He flung the ashes from his pipe, and rose up.

“It don’t make no matther, youngster. Tell me, have you ever kem across in these here counthries a fellow called Dailey, a hell’s fire of a darned cuss!”

“Dailey! Dailey!” I repeated. “No, I can’t say I have.”

“If iver you meet him,” continued Big Din, “tell him there’s some wan on his thrack; and the sooner he gives hisself up to justice the betther!”

“I will,” I said. “But I guess that’s not likely. ’Tis a big country out here.”

“’Tis smaller than you think,” he said. “And the whole wurruld is smaller than you think. That is,” he added meaningly, “whin revinge is on your thrack.”

“But,” he continued after a short pause, which I thought would never end, “ye niver hard of the Doneraile Conspiracy in yere part of the country?”

“Never,” I answered promptly. “What was it about? It must have been a long time ago.”

"It was, and it wasn't," he said. "Not long enough to be disremembered yet, specially whin it comes home to yerself. There's an ould sayin', an' a thrue wan: 'What's bred in the blood is got in the bone.' Eh?"

"I heard it," I said, as calmly as I could.

"Wal, there it is as plain as a pike staff. Dailey, the — cuss, gev good men an' thrue into the hangman's hands over there in the ould dart thirty years ago; and Dailey gev my mate into the 'sheriff's hands here in Sacramento. *Thiggin thu?* Good night, youngster; an' be an' hones' man ef you can."

The night was cold, but I was frozen and flushed alternately there in the snows of Nevada. It was fortunate for me that the fire had burned low and threw but a few red and black shadows on our faces, for otherwise my agitation would have betrayed me. I got away as fast as I could; but spent that night and many others pondering on these strange sayings, and wondering how would they ultimately affect me. What puzzled me mostly was, who this Dailey was of whom Big Din spoke. It surely could not be my grandfather, unless he had lived to a very advanced age. And then, how did his secret history transpire? I saw at once that he had effectually concealed his name under the new pronunciation,¹ more effectually than if he had changed it altogether, because even I, when I heard the name Dailey, never connected it with the family. But the whole affair made me feel nervous about myself and my future. I determined to leave there at once and strike north, further away from civilization, but further away also from a great and possible danger. I went to the north of the great Salt Lake City, passed through Idaho, got through a pass in the mountains right under Fremont's Peak, and at last settled down and bought a ranch near Shoshone Lake, in the extreme north of the State of Wyoming. That is my home now, and there I will take Nora, if she will have me. Say, Father, when may I see her? My time is up here, and I must be going back. I had one hope coming here, and that is now near being realized; and one fear, but that is vanishing.

"You know, my dear fellow," I said, "I would take you to her this moment, but it means a shock. Give me a day or so to prepare her."

¹ Daly is generally pronounced Dawley in Ireland.

"Wal, then, Father," he said, "let us say Sunday night."

"Be it so," I replied. "But you said you had one fear. What fear?"

"The fear that the dreadful thing would follow me here. Or rather that it would crop up here, where it can never have entirely died away."

"Your alarm is quite unfounded, my dear fellow," I said, and I fully believed it. "The Doneraile Conspiracy is as forgotten here as the famine. We're living now under new conditions of life. What would be the talk of the country fireside for months and years when you were a boy, is now forgotten in a week. You should get that dread off your nerves as soon as possible."

"I've tried," he said, "but I can't say I have succeeded. When you once get a bad shock——, but I did not finish my story."

"No," I said. "I left you comfortably settled at Shoshone Lake, wherever it is, on your ranch, and amidst your fishing and your cattle."

"Wal," he said, "there's not much more. I lived there some years, working hard, but very happy. I was well off; and many an offer of marriage was made me, that would have doubled my means. But no! That was not to be. I had a great deal of time on hands; there the winters are long and terrible, and I had to while away the loneliness by reading. You know I had but little education at home. Wal, there I had to read. I bought every book I could find, and read the whole winter through. Then, from time to time, a French Canadian trapper would cross the border, or a German settler would come along prospecting, and I picked up a smattering of their languages from them. So that I have altogether read a good deal, though I cannot call myself an educated man. Wal, one summer I left my little diggings and went up to Butte. It is now a big city, and promises to be a capital yet. Then it was but a rising town, and had an evil reputation for the classes that congregated there. Probably I would have avoided it; but I wanted a few winter necessities, and especially books. I was very careful to avoid saloons and the public halls; but fate would have it that I struck across an old chum, and, as usual, we had a drink together. As

we entered the back parlor of the saloon, a young man, not more than twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, rose up, and, after glancing stealthily at us, passed out. He had been smoking and reading a newspaper, which he flung aside the moment he saw us.

"On the run, I guess," said my old mate, and we thought no more of it. Late in the evening, and just as the full moon was coming up the valley and making its way slowly through the gorges, I had my team tackled and ready to start. I was passing the saloon at a trot, when this old chum of mine, now much the worse for liquor, again accosted me. He was surrounded by a number of men grouped here and there at the door of the saloon. I was very angry for the delay and the danger, but I had no alternative but to dismount, hitch my wagon to the rail outside the saloon, and go in. I was not long detained. One of those awful tragedies that happen swift and sudden as a tornado in those lawless places, liberated me. We had gone into the inner parlor of the saloon. Four men were playing poker with a grimy pack of cards. I recognized two—Big Din, now grey and grizzled, but apparently as dangerous as ever, and sitting quite close to him was the young man who had left the saloon as we entered that morning. I could see that he was ill at ease. His hands shook as he dealt out the cards. I concluded that it was drink. It was deadly fear. Several dangerous-looking fellows lounged about, and occasionally looked at the players. Suddenly, I heard a voice saying in a quiet, passionless tone:

"You're chating, mate!"

There was an oath from the young man, and a nervous declaration of innocence.

"See here, you Pete, and you, Abe, just watch this youngster, and see if I'm right!"

It was the closing in of the wolves around the doomed man; and I hastened to go.

"Stop!" cried my friend. "There's goin' to be some fun, I reckon. You may never see this 'ere circus again!"

The play went on silently. Then again Big Din said:—

"Now, was I right, mates? You seen the damned cuss yersels."

In an instant there was the crack of a revolver and Big Din's hand hung helpless at his side. The young man had arisen, the smoking weapon in his hand. He saw that he was doomed and determined to anticipate. His hand was seized in a moment, and one of the roughs said:—

"Allow me, youngster. 'Tis too dangerous a toy for a child."

He took the revolver from him and drew all the charges save one.

"Five paces," said Big Din, whilst they were binding his wounded arm, "and his face to the lamp."

In a second the two men were face to face. I crouched low, fearing the miscarriage of a bullet.

"Stand up," said a voice. "There is no danger here. Big Din never missed his game yet."

The word was given. The two reports rang out simultaneously. I heard the crash of glass behind Big Din's head, and knew he was safe. When the smoke cleared, the young man was at my feet and I saw the tiny stream trickling from his forehead. Big Din came across and turned over with his foot his dead antagonist.

"I knew we'd meet," he said. "Lie there you sneak-thief; you b—— son of an informer!"

I gathered my wits together, and with the dreadful words pursuing me like demons, I loosed my team and sped fast into the night.

For days and days the dreadful words haunted me. They seemed an echo of what I had heard that evening in the field at Kildorrery; and I could not help asking myself would they pursue me all my life long and even to my grave. I knew they had an intimate connection with myself; for putting all Big Din's questions together it was quite clear that these Daileys were my own people; and probably my mother's father had married again and that that young lad was my uncle. It seemed too horrible; and yet stranger things have happened. For the world is small; and one never knows whom you may knock up against in the vicissitudes of life.

However, time and occupation more or less dimmed my recollection of these things; but the old horror came back when I

finally determined to visit this old land again. I argued that if such things can be carried across the ocean and confront you away from civilization, surely the same, or worse, may occur on the very spot where these things happened. However, Father, you have reassured me somewhat. It only now remains to see Nora, learn my fate, and leave Ireland for ever.

I little dreamed that the old phantom would crop up, and in the most unexpected place. But it was soon exorcised and for ever.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

[To be continued.]

PHYSICIANS AND NURSES IN CATHOLIC HOSPITALS.

PROF. DR. OSLER, whose recent observations on the age-limit of utility in human life have provoked overmuch serious comment in professional circles and in the American press generally, offered, before leaving for his new duties at the University of Oxford, some really practical words of advice to the managers of American hospitals. His criticism has a moral as well as a utilitarian bearing; and it appeals in a special sense to those who direct or control the appointment of the medical staffs in our hospital service.

Under the actual "system of hospital management the assistants in the hospitals are young men, who serve for a year, or at most two, without salary, and only for the purpose of familiarizing themselves with the practical side of medicine. The visiting hospital staff is composed of men who are so busy with their practice as to have very little time for original observation," etc. Everybody familiar with hospital work knows how true this is, and it is not necessary to indicate the disadvantages and risks under which patients suffer on this account, whilst the progress of medical research is actually impeded thereby, a fact which Dr. Osler has mainly in view in his contention. This system of appointment is all the more hurtful because the responsibility which devolves upon the medical authorities of the hospital is

divided in such cases among those who are naturally interested in shielding their professional associates from being brought to task for any errors resulting from inexperience or haste of the individual attendant in charge for the time. It is a fact that a series of successful operations performed by an able surgeon often suffices to give the staff and management of a hospital the reputation for superior efficiency; but it must also be admitted that such reputation is apt to cover any number of mistakes by those not so skilled, though associated in minor offices with an institution for which some able physician or surgeon has made a reputation, because of one or more individual operations to which he gave an attention which his ordinary outside practice prevents him from bestowing upon other patients in the institution.

A second source of evil in our hospital system, as presently constituted, is the fact that the appointments to the hospital staff are too often made dependent upon political influence, family tradition, church prejudice, and not upon merit or fitness of the individual to do good work.

In this matter it should be remembered that the method of training in our medical schools is such as to give real value to a graduate's diploma when it recommends him for hospital work. Unlike other professions, the ability of the medical graduate is not gauged by his acquisition of mere abstract knowledge; it demands proficiency in the practical field. His capacity for observation and diagnosis, his correctness and quickness of judgment, his nerve and presence of mind, are made to count when he passes his examination. Hence, other things being equal, the managers of our hospitals do wisely in accepting the verdict of a professional board of medical examiners, pronouncing upon the fitness of an applicant for medical service in a hospital. To meddle with that judgment for any but strictly moral reasons, must result in detriment to the service which is the sole purpose of a public hospital. For this reason a serious responsibility must rest upon managers of hospitals who yield to suasion or policy in appointing, or pushing forward candidates for membership of the medical staff, either because they are patronized by politicians who might obtain State aid for the hospital, or because they are friends or relatives of prominent ecclesiastics; or because they happen

to be agreeable people who have put individual regents of the hospital under obligation.

In this connection the question naturally rises, whether for ordinary service in a Catholic hospital a Catholic physician should be preferred to one that is not a Catholic, even when it is recognized that the professional attainments of the non-Catholic practitioner are superior.

Before answering this question, I wish to say with emphasis that the moral value of a Catholic physician is not to be determined by his having a Catholic ancestry or name, or by his being on familiar footing with some of the clergy, or by his assiduous coöperation in church affairs. This distinction may sound harsh and to some offensive, but it is true, and for that reason we must take it into consideration when discussing the importance of a choice of a physician who is to serve the patients and general needs of a hospital. A Catholic physician in the sense in which there is need of such in a Catholic hospital, is a man of Catholic principles. Such a man may not always have the name of Catholic among men of profession. His real character is to be tested by his practical convictions, not by his words or by signs that merely stand for religious profession in the general estimation. In this connection we may refer as illustration of our meaning to the example of a venerable archbishop, now dead, on whom it devolved to appoint a physician for one of his diocesan institutions. The doctor who was suggested for the position as most conveniently domiciled and within near reach of the institute, and who added to a considerable experience the reputation of being a prudent and skilful practitioner, was not a Catholic, in fact did not attend any church. The archbishop called him, and, according to the doctor's own statements made to the writer some years later, said: "Doctor, I have much respect for your profession, and I understand that you are an experienced physician; but before I entrust to you the bodily health of those whose spiritual life is of more concern to me than the wonderful framework of bone, muscle, and nerve that enshrines the soul and serves it as instrument, I take leave to ask you some questions." He then in the course of familiar conversation proposed certain problems of ethics, touching the following questions: What is the physician's

legitimate notion of God, of man's destiny, of the value of human life? What is the purpose of suffering, the freedom in the use of remedies to relieve pain? etc. Having satisfied himself that the convictions of the doctor were of such a character and depth as to safeguard the rational man's sense of responsibility toward the Creator and Ruler of his life, the prelate explained the Catholic view successively of the sacredness of the body as a shrine of an immortal soul; of the necessity of keeping that body from the corrupting influences indicated by excess; of using the physical and mental faculties for the service of God and our neighbor; of the laws of moderation and temperance as fundamental in all Christian asceticism; of the right exercise of penance for sin, as a discipline of restraint, as a correction, and as a rational satisfaction; of the right of supreme dominion over life belonging to God, so that neither the physician nor anyone else may *deliberately* sacrifice it or any portion of it, even for the preservation of other life entrusted to his care. The sphere of the physician, as the bishop pointed out, was to preserve and sustain life, never to take it or to coöperate in its taking by any direct act on his part.—After this conversation the physician began to realize, as he told the writer some twenty years later when he embraced the Catholic faith, the immense value of a religion which directed so well the aims of life.

Now this kind of examination in a medical attendant upon Catholics should be held of supreme importance, for it is an essential adjunct of the professional qualification, and should therefore be made a test to which applicants for position as residents in a Catholic hospital are to be subjected. It is no exaggeration to say that a physician who intelligently responds to this test, thereby gives, ordinarily, proof that both his knowledge on other points of his profession and his conscientious conviction in using this knowledge properly and to the advantage of the patients, may be relied upon. Still it is not to be supposed that noble principles can supply accurate medical knowledge or the proficiency which, in order to be available, must be brought into evidence.

What then hinders the managers of Catholic hospitals from carrying out such a programme by the severest, that is to say, the safest tests? The answer is plain:—

First of all, the allegiances already referred to, which pander to the considerations of human respect, friendship, hope of material advantages through political influences. Secondly, economy. The visiting staff as at present constituted in most hospitals gives its services free; this is done either from *esprit de corps*, or from motives of philanthropy, or from a desire of *renommée*. Occasionally there are special fees from individual patients. On the other hand, the resident physicians, all perhaps but one who superintends and takes the chief responsibility, serve without receiving a salary, because they wish to familiarize themselves with the duties of the profession from which they expect later on to reap other fruits of gain or reputation.

It is plain that few of these unsalaried officers or apprentices have any special incentive—such as a doctor who is paid for his services, and, therefore, made to feel the sense of justice to his patients—to take any particularly scrupulous view of their obligations to the hospital patients from whom they ask no fees. There is no need to assume any wilful negligence; we all know that services and gifts offered unsolicited and accepted cannot be weighed in the same exacting balance as services paid for. Whilst therefore the managers of a hospital feel that, in saving the salaries of the physicians who attend free, they are benefiting the institution, they must also realize that they are receiving a service which lacks a certain devotion to the cause of their patients, such as we expect from an attendant physician who is paid for his service. In other words, they build up a charity, and then, in order to enlarge its capacity, they withdraw the charity from those for whom they built it up. A system of this kind goes on and affects every department of the hospital in its cancerous growth, so that where we bring a hundred sick to cure them, we neglect fifty of them, in order that we might house another fifty who clamor for aid; and this on the seemingly generous principle that we must increase our scope and for this reason make a creditable showing and progressive attempts to prove our efficiency as an institution.

The remedies for these conditions are not to be fetched from afar; they are close by and plain enough; but their application requires not only intelligent mastery of the principle upon which we establish hospitals, but above all the moral courage to act out

that principle against all sorts of prejudices, traditions, and authoritative influences, whether from ecclesiastics or politicians.

What the Oxford professor recommends is that the hospital staffs be appointed and held to serve for a number of years. Thus the candidates who gain entrance will not merely make the hospital a stepping-stone to reputable associations, or a practice-school to gain experience, perhaps at the expense of the patients, but they will be able to benefit the institution by the knowledge they acquire during the first year in collaborating with those of longer residence. The very fact that they enter upon their duties with the foresight of several years of activity in the same place will lead them to concentrate their interest and urge them toward becoming known as able and trustworthy. As things are at present our young physician is barely introduced into his work, when in the midst of engrossing obligations he begins to cast about for some inviting and lucrative field of labor at the end of his year; his attention is in many ways distracted by social and other novelties attendant upon his new sphere as a professional man; and altogether, he is induced to give the least worthy and capable part of his life and service to the cause in which he embarks. At the end of the year or two, when his experience begins to be helpful to others, he leaves the hospital. This is manifestly wrong. The hospital gains a scanty service for a year, but what it sacrifices is not to be estimated by money's worth.

But what would the inauguration of a system of continuous service for a number of years involve from the practical point of view, allowing that it would be a real gain to the efficiency of hospital work? This, that we face the necessity of making adequate remuneration to the resident physicians, by which we bind them not only to duty but to responsibility after they have reached a term of proficiency so as to be really useful to the hospital. Few young doctors are in a position to continue their studies as post-graduates in hospital service for very long without a moderate salary. The added expense which this places upon the management of the hospital should be regarded in the light of necessities of the first order. If we must supply beds, food, medicine, nursing, and pay for these, we must be prepared to do the same for the professional skill that directs the use of these things, without

which direction they are of no particular value in hospital service. Efficient methods of doing this readily suggest themselves, so that resident physicians might receive a graded salary according to the number of terms which they have served. There would not then be, as now, two classes of attendants, one of which comprises men who are very experienced but very busy, the other comprising students who have no experience but much to distract them. Yet on this it is needless to dwell here. The one thing to be insisted on is that the responsibility devolving upon the hospital government should be definitely lodged, in each particular case, upon the individual agents, instead of being divided among many men who make up the staff, and none of whom feels such responsibility in any personal sense.

To this end let the authorities of our Catholic hospitals insist : (1) that only men promising thorough efficiency are accepted as members on the medical staff, whatever sacrifice of personal views and feelings this may involve ; (2) that in gauging the efficiency of candidates, their Christian convictions be taken into definite account. As has already been said, we must make a distinction between nominal Catholicism and real Catholic or Christian principle. A physician who merely professes to be a Catholic, should not be admitted even as a candidate for examination, because his insincerity renders noxious whatever professional skill he may otherwise possess ; (3) that resident physicians be held to remain for a number of years after their graduation from the medical school ; (4) that they be paid for the services, at least after a brief preliminary term of trial, so that they may be held accountable, and may be induced to take more than a transient interest in the work of the hospital.

What has been said about resident physicians applies in a manner to professional nurses for Catholic hospitals.

H. J. HEUSER.

American Ecclesiastical History.

THE WORK OF MOTHER VERONICA,

Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.¹

(Continued.)

THE death of Mgr. Preston, on All Souls' Day of 1891, created a deep void in the heart of Mother Veronica, who had looked to him always as a wise and kindly director in all that pertained to the management of the charitable work which she had undertaken, and which was growing beyond the proportions originally contemplated; and he had been too the true friend and father whom she might approach with the reverent affection of a dutiful child and confide to him all the secret sorrows and doubts that she would naturally be bound to keep from those who could not properly estimate the motives and circumstances of her actions. Although she had acquired the habit of living continually in the presence of God, and therefore placed all her confidence upon the firm foundation of a supernatural faith, yet there were hours when that presence was veiled with darker clouds than usual, and when the gentle touch of a human hand or the sound of a fatherly voice meant so much for the steadying of the tried soul.

For a time she was left to bear the burden of responsibility alone, and if aught had been wanting to prove her the "valiant woman" of God, it was the unbroken and earnest devotion to her daily duties in the community, hiding the bitter grief in the sweet and silent resignation that shone forth from her countenance and manner. It had been Mgr. Preston's desire to be laid to rest among his children, the daughters of the Divine Compassion, of whose prayers he might be sure, and to whom his silent monument would continue to preach the lessons of loyalty to the beautiful standard of charity to which they had vowed their lives under his inspiring direction. Mother Veronica felt both the sacred obligation

¹ See the DOLPHIN for January, pp. 76-93; February, pp. 223-231.

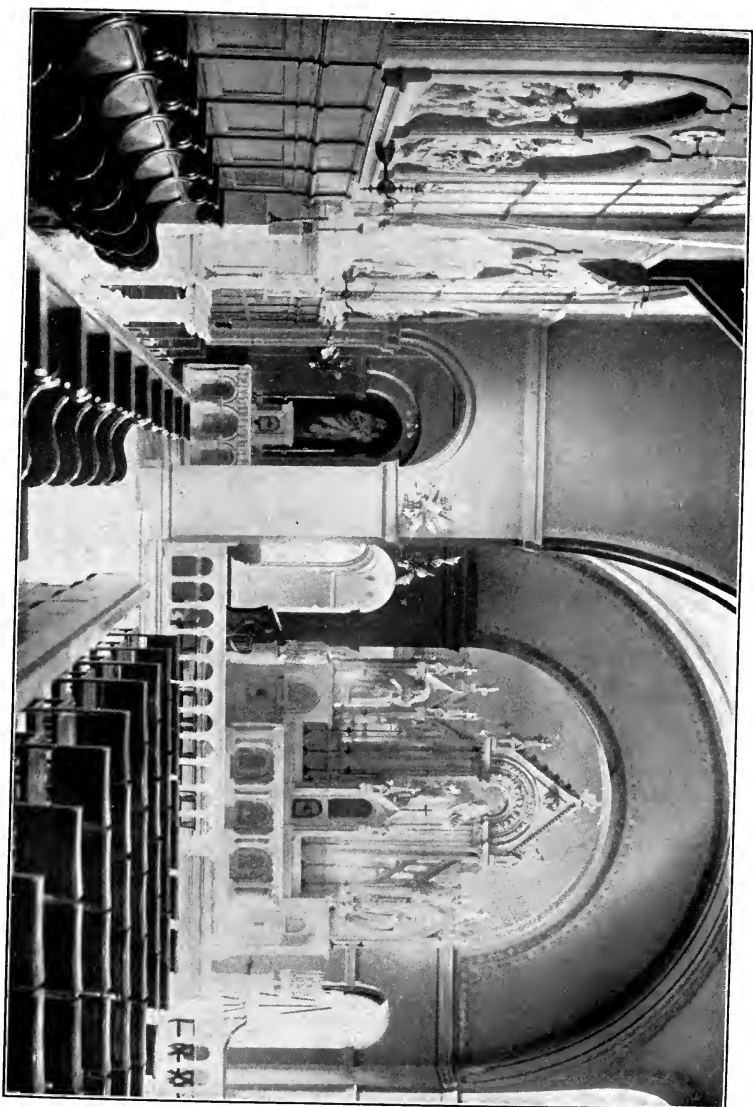
imposed upon her by this expression of his last will, and the benefit which the community would derive from cherishing the memory of their first founder and guide in religious perfection. She therefore at once began arrangements for the building of a suitable community chapel with a crypt where the remains of their beloved father might be kept in prayerful, venerated remembrance. Gratitude, as with all noble souls, was a characteristic trait of her nature; and hence she would make every sacrifice to give expression, in the beauty of the work she contemplated as a memorial, to the sentiment of filial recognition to the priest who under God had been the benefactor not merely of the nuns who first accepted his rule of life, but also of all who in the future would take up the sweet yoke of Christ, or be benefited by the labors of the Community of the Divine Compassion. The works that are done for God are the seeds of perennial and wondrous growth, and such was the fruit tree planted by Mgr. Preston and committed to the care of Mother Veronica and those who were to follow her in the task of watering the heavenly plant.

It is necessary to recall here that in 1890, the year before Mgr. Preston's death, Mother Veronica had purchased twelve acres of property at White Plains, in the State of New York, where the Mother-House and Novitiate of the Order was to be henceforth. The price paid for the ground was \$25,000. A legacy of \$5,000, received from the estate of George V. Hecker, started the building of the Good Counsel Training School in 1891. Much larger funds would, of course, be needed to accomplish the building of a chapel. And here God's providential care which hovered over the work manifested itself in the aid which came to the Community, without any recourse to those appeals to public sympathy which are the ordinary and legitimate expedients resorted to by those who serve the cause of public benefaction. An uncle of Mother Veronica, already mentioned in the earlier part of this sketch, had left an estate worth something over \$200,000, which had been settled upon the mother of our foundress, and which on the death of that lady, in November, 1893, became the legitimate inheritance of the daughter, Mother Veronica. In addition to this the mother had left an estate of about \$10,000, also bequeathed to the daughter. Thus the means to begin the chapel were supplied,

and the plans which Mother Veronica had been quietly maturing in the confident hope of the needed assistance, could now be carried out without further delay. Archbishop Corrigan approved of the designs and expressed his appreciation of the sagacity of Mother Veronica, who had left no detail in the arrangement unconsidered. Indeed, she had wonderful talent as an artist, and the architectural designs, appointments of the interior, and other arrangements suggesting the combination of good taste with utility, were minutely considered by her before the work was begun. It was found advisable to acquire the property adjoining the one already purchased. The additional fifteen acres were appraised at \$55,000.

On June 25, 1895, the corner-stone of the chapel was laid by Archbishop Corrigan, whose friendly interest in the concerns of the Community had steadily increased with the appreciation of their noble work. In less than two years the chapel was completed, and the last day of May, 1897, marking a similar concurrence of celebration in honor of the glorious Queen of Heaven with the eve of the month of the Sacred Heart, saw its solemn opening. Archbishop Corrigan consecrated the new home of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His Love. The Foundress has left to her children a record of her impressions on the occasion, although she was unconscious at the time she gave it that it was meant for transmission to others in writing. As in the case of Brother Leo, who often took down in writing the words of fervent gratitude uttered by St. Francis of Assisi, so in this case the notes which give us an insight into the feelings of Mother Veronica at the time, were penned down by one who felt that those who in later times might cherish her memory would be grateful for the thought. The keynote of these expressions is an intense spiritual gratitude: "What shall we give to the Lord in return for all He has given unto us in making us children of His Church, in giving us this tabernacle? Who can express the thanksgiving offered here, the spiritual joys of which we are to become partakers in this place? Is there anyone who with better reason than we can say: Lord, I have loved Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth?"

We may not delay here to describe the quaint architectural beauty of the chapel, the exterior of which was suggested by a



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF DIVINE COMPASSION, GOOD COUNSEL.



photographic sketch in the January issue of THE DOLPHIN. Suffice it to say that it is a work which in its exterior structure calls forth all the sentiments of a conventual church,—the ancient simplicity that marks the monumental shrine of the age of faith, when stone was made to speak firmness and strength, and the forms of circle and pointed roof declared the endless round of eternal aims turning heavenward. There is a suggestion in this sanctuary amid the shading trees of solitude, the *beata solitudo* which is the abode where God is best heard, because it invites the soul to recollection and to prayer, and which contains the secret of all our joys and all our strength in very truth, as St. Bernard used to say—*Sola beatitudo*.

It is perhaps of special significance at this time, when our Holy Father insists upon the reintroduction of that beautiful art in church music which is the ancient inheritance of the sanctuary, to call attention here to the fact that Mother Veronica had an intense devotion to the proper cultivation of church music. It was with her, apart from any ecclesiastical ordinance or law, an instinctive clinging to what the Church loves and approves as the truest expression of devotion in her service. Hence she inculcated the proper chanting, not only of the canonical office, but also the devout and careful rendering of the music which was to accompany the liturgical functions throughout the year. She had the advantage of being herself an accomplished musician, and has left to the Community a rare musical library for services of the Chapel. It was her personal care to have organized a choir to render the chant of the Church with proper dignity and solemnity; and the repertory of the convent included beautiful specimens of polyphonic music, rendered in quartette and chorus. She looked indeed to everything that was necessary or calculated to make the offices of the Church beautiful, and she added intelligent instruction to these arrangements in order that those who took part in the solemn services of the liturgy might understand them and render a truly reasonable sacrifice. Thus on the eve of the first Mass celebrated in the new chapel she gathered all her spiritual children about her and spoke to them in tender and serious words touching the importance of the occasion. We have her very words taken down by one present at the time:

"My dear children, to-morrow will be a great day for us ; the day on which for the first time the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up in our church. I want you to enter into the spirit of it, and try to realize what the day is to us. This night can never come to you again. It can never come to anyone again. No doubt in years to come, hundreds of years from now, those who come after us will look back to this night and wonder what were our thoughts and feelings with regard to it.

"It is now seven years since our Father first spoke to me of building a church. He always looked forward to it ; for the thought was a great joy to him, and since God took him the thought of the church has never been absent from my mind. To us who have prayed and worked and suffered for it, it has been the goal at which we have aimed all these years, our beacon star. And now, after two years of building and three years of preparation, we lay it at the feet of our Lord with all our hearts. But to some of you who have recently come, it is a new toy, a little variety in your life, something for a change. Some of you, dear children, are a little too frivolous about sacred things. I want you to be more serious. Sisters of the Divine Compassion must be earnest women, and I ask you, young sisters, to make an effort to enter into our spirit. Those who are called to remain in union with the Passion of our Lord and the Sorrows of His Blessed Mother must bear the grave character befitting religious women. This is the spirit of the Rule, and you will never attain to it, until you have what the Scripture calls a *deep heart*. Sisters of the Divine Compassion must be deep-hearted, true-souled, strong, generous, earnest women,—not butterflies. To-morrow is not the great day, the day of consecration which we expect later, but it is a tremendous day, the day on which, for the first time, the Lord of Majesty will be lifted up in the House of God, which is an image of the eternal Temple not made with hands, where God dwells, when the bread will become the Body of Christ and the wine will become His Blood. It is an awful thought, dear children. What ought to be your gratitude to God who has brought you here and made you a part of it all ! for it is truly a great privilege to be part of such a work. Think of the souls that will be drawn to God in this church, who will be led to love Him ! You are to be instruments to bring this about. It is worth while to have lived and labored and suffered, if only to induce one soul to make an act of love for God. And, dear children, the building of this church adds to your responsibilities. You have been

singled out from so many others for the use and cultivation of special graces. To whom much is given much will be required, and we shall be judged according to the graces we have received. The building of this church calls you to, and lays you under, an obligation to aspire to a higher spirituality, a deeper piety. To-morrow I desire that we should be one heart and one soul in offering this church to our Lord. All of you can offer it to Him. I seem to hear Him say to some of you: 'Yes, I accept it from you because your heart goes with it.' What would all that we do amount to, unless our hearts went with it? Our Lord wants your hearts, and to-morrow let each make this offering to Him, and with it let her offer her life, not only for the present but all her future life, her strength, every drop of her blood, her whole being; and our Lord will be pleased to accept it; and let her pray that she may be worthy."

THE CATHOLIC GIRLS' CLUB.

Thus far we have traced the development of the work of the Association at the House of the Holy Family, the purchase of the Mother-House and Novitiate, and the building of the Good Counsel Training School together with the Chapel at White Plains, N. Y. We now come to speak of the last two departments of Mother Veronica's labors, the establishment of a Catholic Girls' Club in New York City, and the erection of a new Convent at White Plains.

As long as the girls were under the direct care of the Sisters, Mother Veronica had every hope for their ultimate reformation, but the question naturally arose,—what would keep them straight and firm in the path of virtue after they had left the Sisters' control? Monsignor Preston had indeed organized a Sodality and a Confraternity for this purpose, but the girls began to lose heart; and so, Mother Veronica, with the approbation and encouragement of the Archbishop, began preparing plans for a home, or club-house, in New York City, where the former children of the Association, and in fact all the Catholic working-girls, might find a place having all the advantages and inducements which drew many of them to Protestant societies. With the Right Rev. Monsignor Edwards, Monsignor Preston's successor, as Spiritual Director, the Club began under the name of "The Working Girls'

Club of the House of our Lady of the Wayside," at 37 A Street, St. Mark's Place. The scope and purpose of the Club, which now boasts of one thousand or more members, were outlined in detail at the first general meeting in February, 1902. As they are the words of Mother Veronica herself, we quote a portion of them to show how admirable was the purpose in founding the society :—

"The main object of the Club is self-improvement. It is to enable self-respecting girls who wish to be self-supporting to improve themselves and thus elevate themselves intellectually, socially, and morally. What do I mean by self-improvement? Let me give you a few illustrations. 1. Perhaps you were obliged to begin work before you had had a fair chance to get a good education. You feel as you grow older that this is a disadvantage to you. It is. To speak correctly, to write correctly, to read well, is a great benefit to you even from a monetary point of view. Therefore we give you the opportunity to come.

"2. Perhaps you have never learned any trade or business thoroughly. When you began to work you were glad to take whatever offered, and now you find there is no possibility of rising in it, or it is poorly paid, or it brings you in contact with a class of girls you want to avoid. You must keep working and cannot afford to stop or look for other work or learn to do it. Therefore we offer you the opportunity to come here and learn almost anything you wish to learn thoroughly. We have classes in all branches of woman's work.

"3. Perhaps you *have* had a good education; perhaps you have a satisfactory occupation. But you would like to advance yourself by acquiring some accomplishment, some art. These are always expensive and you have only your evenings. Therefore, you may come here and study music, the languages, and painting."

In the course of her address, after pointing out the many privileges and obligations of the Club-membership, Mother Veronica promised the girls that at a later date they should have a Club organization, with one of the Sisters of the Divine Compassion as Directress, with the power of appointing officers, promoters, and representatives. On the first anniversary of the founding of the Club, October 28, 1902, the Sisters made a little change in its name; there were many "Working Girls' Clubs"

under Protestant auspices, and therefore that there might be no mistake about it, the name was altered to "The Catholic Girls' Club of the House of Our Lady." Some new features were added, such as allowing self-supporting girls to reside in the House, enjoining the members to be on the lookout for positions for the unemployed girls, and requesting the girls to notify the Sisters of any illness or trouble that might befall them, so that all help and comfort could be rendered to them. The Club kept continually increasing under the fostering care of the Sisters, and as Mother Veronica recognized that the house it was then occupying had not all the advantages of a regular club-house, she sold in March, 1904, 37 A Street, Mark's Place and 134 Second Avenue, and bought the two properties situated at Nos. 52 and 54 East 16th Street. These two commodious houses were thoroughly renovated, an addition built for chapel and gymnasium, and newly furnished, so that to-day the Catholic working girls of New York City have a club-house equalled by none of its kind in the city, and the membership is daily growing greater.

In the next, concluding article we shall speak of the final work of the new Convent, which Mother Veronica was not privileged to see completed.

(To be concluded.)

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Sun-Spots and the Weather.—A very careful investigation has been made in recent years in order to determine if possible what connection there may be between sun-spots and the weather of our earth. Most of the old supposed influences on the weather from astronomical sources have proved to be illusive. There are still weather-wise people, especially farmers and sailors, who insist that the promise of the weather can be judged from the moon, and especially the cloud effects in connection with the moon at certain times in the month. There are others who cling to the belief that changes of the moon bring changes of the weather with them. But careful study of the actual conditions has disproved all this. Even the larger influence of the sun has not been very happily connected with any of our weather disturbances. There is still the very common persuasion that about the time of the equinoxes, that is, in the spring and in the fall, when the day and night are equal, storms may be expected, and that these are due in some wise to the increase of the sun's influence when it shines for a longer period than it is obscured, and its comparative eclipse when night has the advantage over day. While there are storms that usually occur somewhere about the time of the equinoxes, these have no definite connection with this phenomenon; they are only part of the weather changes that may be expected at an especially variable time of the year.

It was hoped, however, that the study of sun-spots would give more definite knowledge about the weather. There is no doubt that there is an eleven-years' cycle during which sun-spots rise to a maximum of intensity, sink to a minimum, and then prepare to repeat the cycle once more. Nevertheless, so far it has proved practically impossible to connect the sun-spot cycle with any variations in meteorological conditions on the earth. There are some who consider that the statistics of rain-fall in India point to a definite relationship between sun-spots and that phase of weather,

since the rain-fall is greatest at the time when the sun-spots are most frequent, and least when they are least frequent. But this does not seem to be true for other parts of the earth, and so the observation has been thought to be nothing more than a coincidence.

There is a popular impression that since sun-spots are dark spots on the sun's surface, and they can be readily observed as such through a bit of smoked glass, they must represent colder portions of the sun's surface. It might readily be concluded then that the passage of a large spot across the sun's disc—in reality of course the spot being carried around by the revolution on the sun itself—would be responsible for the occurrence of cold waves on the earth. Instead, however, of the sun's dark spots representing areas of lessened activity of solar energy, the opposite is much more true. They actually represent portions of the sun's atmosphere overlying regions in which there is increased activity. Hence we might much more logically look for hot spells or hot waves as the result of their presence; but neither cold nor hot waves can be in any way connected with them.

At the present time it is very evident that the problem of the weather must depend on the collation of the meteorological observations which have been so extensive in recent years. Meteorologists are now in possession of an immense amount of data regarding the weather, which information needs to be analyzed in order to be of any use. It seems not unlikely that the collection of such meteorological observations is actually producing a cumbrous amount of material that proves discouraging by its magnitude, rather than a source of inspiration to the weather expert. There is need now of an analytic genius to recognize the existence of laws in the midst of all the facts that have been collected, and thus simplify the science of meteorology, or really, for the first time, make it worthy of the name of science, and not merely a department of classification of statistics. In the Philippines, the collection of a few observations and their careful analysis at the observatory at Manila by Father Algué, led to more important practical discoveries about weather conditions in the Philippines than have been made as the result of all the multitudinous observations from weather stations here in the United States.

A New Filament for Incandescent Lamps.—When the rarer metals were discovered, such as gallium, helium, caesium, thorium, and osmium, it was thought that they would never be of more than academic interest. There were not a few practical men of science even who must have considered it rather a waste of time and energy to work out their places in chemistry. They had a special interest, however, from the fact that they filled up gaps between the other elements in such a way as to show that there was a definite law of progression in chemical affinities and physical qualities and atomic weights. But now has come a time when some of these metals, although used only in small quantities, have proved to be extremely valuable in the arts.

Aluminum, for instance, is now extensively used for many purposes, and every effort is being made in many chemical laboratories to cheapen its production still further, so as to make it available for other uses for which it has been demanded. Thorium is a metal of which little is known, though it is much used as constituting one of the principal materials of which Welsbach mantles are made. There are other metals not unlike thorium which will before long prove as valuable for similar purposes. Inventors promise mantles which, while quite as readily incandescent as those made of thorium, give a light that is not quite so white, and are not nearly so brittle nor so liable to deterioration. These promises centre on the metal osmium, which belongs to the platinum group and has been known for a long while, but has never been obtained in any but very small quantities. One of its compounds, osmic acid, is well known for its staining properties and has been used for the differentiation of various tissues. For a time a certain amount of osmium was used with platinum in the pointing of stylographic pens. Such a point was extremely refractory to wear. Now, however, it has been shown that osmium may be used in replacing the carbon filaments of incandescent lamps with decided advantages. It will be remembered that the first incandescent lamps employed platinum as the material of the filament, but this did not prove satisfactory, because it absorbed too much of the electrical energy without giving it back in light, and the heat developed soon led to the oxidation of the platinum.

It is said that the osmium filament will require not more than

half as much electrical energy to produce the same amount of illumination as that now obtained from the carbon filament. It has a notable advantage also in this, that it does not respond so instantaneously to increase and decrease in the amount of current. It will thus give a steadier light. It is also said to be much more durable than the carbon filament, although this will depend on the use of a definite amount of current which must not be exceeded under pain of causing deterioration of the osmium. The metal does not absorb much of the current, and therefore produces even less heat than the carbon filament. While the point is not usually realized, the heat given out by an incandescent lamp is a material factor in the bill for electricity. An ordinary sixteen-power lamp enclosed in a vessel containing a quart of water will, it is said, heat the water to the boiling-point in about twenty minutes. Osmium will produce less heat, and because its specific luminescence is higher it will give just as much light.

The Origin of Species.—In the *Popular Science Monthly* for May, Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan, formerly of Bryn Mawr, now of Columbia University, New York, discusses "the origin of species through selection as contrasted with their origin through the appearance of definite variations." There are now two theories prominently before the public as to the origin of species, one that of natural selection, the other that of the survival of mutations. There are some who claim that the two points of view differ but very little, only in degree. Mr. Morgan insists that there is a fundamental difference and that the theory of natural selection is utterly inadequate to explain the origin of species. The watchword of the Darwinians has been "the survival of the fittest." As pointed out by Mr. Morgan, however, although of course it has often been noted before, the basic problem in biology is not, how does the fittest survive, because presumably if it is the fittest, it will survive; but, how does the fittest originate.

Much has been heard about the struggle for life and of the claim that it is only those beings which are capable of pushing out others, that are able to survive. A very ludicrous example of argument from this standpoint has been recently before the public and is quoted as the text of the history of the Standard Oil Company. It seems that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., in whom no amount

of evolution would succeed in developing a sense of the ridiculous, in defending "trusts" before his Sunday-school class made use of the following expression: "The American Beauty rose can be produced in all its splendor and fragrance only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it." The implied comparison between the fragrant American Beauty rose and the literally and figuratively malodorous Standard oil, and bearing in mind the latter's well-recognized competence to survive its rivals, which shows it to be the fittest and therefore destined to survive, has probably impressed the principle of the struggle for life more on those who do not specialize in biology than any remark that has been made in recent times.

Professor Morgan does not view the struggle for life and its relation to evolution quite as has been the custom. "The time has come, I think," he says, "when we are beginning to see the process of evolution in a new light. Nature makes new species outright. Among these new species, there will be some that manage to find a place where they may continue to exist. How well they are suited to such places will be shown, in one respect, by the number of individuals that they can bring to maturity. Some of the new forms may be well adapted to certain localities, and will flourish there; others may eke out a precarious existence, because they do not find a place to which they are well suited, and can not better adapt themselves to the conditions under which they live; and there will be others that can find no place at all in which they can develop, and will not even be able to make a start. From this point of view the process of evolution appears in a more kindly light than when we imagine that success is only attained through the destruction of vast numbers of individuals, for the poorly adapted will not be able to make even a beginning. Evolution is not a war of all against all, but it is largely a creation of new types for the unoccupied, or poorly occupied, places in nature."

This aspect of the theory of development is much less heartless than the struggle for life in its naked selfishness. There are other phases of the Darwinian ideas that Professor Morgan impugns, and one of these is the modern test of utilitarianism. There is in many animals an apparently superfluous perfection of

development,—superfluous, that is, as regards the animal's survival. For instance, it is improbable that the extraordinary adjustments of which the eye is capable, have all been acquired little by little through a life-and-death struggle. As for the ear, it seems improbable that its perfection in certain respects could have been of vital importance for the maintenance of the race. The Darwinians often dodge this consideration as pointed out by Professor Morgan and refer the results to certain "laws of growth;" but, as he asks very well, if these "laws of growth" exist, why may they not have also carried the perfection of any organ far beyond the point at which the test of survival stops? In other words, there would seem to be in the animal a principle of growth entirely independent of natural selection and guiding its development in many ways quite beyond the needs of its environment.

This is particularly true with regard to the distribution of color over the bodies of certain animals. Color often may prove protective, but even where the general shade of the animal serves as a protection, the details of the coloration are often much more beautiful, more wondrously symmetrical, and more nicely distributed than can be accounted for by the crude notion of protection alone. Birds may be brown and yet their feathers may have delicate shades of brown that make each of them a beautiful work of art. Besides, the same regularity and gradation of color exist in animals that are microscopic, and no one thinks of accounting for color here through natural selection. Why, then, Professor Morgan emphatically asks, do we need a special explanation when the animals are so large that they attract our attention? It is growing more and more evident that many of the hastily accepted notions in biology, into which scientists were unfortunately tempted by over-enthusiasm for Darwinism, will now have to be essentially modified in the light of closer observation and more logical reasoning.

Complexity of Anatomy of the Nervous System.—Perhaps no better illustration could be afforded of the passing nature of opinions in present-day science than the changes that are now impending and in actual progress with regard to the anatomy of the central nervous system of the higher animals. Ten years ago it was thought that certain definite ideas could be set down as abso-

lutely certain landmarks in progress. The neuron theory, as it was called, was supposed to represent definite truth. Apparently it had been demonstrated that the central nervous system was not actually united in all its parts, but that each cell of the central nervous system had a certain number of branches which were approximated to and touched other branches of the central nervous system, but had no continuity of structure with them. Communications between the neurons or cells of the central nervous system were supposed to take place somewhat in the same way as those which have been noted when ants meet one another and communicate by touches of their antennæ. Sleep then was supposed to be a drawing apart of the neurons, and unconsciousness was represented by a similar process, due, however, to some accident or disease and not merely to physiological fatigue.

There has been much popular exploitation of the ideas connected with the neuron theory. Scientists were considered to be doing a great good work by making the theory known generally, so as to enable even the man in the street to keep abreast with advances in nervous anatomy. Some ingenious theories in physiological psychology were founded on this theory and an explanation of the failure of memory to recall certain words was even suggested as the result of the proper neurons being unable to make connections just at the moment when it was wanted. It was said that the central nervous system was somewhat like the central office of a telephone company, and that various connections had to be made and unmade in order to have processes of thought go on.

Now all of this ingenious theorizing must be given up, because it has been found that the so-called neurons are not separate and distinct from one another, but are connected by minute nerve fibres called *fibrillæ*. Complex as seemed brain structure to be under the old theory, it proves on further investigation to be immensely more complex still. The gray matter is pervaded everywhere with the finest of fine networks, the diameter of whose threads and whose meshes are both exceedingly small. These connections are so fine, so intimate and so numerous, that even the word *fibrillilla* has been suggested for still more minute structures whose existence must be accepted theoretically rather than as the result of observation.

The Man and the Educational Institution.—There are not a few of those who are most interested in the progress and development of modern education who hesitate as to what is to be the outcome of the rise of the huge educational institutions that have now become so common. It has been pointed out that these large institutions are apt to mean the end of that individual attention to the student which constitutes the essence of all real education. There is danger that the position of the professor or teacher may lose its prestige and that he may become merely one of the mouthpieces of an educational system. How fatal this would be to any real progress in education is rather easy to understand. It is interesting to find that Professor Osler, whom the American medical profession greeted, on his departure to assume an important teaching position in the University of Oxford, as the greatest American teacher of medicine, should have realized this danger, and expressed himself very forcibly with regard to the necessity for the maintenance of the individual influence which counts for so much in education. He said in a recent address :¹

“But it is a secondary matter, after all, whether a school is under State or University control, whether the endowments are great or small, the equipments palatial or humble; the fate of an institution rests not on these; the inherent, vital element, which transcends all material interests, which may give to a school glory and renown in their absence, and lacking which, all the ‘pride, pomp and circumstance’ are vain,—this vitalizing element, I say, lies in the men who work in its halls, and in the ideals which they cherish and teach. There is a passage in one of John Henry Newman’s *Historical Sketches* which expresses this feeling in terse and beautiful language: ‘I say, then, that the personal influence of the teacher is able in some sort to dispense with an academical system, but that system cannot in any way dispense with personal influence. With influence there is life, without it there is none; if influence is deprived of its due position, it will not by those means be got rid of, it will only break out irregularly, dangerously. An academical system without the personal influence of teachers upon pupils is an Arctic winter; it will create an ice-bound, petrified, cast-iron University, and nothing else.’”

¹ *Aequanimitas*: With other Addresses to Medical Students, Nurses, and Practitioners of Medicine. By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston’s Son & Co. 1904.

Studies and Conferences.

PROFESSOR LEE AND THE BARRIE HISTORY.

In addition to the letters published in the last issue of *THE DOLPHIN* we have received a number of further protests from the gentlemen and religious mentioned in the Barrie circular as patrons and assistant editors of the *History of North America*, whose replies to our inquiry reached us too late for publication in the May number.

How little we exaggerated the matter when we assumed that the unauthorized use of certain names of Catholic priests and prominent laymen would mislead responsible parties into purchasing an expensive work, and in turn permitting their names to be used as subscribers before they had opportunity of verifying the authoritative judgment of the pretended editors, is plain from the following statement by John J. Rooney, Esq., Librarian of the Catholic Club of New York. Mr. Rooney's name had been used in the circular of Messrs. Barrie & Sons, signed to a letter in which he spoke of the work as one particularly valuable to Catholics, because, issued under the editorship of Professor Lee, it "included in its Editorial Board such men as the Rev. Edward H. Welch, S.J., of Georgetown College, and that the work throughout, for the first time within my (Mr. Rooney's) knowledge, gives full recognition to the work of Catholic missionaries. . . . In my opinion the work will begin a new era in the interpretation and writing of American history."

In view of the errors, indicating a decided lack of recognition of facts in which Catholics as makers of American history were concerned, and an unquestionable bias against Catholics, as "Inquirer" has pointed out in the few specimens taken from the first volume, some explanation from Mr. Rooney was naturally expected. He writes:

NEW YORK, May 11, 1905.

My Dear Father Heuser:

I have satisfied myself, after extended inquiry, that the endorsement of the "*History of North America*," or rather the use of cer-

tain names, was not duly authorized by the persons referred to. My letter was authentic ; but I must say that I was greatly influenced in my remarks by the mention of the so-called " Boards of Inclusion and Exclusion," including names of distinguished Catholic scholars and educators, which appeared in the prospectus.

I had been greatly interested in certain volumes of the work, and in the exhaustive reviews of others which appeared from time to time in the New York *Sun*.

I now feel satisfied that I was misled in accepting these statements, and I shall so inform the publishers, and demand the discontinuance of the circular.

Thanking you for calling my attention to this important matter,

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN J. ROONEY.

Concerning the action of Messrs. Barrie and Sons, from the business point of view, we have nothing further to say. The Catholic Press throughout the United States has in various ways taken up the warning and stigmatized the transaction at its proper estimate. In some cases, notably the *Catholic Standard and Times* (Philadelphia), *The Republic* (Boston), *The Sun* (Syracuse), *Observer* (Pittsburg), *Telegraph* (Cincinnati), and Dr. Cronin's incisive and eloquent organ, *The Catholic Union and Times* (Buffalo), *The Morning Star* (New Orleans), *The Catholic Record* (London, Canada), etc., excellent editorials directed attention to the wisdom of guarding the power that Catholics enjoy at present of influencing public opinion, and to see that it be not abused to popularize literature destructive of truth and moral virtue.

It was but natural to look for some word of explanation from Mr. Lee himself, since he had actually approached some of the gentlemen mentioned in the circular with the request to contribute, or to act as revisers of the History which by the publishers' own confession so largely interests the Catholic population, because the missionaries of the Church and Catholic personages of historic eminence contributed a very considerable share to the nobler part of that history. We wrote on this account to Mr. Lee, who at once expressed his sense of obligation in having had the matter brought to his attention.

The following is his reply, which covers both his connection with the Messrs. Barrie transaction, and also the answer to the charges that the *History of North America* edited by him is not fair in its treatment of subjects in which Catholics are represented as the actors. The reader will readily form his own judgment.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 20, 1905.

REV. H. J. HEUSER, Overbrook, Pa.

Dear Sir :—I thank you for the courtesy in sending me THE DOLPHIN magazine. I have read with much interest the pages devoted to the "History of North America."

In connection with the strictures allow me to say that I have nothing to do with the business methods of my publishers, and until the receipt of your publication I did not know of the controversy which had arisen nor of the representations which had called it forth. I will say, however, that my relations with Messrs. Barrie have always been such as to lead me to believe them honorable gentlemen, and as far as I am concerned I see no reason to withdraw my favorable opinion.

As for the contents of the History: It has never been put forth as a Roman Catholic book and no work that is not absolutely Romanist deserves that title. The work, however, is absolutely non-sectarian in that it favors no creed or sect to the disadvantage of another.

I am, too, of the opinion that the Roman Church never has benefited by concealment of fact. The record of the Church has been such that it can stand forth in the full light of the world. I hold that the errors of some of its members have been grievous and many, the history of some of its adherent nations has been disgraceful. But when the sum total is cast no more towering monument to ecclesiastical ability and God-given mission could have been erected.

I am somewhat distinguished among those who know me for unswerving support of the right, as I know it. I do not hesitate to give credit to Protestants when they deserve it, nor do I hesitate to blame them, and I reserve the same right in reference to every phase of Romanist activity.

Allow me to add that, although I am not a member of the Roman Communion, by no one outside the Church is it more appreciatively considered.

Sincerely,

GUY CARLETON LEE.

THE JESUITS IN GUAM.

In the latest issue, Vol. IX, of the report of the *United States National Museum* by the *Smithsonian Institution*, Prof. W. E. Safford furnishes very interesting details regarding the activity of the Jesuit Fathers in Guam as contributors to the study of plant life in the island. The volume (416 pages) deals entirely with contributions from the *United States National Herbarium*. In the Historical Notice introducing the subject (p. 12), the writer says:

"JESUIT MISSIONARIES.

"On his way from New Spain to the Philippines in one of the regular vessels, Padre Diego Luis Sanvitores, a Jesuit priest, touched at Guam, and was moved to pity at the sight of the natives living in spiritual darkness in the midst of an earthly paradise. An account of his life and martyrdom is given in an old vellum-covered book,¹ in which much interesting information may be found concerning the natives of Guam. In it, in contrast with the barbarous cruelty with which the natives had been treated by visiting Europeans, one may read of their kindness to shipwrecked sailors cast upon their shores, and of the cordial reception of Padre Sanvitores. They provided homes for him and his companions, and built for them a church. All wished to be baptized forthwith, though the missionaries would at first baptize only the infants and dying persons; adults in good health had to be instructed in the Christian doctrine before they could enjoy the privilege.

"In this book many wonderful occurrences are related,—stories of supernatural apparitions, of miraculous cures of men possessed of the devil, of lances, cast by the natives, suddenly arrested in mid-air, and of stones hurled from their slings crumbling harmlessly to dust; but it must not be forgotten that this was an age of marvels. The devil's influence in the affairs of everyday life was recognized throughout Christendom, and it is not surprising that it found its way to Guam. It was to the power of the evil one over the elements that the early missionaries attributed the adverse winds, which blew almost constantly to the westward and prevented ships from sailing directly to Guam from the Philippines.

"Sanvitores, 'the Apostle of the Mariannes,' was born in the city

¹ Garcia: *Vida y martirio de Sanvitores*, 1683. (See list of works.)

of Burgos, in northern Spain, November 12, 1627. The history of his life tells of his early boyhood, his call to the Society of Jesus and ordination, his work among the poor, his journey to Mexico; his departure from Acapulco, April 5, 1662, for Manila; the impression made upon him by the natives of Guam, whom he saw on his passage across the Pacific; his efforts to be sent to them as a missionary, the refusal of his superiors at Manila to grant his request, the king's decree ordering the governor of the Philippines to furnish him with the means of reaching the Mariannes, the building of the ship *San Diego* at Cavite and his sailing therein to Acapulco, his appeal for aid to the viceroy of Mexico, his arrival at Guam, March 3, 1668; his emotion on seeing the islanders coming out to meet him, the kindness with which they welcomed him to their island, the zeal with which he pursued his work, the hardships which he had to endure, and his final martyrdom.

“The first serious stumbling-block in the way of the missionaries was a Chinaman named Chocó, living in the village of Paa, at the southern end of the island. This man had been shipwrecked about twenty years before their arrival, and had been kindly received by the natives. He pointed out to the islanders that many children and old people had died immediately after having been baptized. He spoke slightly of the padres, saying that they were people despised and looked down upon by the Spaniards themselves, who for that reason had sent them into exile on this island; and he said that surely the water used in baptism was poisonous, though some of the more robust upon whom it was poured might resist its effects. As it was indeed true that many of those baptized had died shortly after the performance of the rite, and as the missionaries thought them happy in dying thus secure of salvation, it seemed to the natives that there might be truth in the Chinaman's charges. Henceforward, instead of receiving the missionaries joyfully in their villages and retaining them as guests almost against their will, the natives greeted them with scowling faces, and, calling them murderers, threatened them with their spears. They no longer offered them breadfruit, as had been their custom, and mothers on their approach would catch up their infants and flee with them to the woods for safety; or if the little ones were sick or dying, they would conceal them in their houses as best they could.² In their zeal the missionaries would often baptize children in spite of the threats of the fathers and the tears and prayers of the mothers.

² Garcia, *op. cit.*, p. 224.

Moreover, they awakened the enmity of the *makahnas*, or wise men, whom they declared to be impostors; they assailed the liberty of the *urritaos*, or bachelors, by their efforts to abolish the 'great houses' of the villages, in which they lived with unmarried women; they tried to change the marriage customs, according to which the parents received presents from the bridegrooms for their daughters; they tried to put an end to the invocation of the *aniti*, or spirits, and taught that it was wrong to venerate the relics of ancestors.

"Less than two years after the arrival of the missionaries in the islands, on January 29, 1670, a priest was killed on the island of Saipan for having baptized a child in spite of the protests of its parents;³ and on April 2, 1672, in Guam, Padre Sanvitores met his death in the same way."

Later on (page 21), Professor Safford writes of the expulsion of the Jesuits as follows:—

"EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

"A year after the arrival of Olavide the Jesuit missionaries were expelled from the Mariannes by the edict of the King of Spain, Carlos III, dated February 27, 1767. It was this king who joined France in sending assistance to the American colonies during their struggle for independence. The Jesuits had been in the island for a century, and whatever may have been the harsh means by which they were established there, they had won the love and confidence of the natives, and were kind and just in their dealings with them, protecting them when necessary against acts of cruelty, injustice, and oppression on the part of the military authority,⁴ and never exacting services from them without due compensation. A school for the education of native children had been established shortly after the death of Padre Sanvitores under the name of 'Colegio de San Juan de Letran,' and had been endowed with a fund yielding 3,000 pesos a year by Maria Anna of Austria, in whose honor the islands were named. The Jesuits taught not only the Christian doctrine and the elements of learning, but many useful arts as well. They also instructed the native youths in music, as is shown by the inventory of

³ Garcia, *op. cit.*, pp. 421-424.

⁴ Among the official papers in the archives at Agaña are the proceedings of several "residencias," or courts of inquiry, held at Agaña for the trial of governors and officers composing their staff. In these trials the padres represented the interests of natives who might have cause for complaint against the authorities.

their effects and the testimony of travellers visiting the island shortly after their expulsion. They had several farms in flourishing condition, the finest of which was that of Tachogña, in the interior of Guam, between Agaña and Pago. On this farm, called 'San Ignacio de Tachogña,' they had a fine herd of cattle, and elsewhere they had a stallion and a number of brood mares. They were in constant communication with missions of their Order in other countries, receiving fabrics from New Spain as well as from China and Manila, spices from Ceylon, and tobacco from Mexico. Under their supervision the natives learned to cultivate maize, tobacco, cacao, sweet potatoes, and other plants brought from America, and in the inventories, besides a supply of garden implements called 'fosiños' (thrust hoes), new machetes for clearing the forest, and other implements, were found steel, iron, and blacksmith's tools, tan bark and vats for tanning, carpenters' tools, saws, crowbars, pickaxes, paints, stones for grinding pigments, 'metates' and 'manos,' like those of the Mexicans for converting maize into tortillas, and material and instruments for making ornaments for their altars. The young lieutenant of the armada who brought the order for their expulsion had been instructed to take away in his schooner the Jesuits, together with all their belongings. Realizing that this would be impossible, he made an official statement in writing to the governor, saying that this little schooner, with a single deck, could not accomplish the task; that it would require several two-decked vessels much larger than his own to take away all the belongings of the Fathers. Nevertheless, on November 2, 1769, the schooner *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, which had brought the decree of banishment, sailed away from Guam, carrying the Fathers, together with as much of their personal effects as possible. Many of their papers were burned. In the inventory of their effects in the archives of Agaña is a list of letters, copies of memorials, manuscript sermons, and books. Even the lay brother in the kitchen, who acted as procurator, had a library of his own. On the arrival of the decree the senior of the missionaries, Padre Xavier Stengel, was absent, having gone to the neighboring island of Rota to hear confessions and administer the annual communion to the natives. A canoe was sent to bring him. As one of the Fathers had died some time before the arrival of the decree, it was necessary to carry back a certified statement of his death and burial to account for his not sailing with the others.

"After the Jesuits' departure the farms were neglected, the cattle,

now the property of the Crown, ran wild, and many animals were killed by the natives, as may be seen in the records of trials in the archives. The spiritual administration of the islands was handed over to the friars of the Order of St. Augustine, who had come as passengers on the schooner bringing the decree. This religious Order continued on the island until its seizure by the United States."

NEW LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION.

Father Sebastian Bowden, of the London Oratory, about six years ago published a volume on *The Religion of Shakespeare* in which he sought to demonstrate from circumstantial and external evidence that the great Elizabethan poet, like Spenser, presents a double impersonation,—that of the courtier who would be useful to his age rather than be a martyr to his conviction, and that of the philosopher who in his secret heart despised the principles which moved the machinery of public life, and who was restrained from avowing openly his disdain for the powers on the throne, only by the realization that to do so would cut short his opportunities of chastising the follies of the times by the clever half-disguised satire of his dramatic utterances. Father Bowden did not lay much claim to originality. The greater portion of his volume is taken from manuscript notes by the late Richard Simpson, a deep and consistent student of Elizabethan literature. He had ransacked the State Papers and various private collections, the libraries of Paris and Lille, the archives of the English College at Rome, the Douay Registers and the Jesuit collections, which were known to contain material on the criticism and history of the Reformation literature under Elizabeth. Mr. Simpson had as early as 1858 published his conclusions regarding the religion of William Shakespeare, and Rio in his *L'Art Chretien* some years later elaborated the suggestions of Mr. Simpson into a thesis embellished with all the enthusiasm of French literary genius, so as to provoke a strong counter argument from Lord Mahon in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1866. It was this latter article which roused Mr. Simpson to write a more elaborate and reasoned treatise in which he dealt with Shakespeare's philosophy and religion, as manifested in his writings. Under these conditions

Father Bowden took up the argument anew, bringing out certain details which show that the great dramatist was certainly not in sympathy with the Reformation so-called. The Simpson papers are at present in the possession of the Abbot Gasquet.

The matter would have been left at the point to which Father Bowden had carried it, that is to say, a reasonable conjecture based principally upon the circumstantial evidence of Shakespeare's own writings, that the poet retained the convictions of the Catholic faith despite his external civil allegiance to the Protestant sovereign, who was disposed to claim also religious conformity on the part of her subjects, if it had not been for a new discovery.

Mr. John Pym Yeatman, a noted English barrister and honorary member of the Shakespeare Society of New York, author of numerous works on Common Law, whose literary and legal tastes have led him to search the archives of England in quest of pedigrees and testamentary records, has come upon some documents of the Shakespeare family which give new light to the discussion touching the poet's baptism and education in the Catholic Church. Mr. Yeatman publishes the results of his studies in a stately volume published at Birmingham (England) by the Shakespeare Society of New York, under the title *The Gentle Shakespere—A Vindication*.

Mr. Yeatman expresses his conviction on various grounds, apart from the testimony of the family records, that William Shakespeare not only secretly but openly (though not aggressively) professed the Catholic faith. "His name is not to be found," he writes, "with those of his fellow actors (most of whom were Catholics) for receiving *communion, according to law*, in the parish of St. Saviours. Amongst them was the worthy man Ben Johnson, who, after killing Gabriel Spencer the actor, in a duel, in 1593, and who found himself in the Marshalsea (prison) under sentence of death, became a convert to Romanism, owing doubtless to the company of several priests who were in the same plight for the more serious offence of practising their religion; and this excellent time-server, to show his great respect for the new religion, took the cup at the so-called sacrament" (page 24, *Introd. to II ed.*). It is well understood that Shakespeare's popularity, his handsome person, his brilliant talents, were calculated to save

him from that active persecution to which men less beloved by the populace were liable under the suspicion of non-conformity in religious matters.

To Simpson's judgment, as expounded by Father Bowden, Mr. Yeatman refers in the Preface as follows :

"The late Mr. Richard Simpson gives many very suggestive notions which may account for more than has been generally suspected ; but which is quite consistent with the fact that the poet was a Catholic. Certain it is that his chief friends and patrons, many of whom were his relations, belonged to the Catholic faith, and he had a very close connection with the so-called conspirators upon whom Cecil so adroitly sprung "The Gunpowder Plot," which it is not unlikely was his own invention, created in order to enable him to destroy the Catholics, because King James, through Cecil's persecution of the Catholics, was, like his predecessor, becoming truly obnoxious to the country. Cecil was actually wringing from them for the Treasury some £360,000 a year. James was a very weak man, and had he given way, in all probability Cecil and the other devout Protestants, who had gorged themselves with Church property, might have been called upon to disgorge it. This convenient stalking-horse of No-Popery had always been sufficient—as it was in the Revolution of 1688—to drive the people out of their senses, and so to obtain a fresh lease of Church revenues, under the pretence of fostering liberty. Shakespeare had undoubtedly committed himself by something like complicity with the conspirators, for in both *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet* he had invoked sympathy on their behalf, and his historical plays were exercising a certain influence upon the populace. For a long time he must, as a Catholic, have been an object of suspicion to Cecil, not merely on account of his relationship and friendship with Southampton and Essex, but for his personal connection with so many of the malcontents."

On kindred grounds the play of "Richard II" was declared treasonable because it pointed to (Dom. Eliz., Vol. 225, No. 25) :

"The selection of a story 200 years old in order to demonstrate the misgovernment of the Crown, the corruption and the covetousness of the Council, the promotion of unworthy favorites, oppression of the nobles, and the excessive taxation of the people, exacted professedly to prosecute the suppression of the Irish rebellion, but in fact to line the pockets of the Sovereign.

"We may easily fancy with what excitement the conversation of Northumberland, Ross, and Willoughby would be listened to by the favorers of Essex.

"Cecil felt the lines applied to his own policy, and the Queen exclaimed to Lambarde, 'Know ye not I am Richard II?' The conspiracy, however, failed; Essex himself was beheaded, and in the year 1600 Southampton was sent to the Tower. The Earls of Rutland, Monteagle; Sirs H. Davies, C. Danvers, C. Blount; Robert Catesby and William Green, both Warwickshire men; John Arden, the Poet's connection; John Wheeler, John Shakspeare's friend and fellow-recusant, all Catholics, were amongst those involved in the consequences of the conspiracy. The Poet, although his play was condemned, himself escaped. Hayward, instead, was chosen as the victim of the royal vengeance, and was imprisoned and racked. But here again, as in the Lucy whippings and imprisonment, so now in the Essex conspiracy, we find the Poet connected apparently with the Catholic Party."

"It is admitted by all candid people," says Mr. Yeatman "that the facts brought to light by Simpson must necessarily revolutionize the accounts given of the personal history of Shakspeare, unless they can be got rid of, and as this process has failed, they must be met. The effort at present seems to be to deprive the author of credit for his discoveries by incorporating them quietly without any acknowledgment in other books. . . . The author was chiefly anxious to prove that Shakspeare was a Catholic in order to cleanse his memory from the reproaches that he was answerable for the dunghill, as Voltaire calls it, which encrusts the diamonds of his works." Mr. Yeatman mentions Simpson's view that—

"Shakspeare was not responsible for the plays and sonnets published in his name, and the only explanation possible was that there was some cause why he could not obtain the protection of the Courts of Law to stop the piracy of his works, and to prevent the publishers from selling other works for his. There was only one possible cause for this, and the bare mention of it has sent the agnostics of the present day into a terrible fright. Shakspeare could not sue and could not protect his interests because he was a Catholic, and the son of Catholic parents, who had been crippled and partially ruined for adherence to their religion—despised in their day by the pious as recusants. This

suggestion made one of the most ignorant of the critics apparently mad—he wrote in the *Morning Leader*, ‘What does it matter if he was a Catholic—a fig for his religion !!!’ ”

Some time after writing the preface to his second edition of the *Gentle Shakspeare*, Mr. Yeatman had an opportunity to search the Wills at Worcester. Here he found what he calls “the missing link” in a volume of transcripts which, to use the words of a recent Shakespearian critic and historian, Mr. Snowden Ward, obliges the Shakespearians to “rewrite their books, for this single will confounds them all ; and convicts them of unhappily misunderstanding the history.”

The document is printed in full and is headed *John Shaxspere de Rowington*. “In the name of God amen, the XV day of October A. D. 1546.” Its bearing on our subject is indicated by Mr. Yeatman’s comment upon it, as follows :

“This will give abundant proof that John Shakspeare remained a Catholic in spite of Henry VIII’s tyranny, and he must have been a brave man, too, for he dared to call his soul his own, and to leave money for a trental of Masses to be sung for its weal, and the singular thing is, that this Will was made by a priest and that the Master vicar was overseer to it—proof that Henry had not succeeded in stamping out religion altogether in Warwickshire, although he had absorbed the revenues of the old Priory to which all these Shaksperes belonged. Here, then, is absolute proof that the poet must have received a true Catholic education. He was seven years old at the death of the Lady Jane, and it is absolutely certain that both he and his mother (Mary Arden) must have been brought under her influence. This out-of-the-way place, Hatton, must have been a hot-bed of popery, and probably (if not certain) a hiding place for priests, who were not hunted to death so furiously until the later years of Elizabeth. It would be here, doubtless, that the poet (as it has always been said by tradition) was baptized by a Catholic priest, and here, no doubt, and not at the Stratford Grammar School, as is asserted, he was educated, so that his classical knowledge at the time of the publication of “*Venus and Adonis*” would be assured, for he was then in his thirtieth year. His connection with the Stratford Grammar Schools is very faintly shown, although tradition has assigned to him the place of one of its masters ; had he held such a position there must have been some record of it. The discovery of his connection with the Rowington

family disposes of the value of the inquiry into Grammar School learning of that period by Mr. Churton Collins and others, since it is far more probable that he was taught amongst his own people by a properly educated ecclesiastic."

But one must read Mr. Yeatman's volume¹ to understand the full merits of his discovery.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

In November, 1890, Anna Mozley, Cardinal Newman's sister-in-law, published the *Letters and Correspondence* of John Henry Newman, covering the period of his life in the English Church, that is, down to 1845. A few letters of a later date were placed in an appendix to the second volume; and some others have been published since then. A great part of the correspondence during the last forty years must still be in the hands of friends, and the future biographer—perhaps Mr. Wilfrid Ward—is expected to add much to our intimate knowledge of the great Cardinal from epistolary sources not hitherto known to the public. Meanwhile any casual glimpse into that soul so wonderfully rich in gifts and clear in their interpretation, is of interest to the English-speaking Catholic, and we are glad to reprint the two letters which the Roman correspondent of the *London Standard* sends to his paper, and which *The Tablet* (London) copies with some rather tart comments upon the *Standard's* explanation of their value.

Father Whitty, to whom the first letter is addressed, was an intimate friend of Cardinal Wiseman, for whom he acted also as Vicar General. It was mainly due to his and the Cardinal's urging that the famous lectures on the *Present Position of Catholics* were delivered in Birmingham by Newman, and Whitty's relations to the Oratory, of which for a time he was a member, were most intimate. Whitty had always been a Catholic and saw the needs of the Church in a somewhat different light from those who, like Newman, had come to it with a definite message from the English Communion. Still he felt that the work Newman was capable of

¹ *The Gentle Shakspeare*. A Vindication. By John Pym Yeatman, Lincoln's Inn, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, formerly Emanuel College, Cambridge, F.R.H.S., etc. New York: The Shakspeare Press, Birmingham (England): Moody Bros. 1904.

accomplishing was altogether apart from the missionary or even the educational projects which the leaders of the Church had in view, and he seems to have complained that Newman had not sufficiently answered the need. To this the letter before us replies, and therein opens to the reader's view a glimpse of the loyalty and humble submission all the while of the gentle, humble, and great Oratorian, who preferred the wish of others ever to his own in the matter of what he was to do in the cause of religion. He was asked to begin a University,—and he begins at once; he is told that the Bishops expect him to translate the Bible,—and he goes to work at once; he is told to collect money for a church at Oxford, and he does so without a word. We all know that men of such singular endowments have their own initiatives and are apt to be more successful in work inspired by their own genius than by fulfilling tasks in which their own sympathy and preoccupation are not consulted.

The second letter is rather a summary of instructions given to Father Ambrose St. John as he was about to go to Rome for a consultation with Cardinal Barnabo concerning the affairs of the Oratory. It is an admirable piece of that rare diplomacy in which firmness of purpose in securing a definite end is joined to that prudence which does not make unnecessary difficulties by asking needless questions or seeking too much interpretation of details.

"In all your conversations, correspondence, etc., recollect *Quieta non movenda* and *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*."—"Let well enough alone," and "Make no apologies where none are expected, lest the suspicion of fault be imputed to an anxiety to clear yourself," are rules that work well in all cases where one has to deal with new situations before legislative authority.

Here are the two letters:

I.

The Oratory

Birmingham, March 19, 1865.

My dear Father Whitty, —

I thank you very much for your most kind letter, and thank you heartily for your prayers, which I value very much. It is very kind in you to be anxious about me, but, thank God, you have no need. Of course, it is a constant source of sadness to me that I have done so little for Him during a long twenty years, but then I think, and with

some comfort, that I have ever tried to act as others told me, and if I have not done more, it has been because I have not been put to do more or have been stopped when I attempted more.

The Cardinal brought me from Littlemore to Oscott; he sent me to Rome; he stationed and left me in Birmingham. When the Holy Father wished me to begin the Dublin Catholic University, I did so at once. When the Synod of Oscott gave me to do the new translation of Scripture, I began it without a word. When the Cardinal asked me to interfere in the matter of *The Rambler*, I took on myself, to my sore disgust, a great trouble and trial. Lastly, when my Bishop, *proprio motu*, asked me to undertake the Mission of Oxford, I at once committed myself to a very expensive purchase of land, and began as he wished me—to collect money for a church. In all these matters, I think (in spite of many incidental mistakes) I should, on the whole, have done a work, had I been allowed or aided to go on with them, but it has been our God's Blessed Will that I should have been stopped.

If I could get out of my mind the notion that I could do something and am not doing it, nothing could be happier, more peaceful, or more to my taste than the life I lead.

Though I have left the notice of the Catechism to the end of the letter, be sure I value it in itself and as coming from you. The Pope will be very glad to hear of the author of it.

Ever yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

II.

Instructions to Fr. A. St. John, read to him, for the greater part, in G. C.

You go to Rome, first to thank Cardinal Barnabo for his and S. Cong.'s allowing us to commence an Oratory at Oxford, without leaving Birmingham. We ask no more of His Eminence than the S. C. has conceded to us.

Next you go to answer certain extrinsic objections which have been made to the Oratory being in Oxford.

The main objection is that our presence there will tend to increase the number of youths, who, in spite of the Bishops, go there. You will not be able to deny that there is some accidental danger of this kind—nay, I mentioned it myself to the Bishops soon after the Bishops had met and decided against youths going to Oxford in December, 1864. It may be observed, however, that against such an increase, whatever it may be, is to be set the advantage of the Oratory to those

Catholics who anyhow would have been sent there, though the Oratory had not been established there.

To this objection it is added, with an imputation on us personally, that we professedly prepare boys for Oxford at our school at Edgbaston. Here you will simply say that we do nothing that is not done at Stonyhurst and Oscott.

To meet this imputation on our school, I have set down notes in order to be the basis of a history of it, which you will present to Cardinal Barnabo in Italian. This narrative will be concluded with the propositions affixed to the notes, which you must get the S. Congregation to answer *affirmative* or *negative*.

To meet the general objections, whether to our school or to our Oratory, relatively to Oxford, I have made a selection of letters, etc., of the last several years, to serve as a basis of facts, which you can use according to circumstances.

In all your conversations, correspondence, etc., recollect “*Quieta non movenda*” and “*Qui s’excuse s’accuse.*”

If the petition to Propaganda from a number of the laity be referred to, and it is asked whether I was party to it, answer that I had nothing to do with the writing of the petition. But I certainly did approve of their petitioning, because I thought the S. Congreg. wished to have the fullest light thrown on the state of the case, and to know as many facts as possible; and I fancied that the Roman Catholics had a special sympathy and condescension for the laymen who were zealous for religion.

If *The Chronicle* is alluded to, answer that I knew no more about it, and had no more to do with it, in the way of writing or criticising, than His Eminence himself. Newspapers have connected me with it, and I have not contradicted the report, because if I contradicted all the untrue, but important misstatements made about me, it would take up all my time.

You must boldly say that we must give up the school unless we are allowed to teach in our own way, both as regards subjects and methods of teaching, whatever be the subjects and methods of other educational bodies, and whatever be the animus and intentions of parents who place their sons in our charge.

Say nothing about the time (at which) when the Oratory takes the Oxford mission, before (that event) it has actually taken it; but, as soon as you hear from us that we are in occupation, then it may strengthen your hands to say that we are already at Oxford.

J. H. N.

Criticisms and Notes.

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE. A Popular Account of the New Physics and the New Chemistry in their Relation to the New Theory of Matter. By Robert Kennedy Duncan, Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College. Illustrated. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1905. Pp. xviii—263.

"The world is divided," says Professor Duncan, "between men who know and cannot tell and men who tell and cannot know" (xv). He might have made a third group,—those who both know and can tell; and thus he should have found a place for himself; for, obviously, he does know and does tell. True, indeed, he seems "to know some things that ain't so." For instance, where on the next page he misinterprets the literateur who wrote of the comprehensive treatise on "The Bankruptcy of Science"; since *Brunetière* did not surely mean that "*every thing*" essential and possible of knowing was known," but only that *such things* as appertain to the *ultimate* interests of man's personality. Again, Mr. Duncan appears to know more—or, rather, less—than is so, when he says that outside of "the three physical entities (matter, ether, energy), so far as we understand the physical universe, there is nothing and into which (them) the universal content of the mind of man, so far as it concerns things outside itself, may be stowed away" (p. 2). One might here submit that the First Cause is outside the said "three physical entities" and outside the human mind (in the sense in which *outside* is taken *in loco*), though one might presume that just here the author did not say precisely what he meant.

Again, another thing that "ain't so" is the statement that "according to the old scholastic conception you could, at first practically and then mentally, go on dividing any specific object into parts smaller and smaller forever and forever" (p. 9). According to the old scholastic conception, at least as held by the greatest of the Schoolmen, no "specific object can be divided forever." St. Thomas Aquinas teaches that there is a limit to the division of every *specific object*, and that, too, just where modern physics puts it, viz., at the ultimate unit of force, the smallest particle capable of activity. It is only continuous quantity, extension, in the *abstract*, that is capable of indefinite division, even as you can go on halving a (mathematical, not physical) half forever.

Still another theory that is not so, is that "Men and women, mice and elephants, the red belts of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn are one and all but ever shifting, ever varying forms of atoms" (p. 15). Whatever be the constitution of Jupiter's belts and Saturn's rings, there must be something more in men and women than swarms of atoms, however shifting and varying,—something more, for instance, in Professor Duncan, whereby he thought out the brilliant generalization just mentioned, and the one that follows: "Every mechanical work of earth, air, fire, and water, every criminal act, every human deed of love or valor: what is it all, pray, but the relation of one swarm of atoms to another? Here, for example, is a swarm of atoms, vibrating, scintillant, martial,—they call it a soldier,—and, anon, some thousands of miles away upon the South African veldt, that swarm dissolves,—dissolves, forsooth, because of another little swarm,—they call it lead. What a phantasmagoric dance it is, this dance of atoms! And what a task for the Master of Ceremonies. For mark you the mutabilities of things. These same atoms, maybe, or others like them, come together again, vibrating, clustering, interlocking, combining, and there results a woman, a flower, a blackbird, or a locust, as the case may be. But to-morrow again the dance is ended and the atoms are far away; some of them are in the fever germs that broke up the dance, others are 'the green hair of the grave,' and others are blown about the antipodes on the winds of ocean. The mutabilities of things, and likewise the tears of things: for one thing after another,—

' Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone,'

and the eternal, ever-changing dance goes on. Now, whether we call the atoms God's little servants or the devil's agents, one thing is sure,—that every action of every thing, living or dead, within this bourne of time and space, is the action of one swarm of atoms on another, for without them there is but empty void. Consequently, whether we consider the atoms as the starting-place in our search for the One Thing, or whether we think of them only as the foundation of all physical action and being, they are the most important things in the world to us, for they *are* us, physically at least, and any knowledge concerning them or any relation between them has, therefore, to us poor people they condition, an interest that is tragic."

It would not be difficult to indicate some other discrepancies between statement and fact, in the book at hand, but we may fairly

attribute them to the author's enthusiasm, a quality that must not be taken too seriously. Aside, however, from these misconceptions, the work deserves the highest praise. It is full from cover to cover with most interesting descriptions of the recent discoveries and theories of physical scientists. In these days of countless means of easy communication, the experiments of the laboratory and inferences therefrom quickly become public possession, and the man on the street seems to enter at once into the wealth of the solitary toiler in the study. And yet, as Professor Duncan rightly observes, "Laymen in science who wish to follow the trend of modern discovery are limited for the most part to one of two things: either they must read the pseudo-science of the magazines, which is arranged chiefly for dramatic effect rather than for accurate exposition, or they must turn to specialized and technical works written by the discoverers themselves for their fellow-workers,—books in which technical training is taken for granted, and the lay reader, however cultured and thoughtful he may be, becomes utterly and hopelessly lost."

Now the present work, undoubtedly, pushes these laymen's limits further back. It gives the latest results of physical and chemical research into the constitution of matter,—those, viz, which concern the *ionic* composition of gases, the supposed complexity of what was heretofore regarded as the minimum particle, the atom, the marvellous properties of radium and general radio-activity. This it gives and much more that clusters around these central facts and ideas; moreover, it explains the methods whereby these results have been obtained. The layman is thus enabled, in great measure, to judge for himself in how far the theories merit his acceptance. And in this he is further aided by the explicit distinction which is kept well drawn between what seems to be ascertained fact and what still remains within the shades of more or less probability. All this goes to confirm what was said above, that the author *knows*. That he can *tell*, is manifest from the transparent style whereby the technicalities of science are made almost easy, and yet lose none of their defining values; whilst his enthusiasm, which is at times overwrought, is such as to gain and hold the reader's interest. Just how far "the new knowledge," for whose validity the author argues plausibly indeed, will abide or be altered into still newer form, it were at present rash to prophesy. At all events it is a noble acquisition and reflects splendid glory on the untiring students of science who have toiled for its conquest.

FETICHISM IN WEST AFRICA. Forty Years' Observations of Native Customs and Superstitions. By the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D., author of "Crowned in Palm Land." With twelve illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 389.

Information of the kind provided by this work is to be had in abundance from the narratives of Catholic missionaries, especially the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* and the *Illustrated Missions*.

There is probably, however, in English no other single book which treats so extensively of just that special factor of uncivilized African life to which the present work is devoted. The author's long years of residence—perhaps he insists with unnecessary frequency on the quadragintal number—amongst the African tribes, and the intimate relations in which he stood toward them, gave him exceptional opportunities of entering into their real individual, religious, and social life.

The results of this long and personal experience he here describes in a style which, if not singularly attractive, is certainly everywhere perspicuous and sufficiently graphic to be interesting. The opening chapter contains a survey of the constitution of native African society,—its domestic, political, civil, and economic organization. Although necessarily brief, it suffices to introduce the main subject. Indeed, it might not have suffered from still further brevity; for some of the disgusting details of domestic life that characterize not the African only, but the bestial man wheresoever he dwell, might have been better omitted. The same may be proportionally said of certain customs described in the body of the book, and of some of the stories with which the volume closes. They add nothing to the historical narrative, nor to the literary merit of the work. Aside from these offensive superfluities, the book is as wholesome as it is interesting and instructive. The thoughtful reader cannot rise from its perusal without being grateful for the blessings, physical, intellectual, moral, social, as well as religious, which he owes to Christianity. The Christian apologist can gather from its pages abundant testimony confirmatory of the moral argument for the existence of God.

For although fetichism is the lowest and most degraded form in which a degenerate feeling of religion expresses itself; yet, just as do polytheism and idolatry, it too witnesses to the instinctive sense of the supernatural present in every human breast however savage, and the corresponding necessity in that feeling of realizing itself outwardly in some material symbol, even though it be a tree or a beast, a stick or a stone or a graven image.

The student also of ethnology will find in these pages a considerable amount of important material. If he approach the facts from the evolutionary avenue, he may see in them simply tentative gropings after something transcendent. But the more attentively they are studied the more hopeless appears this hypothesis, and the more imperative becomes the conviction that fetichism, with its frightful train of degrading effects, individual and social, demonstrates nothing so strongly as *degeneration*, a fallen state into which vice has dragged its votaries. Indeed, the author departs not in the least from the valid claims of sound logic, when he cautiously infers that fetichism may well be a many-headed form of diabolism; for, as he says, "It is easily possible that the fetich doctors or priestesses may be temporarily entered into by satanic power, and that some wonderful things they do and say while endowed with that power are used by the devil to blind men's minds against the truth." In the light of the facts this is no mere fancy. It seems to be the only explanation that is adequate.

Apart from an occasional expression indicating the author's lack of sympathy with things Catholic, as when he speaks of charms and amulets worn by Spanish soldiers, the work is rich in instructive and interesting matter.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE and the Life of Sacrifice in the Religious State. From the original of the Rev. S. M. Giraud, Missionary Priest of Our Lady of La Salette. Revised by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1906. Pp. 500.

The one essential characteristic of the Christian life as distinguished from the worldly, the pagan, the animal life, is the spirit of sacrifice. It is the test of brotherly love; it separates in the category of motives the instincts of self-love from man's love of God above all things. In the motive that prompts sacrifice for the suffering, the helpless, the poor, lies the nobility which raises Christian charity as far above the philanthropy or altruism that gives of its abundance without giving itself, as heaven is above earth. That is and must be the creed of every true Christian, whether he live in the world or in the cloister; and Father Giraud has in a former treatise written upon this subject explicitly.¹

The book before us is addressed more particularly to members of

¹ "The Union of the Christian with our Lord Jesus Christ in His Life of Sacrifice."

religious communities who make profession by vow of striving after the perfection which is to give to their lives a closer resemblance to the Divine Victim offering Himself on the Cross of Calvary. Religious will find here fresh stirring of motives to do what their profession bids, and the world as well as God expects them to do. The vows accepted in the Church as a solemn compact between the soldier of Christ and the King whose interests we are pledged to defend, whose name and sign we are to honor, whose commands we are not only to obey in fear and under penalty, but with a ready alacrity the example of which is calculated to stimulate zeal and love for the law in others,—these vows make conscious abandonment of our service not merely cowardice, but treason. The religious uniform, and the courtesy, and the right of way, and the honor which it commands from those outside, are but the disguise of deserters at heart, unless the wearers honestly strive to live up to the rules of the army in which they have freely enlisted in view of partaking of the King's honor and reward both here and hereafter.

Our author calls attention to the fact that the standard of religious life has been in many institutions lowered; that the religious profession is one of sacrifice, but the practice of religious is often one of indulgence; that many enter religion not to fight the honest battle of God by renunciation of self, but to have a respectable place where, if they expect to labor as they would have to do in the world, they also expect that measure of comfort to which they were accustomed in the world. This view of the religious life our author shows to be radically wrong. But he goes further; he takes up in detail the life of the religious as novice, the duties, the dangers of self-deception, the combat against the ruling passion and the faults of character, the trials, and the hopes. Thence he passes to the daily life of the professed, their individual obligations, the various aspects and difficulties, but also the consolations of community life, down to the end when the last sacrifice the religious is required to make is sealed and accepted by the Divine Spouse at the gate of death.

The counsels which the author gives are based on the sound spiritual teaching of the great founders of religious institutes, especially that of St. Francis de Sales; and when the writer of the preface states his preference for such works as the great treatise of Father Rodriguez on "Christian Perfection," and such works as those of Father Saint Jure and Father Gautrelet, he has given us a guarantee of the solidity of doctrine contained in the present volume.

SONGS OF THE OPEN. Words by Mary Grant O'Sheridan. Music by W. C. E. Seeboeck. With Decorations by Enos Benjamin Comstock and George Markley Hurst. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally and Company.

Verses from valley and hill are these,
Songs of the flowers and birds and trees,
In Nature's big book I learned them all,
As I turned the leaves from spring to fall.

Dear, wee children, wherever you are,
Looking at blossom or bird or star,
Nature has room in her heart for you,
And will teach you the songs in her big book too.

Such is, in the author's own words, the scope and purpose of this collection of poetic flowers, spread over broad white leaves with pretty and thoughtfully decorated margins, that tell the stories of the songs set to the melodious rhythms which childhood loves. The author is a student of nature and she has the simple art of attracting the young by interpreting to them its secrets. There are songs of the Easter Lily and of the Dew Drop and of the Grass People, songs of the Birds in Spring and for Ploughing time, a May Song and a Rain Song, a Valentine and a Fire Song, a song about Saint Francis of Assisi, and a Morning Prayer in sweet melody. It is a book to put on the piano, to gladden the children with melodies at once beautiful and instructive, on Eastermorn, or Christmastide, or any day when you would bestow on them a gift that God could approve.

VIGILS WITH JESUS. By the Rev. John I. Whelan. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. 1905. Pp. 94.

The instability of human nature demands occasional variations in the means we adopt to draw and turn it to God's service and love. Even our approved devotions with their wealth of graces in the form of Indulgences are in danger of becoming mechanical operations, which awaken no appeal to the Divine mercy and often effect a mistaken sense of satisfaction as if we had done our share of duty to God, whereas we are simply turning a sort of prayer-wheel the sound of whose rotation stimulates our spiritual vanity and pharisaical pride. This is the besetting danger of "religious" community life in which everything is done according to rule; for whilst the rule is excellent and necessary, the vivifying spirit which makes its observance fruitful and meritorious must be sought in the deeper motives which, as I said,

need a certain variety of urging to be kept alive. The little volume, *Vigils with Jesus*, is an outcome of spiritual experience in this direction. It conceives the soul in its ordinary attitude approaching the Tabernacle, in order to talk quietly with the Gentle Master there hidden behind the veil, of its desires and its hopes, its loves and its fears. The talks are commonplace in their way, but they have a special value inasmuch as they suggest a way of praying before the Blessed Sacrament which removes the strain of artificial routine and makes us think and feel as children in the house of our Father, to whom we may go not merely to pay homage and pray in mortified reverence, but to talk familiarly without forgetting our dependence on Him. This method of visiting the Blessed Sacrament is suggested in the life of the holy Curé of Ars, who was much edified on seeing a poor man habitually come to the church after his daily toil, sitting quietly and gazing at the Tabernacle. "What do you say to our Lord, my good man," asked the Curé one day, "during those hours which you spend before the altar?" "I say nothing," replied the simple peasant, "I only look at Him and He looks at me, and I know He loves me and understands my wants." The chief thing is to go there and to raise one's heart in silent aspirations, whatever thoughts may come to lead us to this.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Adventures among Books: Andrew Lang. *Longmans.* \$1.60 *net.*

Seventeen critical papers dealing with authors of many nations, sometimes singly, sometimes

grouped under subjects. Holmes, Hawthorne, Stevenson, Morris, and Dr. John Brown are among the modern authors discussed at length, some personal recollections of the first four being given, and

the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, and an Homeric topic are the most important subjects among the papers devoted to elder authors. All the articles are written from a full mind, and abound in clever allusion and reference.

Amanda of the Mill: Marie Van Vorst. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

Life in a Southern mill is the novelty of this story, and it is treated rather with ill-will for the employer lacking humaneness than with sympathy for the working-folk, upon whose lack of cleanliness and of good looks the author dwells excessively, and whose dialect she presents by some extraordinary combinations of letters. Nevertheless, she exhibits a truthful picture of the Southern mountaineers as they appear during their first experience of modern conditions of labor, and of refinements unknown to their simple homes.

Apple of Eden: E. Temple Thurston. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

The author, apparently a Protestant layman, tries to tell in detail the story of a priest's temptation, and of the counsel given him by an elder priest, the sum and substance of whose teaching is leniency toward one's faults. If the general subject could be made tolerable in fiction, it becomes intolerable when treated with unreserved frankness, and is made even less agreeable by the futility of the presented causes for the final repentance. The presentation of the sin rather than a study of its effects seems to be the chief intention of the story.

As the World Goes By: Elizabeth Welland Brooks. *Little.* \$1.50.

The heroine's mother, an actress, lives apart from her husband, devoted to preserving and heightening her reputation, subordinating everything else to that aim. With great deliberation, the story moves through a series of scenes in which the life of the studio, the stage and certain high-minded New Yorkers of good family are displayed, and also some amazing specimens of the varieties of Asiatic heathenism adopted by persons who find Christianity incredible. Perfect freedom from the smallest trace of current vulgarities of speech makes the book agreeable, although its manner and style are those of an earlier generation.

At the Foot of the Rockies: Carter Goodloe. *Scribner.* \$1.50.

Clever short stories of adventure among Canadian frontiersmen and Indians controlled by English methods, and differing in certain ways from those subjected to American civil and military influence. In spite of the ever-present danger, the Briton's firm determination to lead a Briton's life, sports and social diversion included, leads to many humorous situations and the book is thoroughly amusing.

Bishop's Niece: George H. Pickard. *Turner.* \$1.50.

The Protestant author sees nothing but comedy when a young man intended for the priesthood falls in love with a Protestant girl

and his sister falls in love with a Methodist minister, but busies himself in bringing their loves to what he regards as the one happy ending, marriage, contriving to reconcile the father of the Catholics and also their uncles, the bishop of the book's title, and an abbot. The author's perfect innocence of the principles governing the cases is accompanied by an evident wish to make his bishop very admirable, and thus he will seem to Protestants, although really incredible.

Breath of the Gods: Author of "Truth Dexter." *Little.*
\$1.50.

A white man's love for a Japanese girl, a matter hitherto treated in fiction as kindly condescension on his part, appears in this book as a temptation to be repulsed in the joint name of patriotism and filial piety, and the French and American incapacity to understand Japanese feeling is placed in a highly unflattering light. The story begins with pleasant American frivolity, but soon becomes serious, and at last very finely tragic, ending nobly according to Japanese standards, heroically, according to any scale of judgment.

Brothers: Horace Annesley Vachell. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

The younger brother, barred from the pulpit by an incurable stammer, gives his brother a wonderful sermon which wins him promotion and the hand of the woman whom both love, and for some years misfortune follows the younger while the elder prospers,

with his assistance as to sermons. Then the wife, who has always loved the younger man, discovers the deceit, and would elope with him did she not happen to find and read a copy of the sermon. It recalls her to her better self and thereafter both find happiness in duty. This is the author's best work.

Charles the Chauffeur: S. E. Kiser. *Stokes.* \$1.00.

A coarse and conceited motor-driver is here seen in a state of chronic misunderstanding of his employer, a gentlewoman whom he fondly supposes to love him; the last chapter leaves him without a place, and separated from the honest servant who really cared for him.

Children of Good Fortune: C. H. Henderson. *Houghton.* \$1.30 *net.*

The author's conclusion is that only the moral man is fortunate, and he makes morals include the practice of religion, on the ground that he whose belief does not affect his conduct is immoral. He extends the field of morals to include many other subjects giving excellent advice, but he does not recognize the existence of the Church in the commonly accepted sense of the word, nor does he admit its necessity. Pleasantly stimulating for the enlightened, the book is dangerous for the shallow, the discontented, and the sceptical, but may be counted as a good influence among those reared without religion.

Christian Ministry: Lyman Abbott. *Houghton.* \$1.50 net.

This volume includes the substance of two series of lectures delivered before Congregationalist theological seminaries and of articles contributed to periodicals. It is valuable to students of Protestantism, because it shows exactly where the spiritual sons of Jonathan Edwards now stand.

Courier of Fortune: Arthur W. Marchmont. *Stokes.* \$1.50.

The hero, going in disguise to inquire into abuses said to exist in a certain ill-governed city, immediately rescues a fair lady from certain ill-mannered soldiers, embroils himself with the governor of the city, and entangles himself in more and more troubles until the requisite number of pages is filled, when immediately the wicked perish and happiness falls on the virtuous. This is not an historical novel.

Curly: Roger Pocock. *Little.* \$1.50.

The author, telling the story of a group of cowboys and a company of robbers, writes in cowboy dialect, and after describing a courageous young robber transforms him into a heroine, and in due time marries her to the hero, after this he breaks up the gang of robbers, and sends her across the ocean to the Irish castle inherited by the hero from his exiled father. The tale has no probability whatsoever, but is funnily absurd.

Essays in Puritanism: Andrew Macphail. *Houghton.* \$1.50 net.

The author includes John Wesley, Methodist, Margaret Ful-

ler, Unitarian, and Walt Whitman, pretended free-thinking poet, in the group with Jonathan Edwards, Calvinist, and John Winthrop, Puritan. He seems to have chosen his subject from dislike and finds that no one of his characters attained his standard of puritan perfection, but he writes entertainingly.

Fond Adventures: Maurice Hewlett. *Harper.* \$1.50.

Stories very carefully written in English, impartially chosen from many centuries, and painfully describing the acts and words of personages collected from a corresponding range of time. These tales represent the present development of the æsthetic craze, as it appears in the work of men who in youth felt its impress and that of the erotic craze and fancied both to be art.

Free Opinions Freely Expressed: Marie Corelli. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

Plain and violent statements of the author's dislikes, and angry, undignified condemnation of persons who do not admire her work.

Grapple: Anonymous. *Page.* \$1.50.

A mine owner who began life as a miner is the hero, and the title refers to his struggle with the miners' union for the control of his fortune and his property. His arguments, addressed to his friends and enemies, are strong and have not before been presented in a novel, and the story is clever and well arranged.

Hester of the Grants: Theodora Peck. *Fox.* \$1.50.

The battle of Bennington is the climax of the story which has a good heroine, and presents many historical characters very well, but abounds in misused words and anachronisms.

Justin Wingate, Ranchman: John H. Whitson. *Little.* \$1.50.

A biographical novel, showing the simultaneous growth of a boy of unknown parentage and the improvement of a valley in the Far West. The political and agricultural matters are well described, but the feminine side of the book is either colorless or wrongly colored.

Knot of Blue: W. R. A. Wilson. *Little.* \$1.50.

A melodrama exhibiting poisoning, hypnotism, suicide, plots to make an honest man appear a traitor, a desperate villain in disguise and an old servant with a wrong to redress. The scene is Quebec in the last days of French possession; but the story is in no sense historical or instructive.

Lodestar: Sidney R. Kennedy. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

The story is pure comedy, and takes its name from a pretty girl who for a time is the centre of attraction for an elderly millionaire, a young man of business, and a successful novelist, besides absorbing much of the attention of the millionaire's daughter, who loves the novelist.

Modern Utopia: H. G. Wells. *Scribner.* \$1.50.

The author contends that the modern Utopia should differ from all elder ideal countries in embodying all the best and highest conceptions of the newest thought, and he works out his plan very earnestly, without humor. The book deserves serious attention but, like "The Children of Good Fortune," is not to be commended to the thoughtless, or to the ignorant.

Morals of Marcus Ordlyne: W. J. Locke. *Lane.* \$1.50.

The sudden deaths of many kinsmen transforms an underpaid schoolmaster into a baronet and soon after he encounters a friendless girl who has ignorantly left the Egyptian home of her Mohammedan stepfather only to be deserted by her English abductor as soon as they land in London. The baronet gives her a home and a governess and she elopes with the only other man whom she knows, and when she returns, displaying some rudimentary signs of a conscience and gratitude, her benefactor marries her. The humor of the encounters between his theories of propriety and her ignorance of all English standards of speech and action is considerable.

Mr. Pennycook's Boy: J. J. Bell. *Harper.* \$1.25.

This series of short stories with conversations in Glasgow dialect introduces "Wee Mac-Greegor" whom age does not in the least change or improve and adds a few other new personages

of similar triviality. The humor is very mild and the dialect very strong.

Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie:
"Stephen Conrad." *Page*.
\$1.25.

American village worthies figure in these stories, singly and in groups, and the heroine of "The Second Mrs. Jim" relates their doings. The tales are kindly, and inculcate kindness of the shrewd variety, the chief speaker detesting weakness and indolence, and neither preaching nor practising toleration of them.

New Paolo and Francesca:
Annie E. Holdsworth. *Dodd*.
\$1.50.

The heroine is a young person much exercised in mind because her eyes and mouth do not smile together, but determined, in spite of her love for a handsome young man, to marry his brother, to whom her dead father betrothed her. After marriage her husband suspects her of misconduct and not long after she deliberately places herself in a dangerous position and perishes with the younger brother who tries to rescue her. The story does not resemble its author's former books.

On the Firing Line: Anna Chapin Ray and Hamilton Brock Fuller. *Little*. \$1.50.

A Canadian drilled man, an admirable rough-rider, goes to South Africa to volunteer as a private in the British service and on the voyage becomes acquainted with the girl who is the heroine.

The book is excellently written, and much better as a whole than the average English story of the war.

Partners of the Tide: Joseph C. Lincoln. *Barnes*. \$1.50.

The penniless little hero is tenderly reared by his eccentric but benevolent aunts, learning worldliness and nautical wisdom from Captain Ezra Titcomb, who is resolutely determined not to marry either lady although both fancy him to be enamored of one. The boy goes to sea with his mentor, persuades him not to indulge in a piece of nautical sharp practice, and becomes his partner and the tide's in the business of raising wrecks. The book is written with great spirit and abounds with humor expressed in accurately spelled New England dialect and plain English.

Prince to Order: Charles Stokes Wayne. *Lane*. \$1.50.

A young man awakens one morning to discover that he has been transformed from an American stock-broker into the Crown Prince of a petty kingdom, and transported to Paris from New York. His readjustment to his new position and his extrication from it, and resumption of his proper duties and pleasures make the story, which is uncommonly entertaining.

Purple Parasol: George Barr McCutcheon. *Dodd*. \$1.50.

A young lawyer sent by his firm to prevent the flight of a married woman from her husband

mistakes an innocent girl for her, because she carries a purple parasol, one of the articles mentioned to him as indicating the woman with whom he is concerned. A somewhat stiff little farce leading to an easily foreseen end follows.

Rice Papers: H. L. Norris.
Longmans. \$1.50.

Brief stories presenting Chinese character in a light far more attractive than is commonly shed upon it, but still not disguising that racial indifference to suffering which causes so much suffering. The author has studied his subjects in China.

Rose of the World: Agnes and Egerton Castle. *Stokes.* \$1.50.

The "Rose" is the widow of a young English soldier, killed in an Indian border war, and the wife of a middle-aged, pompous and silly Governor, and the story begins with the appearance of the dead man's comrade desirous of obtaining material for his biography. While surveying her dead husband's papers, her love for him is renewed and redoubled, and his reappearance in the flesh is pleasing to her and all the other personages, the Governor excepted. The ordinary vivacity of the authors is carefully reduced to placidity and the story just misses dullness.

Sandy: Alice Hegan Rice. *Century.* \$1.50.

A poor immigrant boy is fascinated by the beauty and kindness of a girl seen on the steamer bringing him to this country, and his whole life is bent on making himself worthy in the world's eyes

to marry her. He succeeds, after some extraordinary events. The story is free from "Cabbage Patch" traits, and both girl and lover are characters worth drawing.

Sanna: M. E. Waller. *Harper.* \$1.50.

This book is an American island romance in which the lives of rich and poor are curiously intertwined. The former are pleasantly pictured, the latter are slightly overdrawn and have a Devonshire dialect much out of place in these United States. Prolixity and such vulgarities as "rowed for all he was worth" are the great faults of the book, which is strangely unlike its author's earlier work.

Sunset Trail: Alfred Henry Lewis. *Barnes.* \$1.50.

The familiar subject of life in a Western town in its revolver stage of existence is here treated with some audacity, and often with some humor, but always with stiffness. Moreover, one's faith in the author's accuracy is rudely shocked by a paragraph in the preface describing Winthrop, Standish, Bradford and Alden as "landing on Plymouth Rock."

Troll Garden: Willa Sybert Cather. *McClure.* \$1.50.

Short stories, each depicting its personages in uncommon surroundings or in the performance of uncommon deeds; they are fanciful, rather than imaginative, less grotesque than the title implies, but they have the air of being studies rather than serious work.

Van Suyden Sapphires: Charles Carey. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

An impoverished lady, persuaded by an actress to aid her in a plot to obtain advertisement from a sham robbery, finds herself in intimate relations with a remarkable concourse of thieves and detectives assembled in consequence of a real robbery. The story is too loosely knit, but has some good passages.

Vicissitudes of Evangeline: Elinor Glyn. *Harper.* \$1.50.

An unwholesome young person reared in luxury, finding herself in comparative poverty assumes an air of sweet simplicity and tells all whom she meets that she is going to be an adventuress, and keeps her word, although she

does not transgress conventionalities. She is successful in marrying.

Wild Wings: Herbert Keightley Job. *Houghton.* \$3.00 net.

This book has 160 illustrations and decorations from admirable photographs of birds living in wild regions and seldom seen. The text describes the adventures encountered in obtaining the pictures and also as many of the ways of the birds as they will permit a stranger to observe. Herons, man-of-war birds, flamingoes, petrels, ibises and Florida cormorants are among the rareties; hawks, owls and some northern shore birds are added. The volume is printed and bound as a gift-book, and contains an introductory letter from the President.

Literary Chat.

The Month (London) for May has some exquisite bits of real literature; indeed, the articles of our English sister magazine always are such as bear permanent reading. This characteristic is indicated somewhat by the fact that three of the articles are continuations of serials—in contrast with the “short story” methods of the popular ephemeral magazines—“The Battle of the Schools in Belgium,” “Japan and Christianity,” and E. Gerard’s story, “Honor’s Glassy Bubble.” Father Sidney Smith writes in his fine direct way on “The Welsh Revival,” pointing out that these emotional paroxysms of the populace have nothing durable in them, except that they swell the medical reports of lunacy and hysteria cases. “As Easy as Lying,” exposes some religious and pretended historical fakes, such as a tract by the Rev. J. Brown, Baptist minister, *Why I am no longer a Roman Catholic*. The answer, says the editor of *Flotsam and Jetsam*, is easy: “because Mr. Mayer never was one.”

But there is a little sketch of Italian life by L. E. Dobrée entitled “Among the Saucepans,” from which we take the liberty to quote a few passages, because they throw an unusually true light upon the Italian character, a character rarely understood or rightly appreciated by the foreigner, especially from the northern countries. The scene lies in Florence, where a Signora Durani, a lady whose reduced circumstances necessitated her taking a few boarders, lodges with her aged Italian servant

Filomena, the heroine of the saucepans. Filomena was the Signora's right-hand, and a more faithful creature could not have been found. The two other servants knew there was no escape from her argus eye. Oreste, the general factotum of the establishment, who was her nephew, she took good care did not waste his time, or give himself airs consequent on having lately bought a suit of black, which he wore to serve the evening dinner, his rough hands encased in white gloves, the finger ends of which were an inch too long.

She told him he was an *imbecile*, when he had smilingly said "yes" to the query of an English lady, as to whether there was oil in the food. Her scolding on that occasion made a deep impression on him; and though he knew oil by the flask was used in the cookery, he henceforward assured all inquirers that nothing but butter entered into the making of any dish. "Put a piece of butter on a hot plate, you *asino*—and doesn't it turn into oil?" Well, then, it's all the same thing, *ma che*. I should think so! The *forestieri* would eat nothing if they thought there was the good oil in the food, so let them think it's butter. The saints don't trouble themselves about a little tale like that, and they know the Signora has to make a living!

"Filomena took the boarders, who were usually American and English, metaphorically under her wing, boasting proudly, and to a certain extent truthfully, that to her many of them owed their first lesson in Italian. When she brought them their first breakfast taken in their rooms, she used to stay a little, amusing herself teaching them the names of the objects about the room. To her they were interesting specimens of humanity, requiring so much water, eating cold butter for breakfast, insisting on tidily arranged trays, and various other foolish things, but, *pazienza!*—they were the means whereby the Signora lived, and after all they had their good qualities. Filomena had a vigorous Tuscan accent and changed all the c's into h's, as her pupils discovered sooner or later."

"On some week-days Filomena would look into one of the beautiful churches, with their dim frescoes, shining marbles, and rich shrines, and she would hear '*un po' di messa*,' or else kneel awhile before the *Santissimo*, or have a little talk with the *Madonna Santa*, or her favorite saint. She would exchange loud whispers with any old crony near, and the news which interested both would be told between the well-worn beads of her rosary. The whole surroundings spoke of heavenly things to the tired old servant, who when a faint cluck from the much enduring fowl hanging by its legs from her arm, suggested household cares, would sigh, take up her basket and the day's burden as well, then after a copious splashing with holy water would make her way across the bridge and up the crowded irregular streets till she reached home."

"Filomena went to Mass on Sundays and days of obligation most faithfully, she made her *Pasqua* regularly all her life, she could neither read nor write, but her life was lived in direct touch with heavenly things. Seldom did she forget her *Angelus Domini*, or fail to remember the dead when the *De Profundis* bell rang at one hour of the night. On Fridays when the raucous sound of the church bell tolled at three o'clock in the memory of the Redeemer's death, she thought of it too. Now and

then, say in Advent or Lent, or during the novena of a popular saint, she would find time to run in and hear a little of the sermon or join in some of the prayers. When she listened to words about *Gesù* and His Holy Mother her heart was warmed, and when she heard of the wonderful things the saints and good people had done she felt a longing to do something too! There were desires and aspirations in her soul, which asserted themselves pretty often, and these are never lost, for on those who hunger and thirst after justice is a blessing pronounced by the Eternal Word Himself."

"As for alms, she sighed as she reflected that beyond an odd *soldo* to a beggar she gave none. In her simplicity and humility she never thought that serving her poor mistress for scanty wage and spending a large share of the latter to help a blind sister, were alms golden and great! Like all who do much she desired to do more, for only those who do little for God and for Him in others, ever rest satisfied. The *Pasqua delle noci* in autumn one year found the house filling almost as soon as the Signora had returned from a brief *villeggiatura* at Via Reggio, whither she, with the two black poodles, Stella and Sole, had betaken herself."

"One Sunday morning, after the parochial Mass in the little church near, where Filomena had stood packed and squeezed with no room to move, much less to kneel, she met a girl she knew who was going to try her vocation as a Carmelite. Marianina's face was full of light and joy, and Filomena listened while she told her of the life she expected to lead.

"*Ma che,*" said Filomena, "it's a good thing there are some to pray so much while we *poverine* have to work! *Però—Gesù* isn't to be found only in the cloisters, my girl, *Grazie a Dio!*"

"Did you ever hear of Martha and Mary?"

"Marianina nodded.

"Well, they were sisters, and one day some one said to *Gesù*: *There's Martha working all day and hardly gives any time to praying, and there's Mary who is always praying; why don't you tell Martha to pray more?* Well, and what do you think *Gesù* said?" inquired Filomena, not waiting for an answer.

"He said, said *Gesù*, '*You just let Martha alone; she will find Me among the saucepans!*' and Filomena nodded adieu to Marianina, crossed the road to the house, and as she did so she reflected that her memory was really very good, for it was forty years or more since she had heard those good words in a *fervorino* preached at the First Communion of her little niece."

Filomena, in course of time, got ill with the influenza, and the Signora had to get a new cook. This time it was a man whom the Contessa Grazzini would spare her during her absence for some months in Naples. "Before Filomena's mind was the prospect of seeing another person in her kitchen who might not be submissive like Pia. However, there was no help for it and *vediamo!* perhaps he would be very glad to learn how to cook some of her favorite dishes and make *pomodoro* sauce as she flattered herself few could do. . . . Next day when Giovanni, white-capped, spick and span, arrived and found Filomena in the kitchen, he very quickly intimated that he knew his business, required no instructions, and intended to be

master. It was a condescension on his part he told her, to come to a *pensione* at all, and—— ‘*Pensione!*’ exclaimed Filomena. ‘This is not a *pensione*, the Signora just takes a few ladies and gentlemen to.’——Giovanni shrugged his shoulders, and turning his back on Filomena, called Oreste to help him then and there to turn out the kitchen, for he would cook nothing in such a dirty place.”

“Filomena never mentioned Giovanni’s name, but allowed Oreste and Ersilia to tell her all that went on, though it roused her anger to hear it. The entire kitchen had been turned out, cleaned, and the dogs forbidden, to their astonishment, to enter it. The cook gave great satisfaction to the boarders; as for economy, why, he spent even less than she did at the market, making *polpetti* of veal which he called chicken, no one at the table being any the wiser. The way in which he used *lesso* (meat from which soup has been made), turning it to account in many ways,—well, that was wonderful!”

“Sometimes she was alarmed by the strength of her dislike, for she felt that she could have killed him. However, a *Dio piacente*, he would be gone by the *fiesta* of San Zenobio, when everyone buys, sells, or wears roses in honor of the protector of Florence, but ere he went there was something to be done. How could she make her *Pasqua della Risurrezione*—as Easter is called in Florence—if she were not at peace with all? The custom of shaking hands with everyone in the house on Easter Day was always kept up by the conservative Signora, and those who had offended or were at variance, begged pardon, made friends, in honor of the Easter peace; what could she do then? For Filomena knew well she must turn out of her heart the bitterness, the lack of charity, the fierce jealousy—and that was no easy task—ere she knelt to receive the Holy One.”

“She could never like Giovanni, but that she was not required to do. Only that general fraternal love, so opposed to all she now was experiencing, would have to be in her will, would and must affect her actions if she would have the right dispositions for receiving her Lord in Holy Communion. Her own words regarding finding our Lord ‘among the saucepans’ returned to her mind, and she smiled at the way in which they were literally coming true! She had longed to do something great for God—something difficult—well, here it was; work so interior, so hidden from mortal eye, and yet so extremely valuable. It needed many prayers, continued efforts, beads told over and over again, until much more was effected by these means than at one time she would have believed possible.”

The current *New Shakespeareana* (Quarterly, Westfield, N. J.) is almost entirely devoted to a discussion of the four recently discovered signatures of Shakespeare, of which facsimiles are given, together with facsimiles of all the previously known signatures, making an interesting collection of chirographic moods.

The *Dublin Review* for April contains an interesting paper by Miss J. M. Stone on “Queen Elizabeth’s Jailor.” Readers of English History will recall that while Queen Mary was on the throne, the Princess Elizabeth was confined in the Tower and at Woodstock, on suspicion of being criminally participant in the Sir Thomas Wyatt rebellion. Elizabeth’s keeper was Sir Henry Bedingfeld of Oxburgh, whose letters form the principal content of the article. His manner of treating the royal

prisoner was such as to have gained for him from herself the title of "trusty and well beloved"; nevertheless English historical tradition, following the lead of Foxe, the bigoted author of the English "Martyr Acts," has allowed his character to be blackened.

Tennyson, the late English Poet Laureate, in his dramatic poem *Queen Mary*, has followed the common tradition, discarding only the more malicious interpretation of Bedingfeld's motives. Against Tennyson's repetition of this grotesque presentation the then living descendant, father of the present Baron Bedingfeld, wrote an indignant protest in the course of which he said: "Numerous documents in my possession, including letters from the Sovereign, from the Privy Council, and from the most eminent men of the time would prove, were such proof required, the high position held by Sir Henry."

Lord Tennyson replied as follows: "Sir,—Your letter arrived when I was abroad, else would have been answered at once; and, therefore, I waited till the play should be announced for acting. I had made your ancestor an honest gentleman, though a rough one, as I found him reported to be, whether that were true or no; and I regret that you should have been pained by my representation of him. Now in deference to your wishes his name is not once mentioned on the stage, and he is called in the play bills merely 'Governor of Woodstock.' Moreover, I have inserted a line in Elizabeth's part, 'But, girl, you wrong a noble gentleman.'—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, A. TENNYSON."

In spite, however, of the best intentions on the part of the author, the American edition of the play (Edit. John M. Kingdom), priding itself on being "the only un-mutilated version," preserves the exact wording of the poem as previously written. "Thus," says Miss Stone, "has history ever been medicated to suit the prejudices of the ignorant and the uncritical."

There appears in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* a remarkable article by Alvan F. Sanborn on the political action of the French ministry during the past year. The writer does not hesitate to stigmatize the atheistic aims of Freemasonry in France, and shows forth the attacks of M. Combes and his abettors against Rome to have been characterized by injustice in their end and ruthless malice in method. It is a good sign that so high a literary authority should speak thus frankly and throw the weight of its unbiassed judgment into the balance of public opinion in America. Few spokesmen of New England sentiment have ever ventured to be as free from traditional bias in their utterances as has been the *Atlantic*, even when its argument was against the Church as she walked in the light of public sentiment.

Father Bonvin's reply to Mr. Markoe's strictures in the *Freeman's Journal* is not so convincing by the peculiar logic employed as the Father's assured tone would lead the non-critical reader to assume. The best part of the argument made by the gifted musical priest is contained in this passage of his answer: "The critic's (Mr. Markoe's) misconceptions are, I believe, partly due to a disarrangement of several pages in the first edition of the *Messenger*." We venture to say that no arrangement of pages can undo the strange sentiments expressed by Father Bonvin, to which we refer in the current issue of THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. What he says may be good melody, but it is certainly not good philosophy.

The Benedictine Fathers of *Conception Abbey* (Missouri) have arranged for two courses in Gregorian Chant during the summer months, in which they will teach the Solesmes method—the theory of Rhythm and Harmonization. The courses offer opportunities for discussion and assistance at the monastic services in which the chant is executed.

The education of the Catholic Colleges in the United States will prove its efficiency in proportion to the actual interest taken by Catholic laymen in the intellectual and religious life of our nation. One evidence of this efficiency is given in the publication of two apologetic works, recently, from the pen of Catholic lawyers. One of these is Judge Frank McGloin, of the St. Louis Courts, already known to the reading public by several volumes on subjects of ethics and historic fiction. His *The Light of Faith* (B. Herder) deals with fundamental principles of religion, from the science point of view, that is, the proof of the existence of God, contrasted with the sophisms of modern speculation. The other writer is Edward J. Maginnis, a member of the Schuylkill County Bar, who takes the reader before the tribunal of common sense, where the claims of the Catholic Church are tried in regular juridical fashion. The book is entitled *The Church of God on Trial before the Tribunal of Reason* (Christian Press Association, New York). It is a somewhat novel but for that reason an all the more effective way of inquiry into the merits of the Catholic Church.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. An Historical and Doctrinal Inquiry into the Nature of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. By the Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D., V.G. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1905. Pp. 117. Price, \$0.60; by mail, \$0.66.

JÉSUS-CHRIST et les Prophéties Messianiques d'après les Travaux les plus récents. Par Chanoine V. Caillard, Vicaire général honoraire de Tours. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1905. Pp. xxxii—477.

HOLY OBEDIENCE; or, Three Exhortations about the Vow of Obedience for Religious. Pp. 31.

VIGILS WITH JESUS. By the Rev. John I. Whelan. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. 1905. Pp. x—94.

THE LAST DAYS OF JESUS. By Mother M. Loyola. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Price, \$0.15.

SKELETON SERMONS. For the Sundays and Holidays in the Year. By John B. Bagshawe, D.D., late Canon Penitentiary of Southwark. Second impression. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. 1905. Pp. 239. Price, \$1.00.

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION. By the Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P. New York: The Columbus Press. 1905. Pp. 119.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF JESUS. *Mary in Faith; Mary in Scripture; Mary in Art; Mary in Song.* By James C. Byrne, W. H. Cologan, Eliza Allen Starr, respectively (first, second, and third divisions), and the fourth, selected. Brooklyn, N. Y.: International Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 40. Price, \$0.05 each; \$3.00 per 100.

THE RIGHTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES, or First Principles of Education. In Catechetical Form. By the Rev. James Conway, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 52. Price, \$0.15.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH. A Defence, in Brief, of Fundamental Christian Truths. By Frank McGloin, Author of *Norodom, King of Cambodia; The Conquest of Europe*, etc. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 285. Price, \$1.00 net.

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

LES INFILTRATIONS PROTESTANTES et l'Exégèse du Nouveau Testament. Par l'Abbé J. Fontaine. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1905. Pp. xvi-510. Prix, 3 francs 50.

DER JAKOBUSBRIEF UND SEIN VERFASSER, in Schrift und Ueberlieferung. (X. Band, 1-3 Heft: *Biblische Studien*.) Von Dr. Max Meinertz. Freiburg im Breisgau, Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 323. Price, \$1.90 net.

MOSES UND DER PENTATEUCH. (*Biblische Studien*: X. Band, 4. Heft.) Von Gottfried Hoberg. Freiburg im Breisgau, Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 124. Price, \$0.75 net.

THE MESSIANIC HOPE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Shailer Mathews, of the Department of Systematic Theology. (*The Decennial Publications*: Second Series, Volume XII.) Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1905. Pp. 338. Price, \$2.50 net.

PHILOSOPHY.

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By the Rt. Rev. William Stang, D.D., Bishop of Fall River. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 207. Price, \$1.00 net.

LEHRBUCH DER NATIONALÖKONOMIE. Von Heinrich Pesch, S.J. Erster Band. Grundlegung. Freiburg im Breisgau, Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 485. Price, \$3.25 net.

ON THE NECESSITY OF RELIGION IN EDUCATION. And Many Objections thereto Answered and Illustrated. By the Rev. Joseph J. O'Connell, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Port Carbon, Pa. Pottsville, Pa.: Chronicle Publishing Co. 1905. Pp. 86. Price, single copies, \$0.10; per hundred copies, \$6.00.

DIX-NEUVIÈME SIÈCLE. Esquisses Littéraires et Morales. Troisième Période (1850-1900)—Positivisme, Naturalisme, L'Époque, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Taine, Le Poésie, Le Drame. Par R. P. G. Longhaye, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1905. Pp. 448. Prix, 3 francs 50.

HISTORICAL.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION for the Year 1903. Volume I. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1905. Pp. cvii-1216.

HÉLÈNE DE JAURIAS, Sœur de Charité. L'Héroïne du Pé-Tang. Par Henri Mazeau. Avec une Lettre-Préface de L'Admiral de Cuverville, Ancien Chef d'État, Major-Général de la Marine, Sénateur du Finistère. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1905. Pp. xvii-366. Prix, 3 francs 50.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PHILADELPHIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO. 1832-1905. Overbrook, Penna. 1905. Pp. 125. Price, cloth, \$0.85; morocco, \$1.00.

DIE APOLOGETISCHEN BESTREBUNGEN DES BISCHOFES HUET VON AVRANCHES. Historisch und kritisch gewürdigt. Von Nep. Espenberger, Doktor der Theologie und Philosophie. Freiburg im Breisgau, Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 103. Price, \$0.50 net.

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